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A FLORENTINE MOSAIC.

(SECOND PAPER.)



OR my part, I find it hard to be serious about the tragedy of a people who seem, as one looks back at them in their history, to have lived in such perpetual broil as the Florentines. They cease to be even pathetic; they become absurd, and tempt the observer to a certain mood of triviality, by their indefatigable antics in cutting and thrusting, chopping off heads, mutilating, burning, and banishing. But I have often thought that we must get a false impression of the past by the laws governing perspective, in which the remoter objects are inevitably pressed together in their succession, and the spaces between are ignored. In looking at a painting, these spaces are imagined; but in history, the objects, the events are what alone make their appeal, and there seems nothing else. It must always remain for the reader to revise his impressions, and rearrange them, so as to give some value to conditions as well as to occurrences. It looks very much, at first glance, as if the Florentines had no peace from the domination of the Romans to the domination of the Medici. But in all that time they had been growing in wealth, power, the arts and letters, and were constantly striving to realize in their state the ideal which is still our only political aim—"a government of the people by the people for the people." Whoever opposed himself, his interests or his pride, to that ideal, was destroyed sooner or later; and it appears that if there had been no foreign interference, the one-man power would never have been fastened on Florence. We must account, therefore, not only for seasons of repose not obvious in history, but for a measure of success in the realization of her political ideal. The feudal nobles, forced into the city from their petty sovereignties beyond its gates; the rich merchants and bankers, creators and creatures of its prosperity; the industrious and powerful guilds of artisans; the populace of unskilled laborers,—authority visited each in turn; but no class could long keep it from the others, and no man from all the rest. The fluctuations were violent enough, but they only seem incessant through the necessities of perspective; and somehow, in the most turbulent period, there was peace enough for the industries to fruit and the arts to flower. Now and then a whole generation passed in which there was no upheaval, though it must be owned that these generations seem few. A life of the ordinary compass witnessed so many atrocious scenes, that Dante, who peopled his *Inferno* with his neighbors and fellow-citizens, had but to study their manners and customs to give life to his picture. Forty years after his exile, when the Florentines rose to drive out Walter of Brienne, the Duke of Athens, whom they

had made their ruler and who had tried to make himself their master by a series of cruel oppressions, they stormed the Palazzo Vecchio, where he had taken refuge, and demanded certain of his bloody minions; and when his soldiers thrust one of these out among them, they cut him into small pieces, and some tore the quivering fragments with their teeth.

II.

THE savage lurks so near the surface in every man that a constant watch must be kept upon the passions and impulses, or he leaps out in his war-paint, and the poor integument of civilization that held him is flung aside like a useless garment. The Florentines were a race of impulse and passion, and the mob was merely the frenzy of that popular assemblage by which the popular will made itself known, the suffrage being a thing as yet imperfectly understood and only secondarily exercised. Yet the peaceablest and apparently the wholesomest time known to the historians was that which followed the expulsion of the Duke of Athens, when the popular mob, having defeated the aristocratic leaders of the revolt, came into power, with such unquestionable authority that the nobles were debarred from office, and punished not only in their own persons, but in kith and kin, for offenses against the life of a plebeian. Five hundred noble families were exiled, and of those left, the greater part sued to be admitted among the people. This grace was granted them, but upon the condition that they must not aspire to office for five years, and that if any of them killed or grievously wounded a plebeian, he should be immediately and hopelessly reënnobled; which sounds like some fantastic invention of Mr. Frank R. Stockton's, and only too vividly recalls *Lord Trollope's* appeal in "Iolanthe":

"Spurn not the nobly born
With love affected,
Nor treat with virtuous scorn
The well-connected.
High rank involves no shame—
We boast an equal claim
With him of humble name
To be respected."

The world has been ruled so long by the most idle and worthless people in it, that it always seems droll to see those who earn the money spending it, and those from whom the power comes using it. But we who are now trying to offer this ridiculous spectacle to the world ought not to laugh at it in the Florentine government of 1343-6. It seems to have lasted no long time, for at the end of

three or four years the divine wrath smote Florence with the pest. This was to chastise her for her sins, as the chroniclers tell us; but as a means of reform it failed apparently. A hundred thousand of the people died, and the rest, demoralized by the terror and enforced idleness in which they had lived, abandoned themselves to all manner of dissolute pleasures, and were much worse than if they had never had any pest. This pest, of which the reader will find a lively account in Boccaccio's introduction to the "Decamerone,"—he was able to write of it because, like De Foe, who described the plague of London, he had not seen it,—seems rather to have been a blow at popular government, if we may judge from the disorders into which it threw the democratic city, and the long train of wars and miseries that presently followed. But few of us are ever sufficiently in the divine confidence to be able to say just why this or that thing happens, and we are constantly growing more modest about assuming to know. What is certain is that the one-man power, foreboded and resisted from the first in Florence, was at last to possess itself of the fierce and jealous city. It showed itself, of course, in a patriotic and beneficent aspect at the beginning, but within a generation the first memorable Medici had befriended the popular cause and had made the weight of his name felt in Florence. From Salvestro de' Medici, who succeeded in breaking the power of the Guelph nobles in 1382, and, however unwillingly, promoted the Tumult of the Ciompi and the rule of the lowest classes, it is a long step to Averardo de' Medici, another popular leader in 1421; and it is again another long step from him to Cosimo de' Medici, who got himself called the Father of his Country, and died in 1469, leaving her with her throat fast in the clutch of his nephew, Lorenzo the Magnificent. But it was the stride of destiny, and nothing apparently could stay it.

III.

THE name of Lorenzo de' Medici is the next name of unrivaled greatness to which one comes in Florence after Dante's. The Medici, however one may be principled against them, do possess the imagination there, and I could not have helped going for their sake to the Piazza of the Mercato Vecchio, even if I had not wished to see again and again one of the most picturesque and characteristic places in the city. As I think of it, the pale, delicate sky of a fair winter's day in Florence spreads over me, and I seem to stand in the midst of the old square, with its moldering col-



IN THE OLD MARKET.

onnade on one side, and on the other its low, irregular roofs, their brown tiles thinly tinted with a growth of spindling grass and weeds, green the whole year round. In front of me a vast, white old palace springs seven stories into the sunshine, disreputably shabby from basement to attic, but beautiful, with the rags of a plebeian wash-day caught across it from balcony to balcony, as if it had fancied trying to hide its forlornness in them. Around me are peasants and donkey-carts and Florentines of

all sizes and ages; my ears are filled with the sharp din of an Italian crowd, and my nose with the smell of immemorial, innumerable market-days, and the rank, cutting savor of frying fish and cakes from a score of neighboring cook-shops; but I am happy — happier than I should probably be if I were actually there. Through an archway in the street behind me, not far from an admirably tumble-down shop full of bric-à-brac of low degree, all huddled — old bureaus and bed-

steads, crockery, classic lamps, assorted saints, shovels, flat-irons, and big-eyed madonnas — under a sagging pent-roof, I enter a large court, like Piazza Donati. Here the Medici, among other great citizens, had their first houses; and in the narrow street opening out of this court stands the little church which was then the family chapel of the Medici, after the fashion of that time, where all their marriages, christenings, and funerals took place. In time this highly respectable quarter suffered the sort of social decay which so frequently and so capriciously affects highly respectable quarters in all cities; and it had at last fallen so low, in the reign of Cosimo I., that when that grim tyrant wished cheaply to please the Florentines by making it a little harder for the Jews than for the Christians under him, he shut them up in the old court. They had been let into Florence to counteract the extortion of the Christian usurers, and upon the condition that they would not ask more than twenty per cent. interest. How much more had been taken by the Christians one can hardly imagine; but if this was a low rate to Florentines, one easily understands how the bankers of the city grew rich by lending to the necessitous world outside. Now and then they did not get back their principal, and Edward III. of

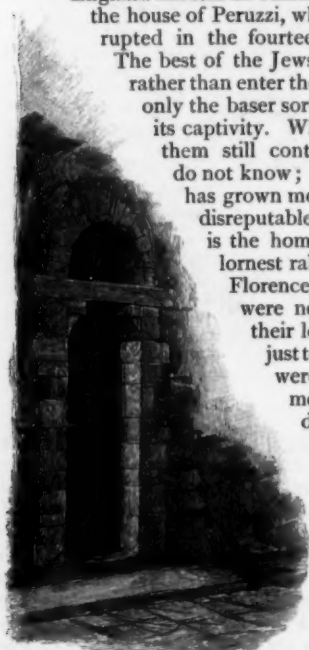
England has still an outstanding debt to the house of Peruzzi, which he bankrupted in the fourteenth century.

The best of the Jews left the city rather than enter the Ghetto, and only the baser sort remained to its captivity. Whether any of them still continue there, I do not know; but the place has grown more and more disreputable, till now it is the home of the forlornest rabble I saw in Florence, and if they were not the worst, their looks are unjust to them. They were mainly women and children, as the worst classes seem to be everywhere, — I do not know why, — and the air was full of the clatter of their feet and tongues, in-

tolerably reverberated from the high, many-windowed walls of scorbutic brick and stucco. These walls were, of course, garlanded with garments hung to dry from their casements. It is perpetually washing-day in Italy, and the observer, seeing so much linen washed and so little clean, is everywhere invited to the solution of one of the strangest problems of the Latin civilization.

The ancient home of the Medici has none of the feudal dignity, the baronial pride, of the quarter of the Lamberti and the Buondelmonti; and, disliking them as I did, I was glad to see it in the possession of that squalor, so different from the cheerful and industrious thrift of Piazza Donati and the neighborhood of Dante's house. No touch of sympathetic poetry relieves the history of that race of demagogues and tyrants, who, in their rise, had no thought but to aggrandize themselves, and whose only greatness was an apotheosis of egotism. It is hard to understand through what law of development, from lower to higher, the Providence which rules the affairs of men permitted them supremacy; and it is easy to understand how the better men whom they supplanted and dominated should abhor them. They were especially a bitter dose to the proud-stomached aristocracy of citizens which had succeeded the extinct Ghibelline nobility in Florence; but, indeed, the three pills which they adopted from the arms of their guild of physicians, together with the only appellation by which history knows their lineage, were agreeable to none who wished their country well. From the first Medici to the last, they were nearly all hypocrites or ruffians, bigots or imbeciles; and Lorenzo, who was a scholar and a poet, and the friend of scholars and poets, had the genius and science of tyranny in supreme degree, though he wore no princely title and assumed to be only the chosen head of the commonwealth.

"Under his rule," says Villari, in his "Life of Savonarola," that almost incomparable biography, "all wore a prosperous and contented aspect; the parties that had so long disquieted the city were at peace; imprisoned, or banished, or dead, those who would not submit to the Medicean domination; tranquillity and calm were everywhere. Feasting, dancing, public shows and games amused the Florentine people, who, once so jealous of their rights, seemed to have forgotten even the name of liberty. Lorenzo, who took part in all these pleasures, invented new ones every day. But among all his inventions, the most famous was that of the carnival songs (*canti carnascialeschi*), of which he composed the first, and which were meant to be sung in the masquerades of carnival, when the youthful nobility, disguised to



DOOR OF DANTE'S HOUSE.

represent the Triumph of Death, or a crew of demons, or some other caprice of fancy, wandered through the city, filling it with their riot. The reading of these songs will paint the corruption of the town far better than any



CHURCH WHERE DANTE WAS MARRIED—SAN MARTINO.

other description. To-day, not only the youthful nobility, but the basest of the populace, would hold them in loathing, and to go singing them through the city would be an offense to public decency which could not fail to be punished. These things were the favorite recreation of a prince lauded by all the world and held up as a model to every sovereign, a prodigy of wisdom, a political and literary genius. And such as they called him then, many would judge him still," says our author, who explicitly warns his readers against Roscoe's "Life of Lorenzo de' Medici," as the least trustworthy of all in its characterization. "They would forgive him the blood spilt to maintain a dominion unjustly acquired by him and his; the disorder wrought in the commonwealth; the theft of the public treasure to supply his profligate waste; the shameless vices to which in spite of his feeble health he abandoned himself; and even that rapid and infernal corruption of the people, which he perpetually studied with all the force and capacity of his soul. And all because he was the protector of letters and the fine arts!

"In the social condition of Florence at that time there was indeed a strange contrast. Culture was universally diffused; everybody knew Latin and Greek, everybody admired the classics; many ladies were noted

for the elegance of their Greek and Latin verses. The arts, which had languished since the time of Giotto, revived, and on all sides rose exquisite palaces and churches. But artists, scholars, politicians, nobles, and plebeians were rotten at heart, lacking in every public and private virtue, every moral sentiment. Religion was the tool of the government or vile hypocrisy; they had neither civil, nor religious, nor moral, nor philosophical faith; even doubt feebly asserted itself in their souls. A cold indifference to every principle prevailed, and those visages full of guile and subtlety wore a smile of chilly superiority and compassion at any sign of enthusiasm for noble and generous ideas. They did not oppose them or question them, as a philosophical skeptic would have done; they simply pitied them. . . . But Lorenzo had an exquisite taste for poetry and the arts. . . . Having set himself up to protect artists and scholars, his house became the resort of the most illustrious wits of his time, . . . and whether in the meetings under his own roof, or in those of the famous Platonic Academy, his own genius shone brilliantly in that elect circle. . . . A strange life indeed was Lorenzo's. After giving his whole mind and soul to the destruction, by some new law, of some last remnant of liberty, after pronouncing some fresh sentence of ruin or death, he entered the Platonic Academy, and ardently discussed virtue and the immortality of the soul; then sallying forth to mingle with the dissolute youth of the city, he sang his carnival songs, and abandoned himself to debauchery; returning home with Pulci and Politian, he recited verses and talked of poetry; and to each of these occupations he gave himself up as wholly as if it were the sole occupation of his life. But the strangest thing of all is that in all that variety of life they cannot cite a solitary act of real generosity toward his people, his friends, or his kinsmen; for surely if there had been such an act, his indefatigable flatterers would not have forgotten it. . . . He had inherited from Cosimo all that subtlety by which, without being a great statesman, he was prompt in cunning subterfuges, full of prudence and acuteness, skillful in dealing with ambassadors, most skillful in extinguishing his enemies, bold and cruel when he believed the occasion permitted. . . . His face revealed his character; there was something sinister and hateful in it; the complexion was greenish, the mouth very large, the nose flat, and the voice nasal; but his eye was quick and keen, his forehead was high, and his manner had all of gentleness that can be imagined of an age so refined and elegant as

that; his conversation was full of vivacity, of wit and learning; those who were admitted to his familiarity were always fascinated by him. He seconded his age in all its tendencies; corrupt as it was, he left it corrupter still in every way; he gave himself up to pleasure, and he taught his people to give themselves up to it, to its intoxication and its delirium."

IV.

THIS was the sort of being whom human nature in self-defense ought always to recognize as a devil, and whom no glamour of circumstance or quality should be suffered to disguise. It is success like his which, as Victor Hugo says of Louis Napoleon's similar success, "confounds the human conscience," and kindles the lurid light in which assassination seems a holy duty. Lorenzo's tyranny in Florence was not only the extinction of public liberty, but the control of private life in all its relations. He made this marriage and he forbade that among the principal families, as it suited his pleasure; he decided employments and careers; he regulated the most intimate affairs of households in the interest of his power, with a final impunity which is inconceivable of that proud and fiery Florence. The smoldering resentment of his tyranny, which flamed out in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, adds the consecration of a desperate love of liberty to the cathedral, hallowed by religion and history, in which the tragedy was enacted. It was always dramatizing itself there when I entered the Duomo, whether in the hush and twilight of some vacant hour, or in the flare of tapers and voices while some high ceremonial filled the vast nave with its glittering procession. But I think the ghosts preferred the latter setting. To tell the truth, the Duomo at Florence is a temple to damp the spirit, dead or alive, by the immense impression of stony bareness, of drab vacuity, which one receives from its interior, unless it is filled with people. Outside, it is magnificently imposing, in spite of the insufficiency and irregularity of its piazza. In spite of having no such approach as St. Mark's at Venice, or St. Peter's at Rome, or even the cathedral at Milan, in spite of being almost crowded upon by the surrounding shops and cafés, it is noble, and more and more astonishing; and there is the baptistery, with its heavenly gates, and the tower of Giotto, with its immortal beauty, as novel for each new-comer as if freshly set out there overnight for his advantage. Nor do I object at all to the cab-stands there, and the little shops all round, and the people throng-



SAN MARTINO—EXTERIOR.

ing through the piazza, in and out of the half-score of crooked streets opening upon it. You do not get all the grandeur of the cathedral outside, but you get enough, while you come away from the interior in a sort of destitution. One needs some such function as I saw there one evening at dusk in order to realize all the spectacular capabilities of the place. This function consisted mainly of a visible array of the Church's forces "against blasphemy," as the printed notices informed me; but with the high altar blazing, a constellation of candles in the distant gloom, and the long train of priests, choristers, acolytes, and white-cowled penitents, each with his taper, and the archbishop, bearing the pyx, at their head, under a silken canopy, it formed a setting of incomparable vividness for the scene on the last Sunday before Ascension, 1478.

There is, to my thinking, no such mirror of the spirit of that time as the story of this conspiracy. A pope was at the head of it, and an archbishop was there in Florence to share actively in it. Having failed to find Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici together at Lorenzo's villa, the conspirators transfer the scene to the cathedral; the moment chosen for striking the blow is that supremely sacred moment in which the very body of Christ is elevated for the adoration of the kneeling worshipers. What a contempt they all have for the place and the office! In this you read one effect of that study of antiquity which was among the means Lorenzo used to cor-

rupt the souls of men; the Florentines are half repaganized. Yet at the bottom of the heart of one conspirator lingers a mediæval compunction, and though not unwilling to kill a man, this soldier does not know about killing one in a church. Very well, then, give up your dagger, you simple soldier; give it to this priest; *he* knows what a church is, and how little sacred!

The cathedral is packed with people, and Lorenzo is there, but Giuliano is not come yet. Are we to be fooled a second time? Malediction! Send some one to fetch that Medicean beast, who is so slow coming to the slaughter! I am of the conspiracy, for I hate the Medici; but these muttered blasphemies, hissed and ground through the teeth, this frenzy for murder,—it is getting to be little better than that,—make me sick. Two of us go for Giuliano to his house, and being acquaintances of his, we laugh and joke familiarly with him; we put our arms caressingly about him, and feel if he has a shirt of mail on, as we walk him between us through the crowd at the corner of the café there, invisibly, past all the cabmen ranked near the cathedral and the baptistery, not one of whom shall snatch his horse's oat-bag from his nose to invite us phantoms to a turn in the city. We have our friend safe in the cathedral at last,—hapless, kindly youth, whom we have nothing against except that he is of that cursed race of the Medici,—and now at last the priest elevates the host and it is time to strike; the little bell tinkles, the multitude holds its breath and falls upon its knees; Lorenzo and Giuliano kneel with the rest. A moment, and Bernardo Bandini plunges his short dagger through the boy, who drops dead upon his face, and Francesco Pazzi flings himself upon the body, and blindly striking to make sure of his death, gives himself a wound in the leg that disables him for the rest of the work. And now we see the folly of intrusting Lorenzo to the unpracticed hand of a priest, who would have been neat enough, no doubt, at mixing a dose of poison. The bungler has only cut his man a little in the neck! Lorenzo's sword is out and making desperate play for his life; his friends close about him, and while the sacred vessels are tumbled from the altar and trampled under foot in the mellay, and the cathedral rings with yells and shrieks and curses and the clash of weapons, they have hurried him into the sacristy and barred the doors, against which we shall beat ourselves in vain. Fury! Infamy! Malediction! Pick yourself up, Francesco Pazzi, and get home as you may! There is no mounting to horse and crying liberty through the streets for you! All is

over! The wretched populace, the servile signory, side with the Medici; in a few hours the Archbishop of Pisa is swinging by the neck from a window of the Palazzo Vecchio; and while he is yet alive you are dragged, bleeding and naked, from your bed through the streets and hung beside him, so close that in his dying agony he sets his teeth in your breast with a convulsive frenzy that leaves you fast in the death-clutch of his jaws till they cut the ropes and you rain hideously down to the pavement below.

V.

ONE must face these grisly details from time to time if he would feel what Florence



AN ARCHED PASSAGE.

was. All the world was like Florence at that time in its bloody cruelty; the wonder is that Florence, being what she otherwise was, should be like all the world in that. One should take the trouble also to keep constantly in mind the smallness of the theater in which these scenes were enacted. Compared with modern cities, Florence was but a large town, and these Pazzi were neighbors and kinsmen of the Medici, and they and their fathers had seen the time when the Medici were no more in the state than other families which had perhaps scorned to rise by their

arts. It would be insufferable to any of us if some acquaintance whom we knew so well, root and branch, should come to reign over us; but this is what happened through the Medici in Florence.

I walked out one pleasant Sunday afternoon to the Villa Careggi, where Lorenzo made a dramatic end twenty years after the tragedy in the cathedral. It is some two miles from the city; I could not say in just what direction; but it does not matter, since if you do not come to Villa Careggi when you go to look for it, you come to something else equally memorable, by ways as beautiful and through landscapes as picturesque. I remember that there was hanging from a crevice of one of the stone walls which we sauntered between, one of those great purple anemones of Florence, tilting and swaying in the sunny air of February, and that there was a tender presentiment of spring in the atmosphere, and people were out languidly enjoying the warmth about their doors, as if the winter had been some malady of theirs, and they were now slowly convalescent. The mountains were white with snow beyond Fiesole, but that was perhaps to set off to better advantage the nearer hill-sides, studded with villas gleaming white through black plumes of cypress, and blurred with long gray stretches of olive orchard; it is impossible to escape some such crazy impression of intention in the spectacular prospect of Italy, though that is probably less the fault of the prospect than of the people who have painted and printed so much about it. There were vineyards, of course, as well as olive orchards on all those broken and irregular slopes, over which wandered a tangle of the high walls which everywhere shut you out from intimate approach to the fields about Florence; you may look up at them, afar off, or you may look down at them, but you cannot look into them on the same level.

We entered the Villa Careggi, when we got to it, through a high, grated gateway, and then we found ourselves in a delicious garden, the exquisite thrill of whose loveliness lingers yet in my utterly satisfied senses. I remember it as chiefly a plantation of rare trees, with an enchanting glimmer of the inexhaustibly various landscape through every break in their foliage; but near the house was a formal parterre for flowers, silent, serene, aristocratic, touched not with decay, but a sort of pensive regret. On a terrace yet nearer were some *putti*, some frolic boys cut in marble, with a growth of brown moss on their soft backs, and looking as if, in their lapse from the civilization for which they were

designed, they had begun to clothe themselves in skins.

As to the interior of the villa, every one may go there and observe its facts; its vast, cold, dim saloons, its floors of polished cement, like ice to the foot, and its walls covered with painted histories and anecdotes and portraits of the Medici. The outside warmth had not got into the house, and I shivered in the sepulchral gloom, and could get no sense of the gay, voluptuous, living past there, not even in the prettily painted loggia where Lorenzo used to sit with his friends overlooking Val d'Arno, and glimpsing the tower of Giotto and the dome of Brunelleschi. But there is one room, next to the last of the long suite fronting on the lovely garden, where the event which makes the place memorable has an incomparable actuality. It is the room where Lorenzo died, and his dying eyes could look from its windows out over the lovely garden, and across the vast stretches of villa and village, olive and cypress, to the tops of Florence swimming against the horizon. He was a long time dying, of the gout of his ancestors and his own debauchery, and he drew near his end cheerfully enough, and very much as he had always lived, now reasoning high of philosophy and poetry with Pico della Mirandola and Politian, and now laughing at the pranks of the jesters and buffoons whom they brought in to amuse him, till the very last, when he sickened of all those delights, fine or gross, and turned his thoughts to the mercy despised so long. But, as he kept saying, none had ever dared give him a resolute No, save one; and dreading in his final hours the mockery of flattering priests, he sent for this one fearless soul; and Savonarola, who had never yielded to his threats or caresses, came at the prayer of the dying man, and took his place beside the bed we still see there—high, broad, richly carved in dark wood, with a picture of Perugino's on the wall at the left beside it. Piero, Lorenzo's son, from whom he has just parted, must be in the next room yet, and the gentle Pico della Mirandola, whom Lorenzo was so glad to see that he smiled and jested with him in the old way, has closed the door on the preacher and the sinner. Lorenzo confesses that he has heavy on his soul three crimes: the cruel sack of Volterra, the theft of the public dower of young girls, by which many were driven to a wicked life, and the blood shed after the conspiracy of the Pazzi. "He was greatly agitated, and Savonarola to quiet him kept repeating 'God is good; God is merciful. But,' he added, when Lorenzo had ceased to speak, 'there is need of three things.' 'And what are they,

father?' 'First, you must have a great and living faith in the mercy of God.' 'This I have—the greatest.' 'Second, you must restore that which you have wrongfully taken, or require your children to restore it for you.' Lorenzo looked surprised and troubled; but he forced himself to compliance, and nodded his head in sign of assent. Then Savonarola rose to his feet, and stood over the dying prince. 'Last, you must give back their liberty to the people of Florence.' Lorenzo, summoning all his remaining strength, disdainfully turned his back; and, without uttering a word, Savonarola departed without giving him absolution."

It was as if I saw and heard it all, as I stood there in the room where the scene had been enacted; it still remains to me the vividdest event in Florentine history, and Villari has no need, for me at least, to summon all the witnesses he calls to establish the verity of the story. There are some disputed things that establish themselves in our credence through the nature of the men and the times of which they are told, and this is one of them. Lorenzo and Savonarola were equally matched in courage, and the Italian soul of the one was as subtle for good as the Italian soul of the other was subtle for evil. In that encounter, the preacher knew that it was not the sack of a city or the blood of conspirators for which the sinner really desired absolution, however artfully and naturally they were advanced in his appeal; and Lorenzo knew when he sent for him that the monk would touch the sore spot in his guilty heart unerringly. It was a profound drama, searching the depths of character on either side, and on either side it was played with matchless magnanimity.

VI.

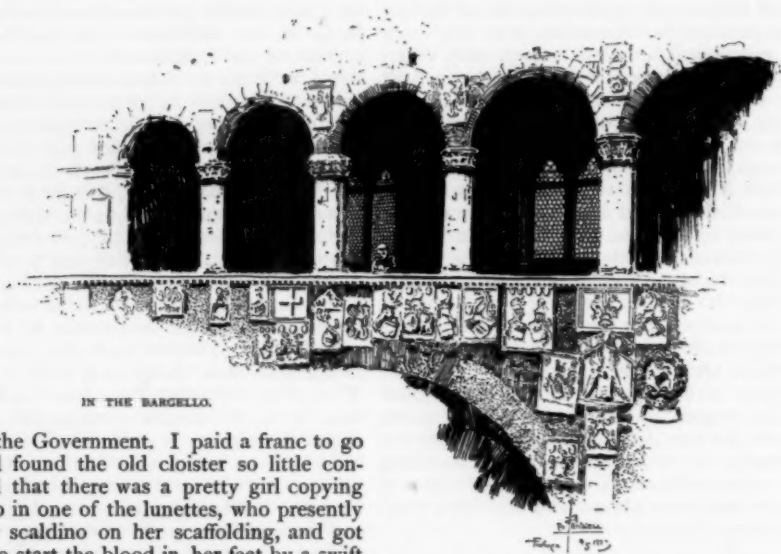
AFTER I had been at Careggi, I had to go again and look at San Marco, at the cell to which Savonarola returned from that death-bed, sorrowing. Yet, at this distance of time and place, one must needs wonder a little why one is so pitiless to Lorenzo, so devoted to Savonarola. I have a suspicion, which I own with shame and reluctance, that I should have liked Lorenzo's company much better, and that I, too, should have felt to its last sweetness the charm of his manner. I confess that I think I should have been bored—it is well to be honest with one's self in all things—by the menaces and mystery of Savonarola's prophesying, and that I should have thought his crusade against the pomps and vanities of Florence a vulgar and ridiculous business. He and his monks would

have been terribly dull companions for one of my make within their convent; and when they came out and danced in a ring with his male and female devotees in the square before the church, I should have liked them no better than so many soldiers of the Army of Salvation. That is not my idea of the way in which the souls of men are to be purified and elevated, or their thoughts turned to God. Puerility and vulgarity of a sort to set one's teeth on edge marked the excesses which Savonarola permitted in his followers; and if he could have realized his puritanic republic, it would have been one of the heaviest yokes about the neck of poor human nature that have ever burdened it. For the reality would have been totally different from the ideal. So far as we can understand, the popular conception of Savonarola's doctrine was something as gross as Army-of-Salvationism, as wild and sensuous as backwoods Wesleyism, as fantastic, as spiritually arrogant as primitive Quakerism, as bleak and grim as militant Puritanism. We must face these facts, and the fact that Savonarola, though a Puritan, was no Protestant at all, but the most devout of Catholics, even while he defied the Pope. He was a sublime and eloquent preacher, a genius inspired to ecstasy with the beauty of holiness; but perhaps—perhaps!—Lorenzo knew the Florentines better than he when he turned his face away and died unshriven rather than give them back their freedom. Then why, now that they have both been dust for four hundred years,—and in all things the change is such that if not a new heavens there is a new earth since their day,—why do we cling tenderly, devoutly, to the strange, frenzied apostle of the Impossible, and turn, abhorring, from that gay, accomplished, charming, wise, and erudite statesman who knew what men were so much better? There is nothing of Savonarola now but the memory of his purpose, nothing of Lorenzo but the memory of his; and now we see, far more clearly than if the *frate* had founded his free state upon the ruins of the *magnifico's* tyranny, that the one willed only good to others, and the other willed it only to himself. All history, like each little individual experience, enforces nothing but this lesson of altruism; and it is because the memory which consecrates the church of San Marco teaches it in supreme degree that one stands before it with a swelling heart.

In itself the church is nowise interesting or imposing, with that ugly and senseless classicism of its façade, which associates itself with Spain rather than Italy, and the stretch of its plain, low convent walls. It looks South American, it looks Mexican, with its plaza-

like piazza; and the alien effect is heightened by the stiff tropical plants set round the recent military statue in the center. But when you are within the convent gate, all is Italian, all is Florentine again; for there is nothing more Florentine in Florence than those old convent courts into which your sight-seeing takes you so often. The middle space is inclosed by the sheltering cloisters, and here the grass lies green in the sun the whole winter through, with daisies in it, and other simple little sympathetic weeds or flowers; the still air is warm, and the place has a climate of its own. Of course, the Dominican friars are long gone from San Marco; the place is a museum now, admirably kept

with more or less care, according to one's real or attempted delight in them, and then suddenly comes to the cell of Savonarola; and all the life goes out of those remote histories and allegories, and pulses in an agony of baffled good in this martyrdom. Here is the desk at which he read and wrote; here are laid some leaves of his manuscript, as if they had just trembled from those wasted hands of his; here is the hair shirt he wore, to mortify and torment that suffering flesh the more; here is a bit of charred wood gathered from the fire in which he expiated his love for the Florentines by a hideous death at their hands. It rends the heart to look at them! Still, after



IN THE BARGELLO.

up by the Government. I paid a franc to go in, and found the old cloister so little conventual that there was a pretty girl copying a fresco in one of the lunettes, who presently left her scaldino on her scaffolding, and got down to start the blood in her feet by a swift little promenade under the arches where the monks used to walk, and over the dead whose grave-stones pave the way. You cannot help those things; and she was really very pretty—much prettier than a monk. In one of the cells upstairs there was another young lady; she was copying a Fra Angelico, who might have been less shocked at her presence than some would think. He put a great number of women, as beautiful as he could paint them, in the frescoes with which he has illuminated the long line of cells. In one place he has left his own portrait in a saintly company, looking on at an Annunciation: a very handsome youth, with an air expressive of an artistic rather than a spiritual interest in the fact represented, which indeed has the effect merely of a polite interview. One looks at the frescoes glimmering through the dusk of the little rooms in hardly discernible detail,

four hundred years, the event is as fresh as yesterday—as fresh as Calvary; and never can the race which still gropes blindly here conceive of its divine source better than in the sacrifice of some poor fellow-creature who perishes by those to whom he meant nothing but good.

As one stands in the presence of these pathetic witnesses, the whole lamentable tragedy rehearses itself again, with a power that makes one an actor in it. Here, I am of that Florence which has sprung erect after shaking the foot of the tyrant from its neck, too fiercely free to endure the yoke of the reformer; and I perceive the waning strength of Savonarola's friends, the growing number of his foes. I stand with the rest before the Palazzo Vecchio waiting for the result of that ordeal by fire to which they have chal-

lenged his monks in test of his claims, and I hear with foreboding the murmurs of the crowd when they are balked of their spectacle by that question between the Dominicans and the Franciscans about carrying the host through the flames; I return with him heavy and sorrowful to his convent, prescient of broken power over the souls which his voice has swayed so long; I am there in San Marco when he rises to preach, and the gathering storm of insult and outrage bursts upon him, with hisses and yells, till the battle begins between his Piagnoni and the Arrabbiati, and rages through the consecrated edifice, and that fiery Peter among his friars beats in the skulls of his assailants with the bronze crucifix caught up from the altar; I am in the piazza before the church when the mob attacks the convent, and the monks, shaking off his meek control, reply with musket-shots from their cells; I am with him when the signory sends to lead him a prisoner to the Bargello; I am there when they stretch upon the rack that frail and delicate body, which fastings and vigils and the cloistered life have wrought up to a nervous sensibility as keen as a woman's; I hear his confused and uncertain replies under the torture when they ask him whether he claims now to have prophesied from God; I climb with him, for that month's respite they allow him before they put him to the question again, to the narrow cell high up in the tower of the Old Palace, where, with the roofs and towers of the cruel



ON THE PORTE VECCHIA.

city he had so loved far below him, and the purple hills misty against the snow-clad mountains all round the horizon, he recovers something of his peace of mind, and keeps his serenity of soul; I follow him down to the chapel beautiful with Ghirlandajo's frescoes, where he spends his last hours, before they lead him between the two monks who are to suffer with him; and once more I stand among the pitiless multitude in the piazza. They make him taste the agony of death twice in the death of his monks; then he submits his neck to the halter and the hangman thrusts him from the scaffold, where the others hang dangling in their chains above the pyre that is to consume their bodies. "Prophet!" cries an echo of the mocking voice on Calvary, "now is the time for a miracle!" The hangman thinks to please the crowd by play-

ing the buffoon with the quivering form; a yell of abhorrence breaks from them, and he makes haste to descend and kindle the fire that it may reach Savonarola while he is still alive. A wind rises and blows the flame away. The crowd shrinks back terrified: "A miracle! a miracle!" But the wind falls again, and the bodies slowly burn, dropping a rain of blood into the hissing embers. The heat moving the right hand of Savonarola, he seems to lift it and bless the multitude. The Piagnoni fall sobbing and groaning to their knees; the Arrabbiati set on a crew of ribald boys, who, dancing and yelling round the fire, pelt the dead martyrs with a shower of stones.

Once more I was in San Marco, but it was now in the nineteenth century, on a Sunday of January, 1883. There, in the place of Savonarola, who, though surely no Protestant, was one of the precursors of the Reformation, stood a Northern priest, chief perhaps of those who would lead us back to Rome, appealing to us in the harsh sibilants of our English, where the Dominican had rolled the organ harmonies of his impassioned Italian upon his hearers' souls. I have certainly nothing to say against the Monsignor, and I have never seen a more picturesque figure than his as he stood in his episcopal purple against the curtain of pale green behind him, his square priest's cap on his fine head, and the embroidered sleeves of some ecclesiastical under-vestment showing at every tasteful gesture. His face was strong, and beautiful with its deep-sunk dreamy eyes, and he preached with singular vigor and point to a congregation of all the fashionable and cultivated English-speaking people in Florence, and to larger numbers of Italians whom I suspected of coming partly to improve themselves in our tongue. They could not have done better; his English was exquisite in diction and accent, and his matter was very good. He was warning us against Agnosticism and the limitations of merely scientific wisdom; but I thought that there was little need to persuade us of God in the church where Savonarola had lived and aspired; and that even the dead, who had known him and heard him, and who now sent up their chill through the pavement from the tombs below, and made my feet so very cold, were more eloquent of immortality in that place.

VII.

ONE morning, early in February, I walked out through the picturesqueness of Oltrarno, and up the long ascent of the street to Porta San Giorgio, for the purpose of revering what is left of the fortifications designed by Michael Angelo for the defense of the city in

the great siege of 1535. There are many things to distract even the most resolute pilgrim on the way to that gate, and I was but too willing to loiter. There are bric-à-brac shops on the Ponte Vecchio, and in the Via Guicciardini and the Piazza Pitti, with old canvases, and carvings, and bronzes in their windows; and though a little past the time of life when one piously looks up the scenes of fiction, I had to make an excursion up the Via de' Bardi for the sake of Romola, whose history begins in that street. It is a book which you must read again in Florence, for it gives a true and powerful impression of Savonarola's time, even if the author does burden her drama and dialogue with too much history. The Via de' Bardi, moreover, is worthy a visit for its own Gothic-palaced, mediæval sake, and for the sake of that long stretch of the Boboli garden wall backing upon it, with ivy flung over its shoulder, and a murmur of bees in some sort of invisible blossoms beyond. In that neighborhood I had to stop a moment before the house—simple, but keeping its countenance in the presence of a long line of Guicciardini palaces—where Machiavelli lived; a barber has his shop on the ground floor now, and not far off, again, are the houses of the Canigiani, the maternal ancestors of Petrarch. And yet a little way, up a steep, winding street, is the house of Galileo. It bears on its front a tablet recording the great fact that Ferdinand II. de' Medici visited his valued astronomer there, and a portrait of the astronomer is painted on the stucco; there is a fruiterer underneath, and there are a great many children playing about, and their mothers screaming at them. The vast sky is blue without a speck overhead, and I look down on the tops of garden trees, and the brown-tiled roofs of houses sinking in ever richer and softer picturesqueness from level to level below. But to get the prospect in all its wonderful beauty, one must push on up the street a little farther, and pass out between two indolent sentries lounging under the Giottesquely frescoed arch of Porta San Giorgio, into the open road. By this time I fancy the landscape will have got the better of history in the interest of any amateur, and he will give but a casual glance at Michael Angelo's bastions or towers, and will abandon himself altogether to the rapture of that scene.

For my part, I cannot tell whether I am more blest in the varieties of effect which every step of the descent outside the wall reveals in the city and its river and valley, or in the near olive orchards, gray in the sun, and the cypresses, intensely black against the sky. The road next the wall is bordered by a

tangle of blackberry vines, which the amiable Florentine winter has not had the harshness to rob of their leaves; they hang green from the canes, on which one might almost hope to find some berries. The lizards, basking in the warm dust, rustle away among them at my approach, and up the path comes a gentleman in the company of two small terrier dogs, whose little bells finely tinkle as they advance. It would be hard to say just how these gave the final touch to my satisfaction with a prospect in which everything glistened and sparkled as far as the snows of Vallombrosa, lustrous along the horizon; but the reader ought to understand.

VIII.

I WAS instructed by the friend in whose tutelage I was pursuing with so much passion my search for historical localities that I had better not give myself quite away to either the associations or the landscapes at Porta San Giorgio, but wait till I visited San Miniato. Afterward I was glad that I did so, for that is certainly the point from which best to enjoy both. The day of our visit was gray and overcast, but the air was clear, and nothing was lost to the eye among the objects distinct in line and color, almost as far as it could reach. We went out of the famous Porta Romana, by which so much history enters and issues that if the customs officers

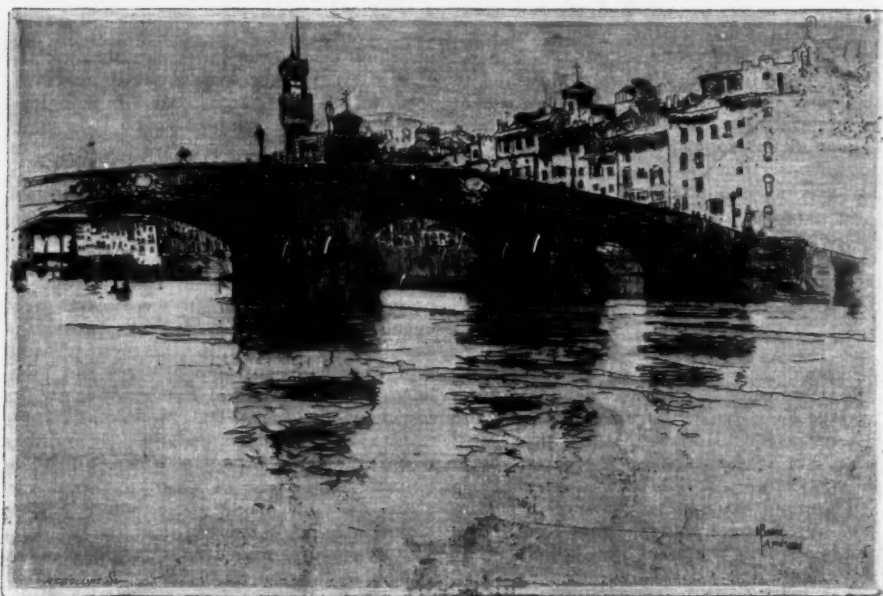
there were not the most circum-spect of men, they never could get round among the peasants' carts

to tax their wine and oil without trampling a multitude of august and pathetic presences under foot. One shudders at the rate at which one's *cocchiere* dashes through the Past thronging the lofty archway, and scatters its phantoms right and left with loud explosions of his whip. Outside it is somewhat better, among the curves and slopes of the beautiful suburban avenues, with which Florence was adorned to be the capital of Italy twenty years ago. But here, too, history thickens upon you, even if you know it but a little; it springs from the soil that looks so red and poor, and seems to fill the air. In no other space, it seems to me, do the great events stand so dense as in that city and the circuit of its hills; so that, for mere pleasure in its beauty, the sense of its surpassing loveliness, perhaps one had better not know the history of Florence at all. As little as I knew it, I was terribly incommoded by it; and that morning, when I drove up to San Miniato to "realize" the siege of Florence, keeping a sharp eye out for Montici, where Sciarra Colonna had his quarters, and the range of hills whence the imperial forces joined in the chorus of his cannon battering the tower of the church, I would far rather have been an unpremeditating listener to the poem of Browning which the friend in the carriage with me was repeating. The din of the guns drowned his voice from time to time, and while he was trying to catch a faded phrase, and going back and correcting himself, and saying, "No — yes — no. That's it — no. Hold on — I have it!" as people do in repeating poetry, my embattled fancy was flying about over all the historic scene, sallying, repulsing, defeating, succumbing; joining in



Florence 4. 2. 1871
The Porta Romana.

THE PORTA ROMANA.



PONTE SANTA TRINITÀ.

the famous *camisada* when the Florentines put their shirts on over their armor and attacked the enemy's sleeping camp by night, and at the same time playing ball down in the piazza of Santa Croce with the Florentine youth in sheer contempt of the besiegers. It was prodigiously fatiguing, and I fetched a long sigh of exhaustion as I dismounted at the steps of San Miniato, which was the outpost of the Florentines, and walked tremulously round it for a better view of the tower in whose top they had planted their great gun. It was all battered there by the enemy's shot aimed to dislodge the piece, and in the crumbling brickwork nodded tufts of grass and dry weeds in the wind, like so many conceits of a frivolous tourist springing from the tragic history it recorded. The apse of the church below this tower is of the most satisfying golden brown in color, and within, the church is what all the guide-books know, but what I own I have forgotten. It is a very famous temple, and every one goes to see it, for its frescoes and mosaics and its peculiar beauty of architecture; and I dedicated a moment of reverent silence to the memory of the poet Giusti, whose monument was there. After four hundred years of slavery, his pen was one of the keenest and bravest of those which resumed the old Italian fight for freedom, and he might have had a

more adequate monument. I believe there is an insufficient statue, or perhaps it is only a bust, or may be a tablet with his face in bas-relief; but the modern Italians are not happy in their commemorations of the dead. The little Campo Santo at San Miniato is a place to make one laugh and cry with the hideous vulgarity of its realistic busts and its photographs set in the tombstones; and yet it is one of the least offensive in Italy. When I could escape from the fascination of its ugliness, I went and leaned with my friend on the parapet that incloses the Piazza Michelangelo, and took my fill of delight in the landscape. The city seemed to cover the whole plain beneath us with the swarm of its edifices, and the steely stretch of the Arno thrust through its whole length and spanned by its half-dozen bridges. The Duomo and the Palazzo Vecchio swelled up from the mass with a vastness which the distance seemed only to accent and reveal. To the northward showed the snowy tops of the Apennines, while on the nearer slopes of the soft brown hills flanking the wonderful valley the towns and villas hung densely drifted everywhere, and whitened the plain to its remotest purple.

I spare the reader the successive events which my unhappy acquaintance with the past obliged me to wait and see sweep over this mighty theater. The winter was still in

the wind that whistled round our lofty perch, and that must make the Piazza Michelangelo so delicious in the summer twilight; the bronze copy of the David in the center of the square looked half frozen. The terrace is part of the system of embellishment and improvement of Florence for her brief supremacy as capital; and it is fitly called after Michael Angelo because it covers the site of so much work of his for her defense in the great siege. We looked about till we could endure the cold no longer, and then returned to our carriage. By this time the siege was over, and after a resistance of fifteen months we were betrayed by our leader Malatesta Baglioni, who could not resist the Pope's bribe. With the disgraceful facility of pleasure-seeking foreigners we instantly changed sides, and returned through the Porta Romana, which his treason opened, and, because it was so convenient, entered the city with a horde of other Spanish and German bigots and mercenaries that the empire had hurled against the stronghold of Italian liberty.

IX.

YET, once within the beloved walls,—I must still call them walls, though they are now razed to the ground and laid out in fine avenues, with a perpetual succession of horse-cars tinkling down their midst,—I was all Florentine again, and furious against the Medici, whom after a whole generation the holy league of the Emperor and the Pope had brought back in the person of the bastard Alessandro. They brought him back, of course, in prompt and explicit violation of their sacred word; and it seemed to me that I could not wait for his cousin Lorenzino to kill him—such is the ferocity of the mildest tourist in the presence of occasions sufficiently remote. But surely if ever a man merited murder it was that brutal despot, whose tyrannies and excesses had something almost deliriously insolent in them, and who, crime for crime, seems to have preferred that which was most revolting. But I had to postpone this exemplary assassination till I could find the moment for visiting the Riccardi Palace, in the name of which the fact of the elder Medicean residence is clouded. It has long been a public building, and now some branch of the municipal government has its meetings and offices there; but what the stranger commonly goes to see is the chapel or oratory frescoed by Benozzo Gozzoli, which is perhaps the most simply and satisfyingly lovely little space that ever four walls inclosed. The sacred histories cover every inch of it with form and color; and if it all remains in my

memory a sensation of delight, rather than anything more definite, that is perhaps a witness to the efficacy with which the painter wrought. Serried ranks of seraphs, peacock-plumed, and kneeling in prayer; garlands of roses everywhere; contemporary Florentines on horseback, riding in the train of the Three Magi Kings under the low boughs of trees; and birds fluttering through the dim, mellow atmosphere, the whole set dense and close in an opulent yet delicate fancifulness of design,—that is what I recall, with a conviction of the idleness and absurdity of recalling anything. It was like going out-of-doors to leave the dusky splendor of this chapel, which was intended at first to be seen only by the light of silver lamps, and come into the great hall frescoed by Luca Giordano, where his classicistic fables swim overhead in immeasurable light. They still have the air, those boldly foreshortened and dramatically postured figures, of being newly dashed on—the work of yesterday begun the day before; and they fill one with an incomparable gayety: War, Pestilence, and Famine, no less than Peace, Plenty, and Hygienic Plumbing—if that was one of the antithetical personages. Upon the whole, I think the seventeenth century was more comfortable than the fifteenth, and that when men had fairly got their passions and miseries impersonalized into allegory, they were in a state to enjoy themselves much better than before. One can very well imagine the old Cosimo who built this palace having himself carried through its desolate magnificence, and crying that, now his son was dead, it was too big for his family; but grief must have been a much politer and seemlier thing in Florence when Luca Giordano painted the ceiling of the great hall.

In the Duke Alessandro's time they had only got half-way, and their hearts ached and burned in primitive fashion. The revival of learning had brought them the consolation of much classic example, both virtuous and vicious, but they had not yet fully philosophized slavery into elegant passivity. Even a reprobate like Lorenzino de' Medici—"the morrow of a debauch," as De Musset calls him—had his head full of the high Roman fashion of finishing tyrants, and behaved as much like a Greek as he could.

The Palazzo Riccardi now includes in its mass the site of the house in which Lorenzino lived, as well as the narrow street which formerly ran between his house and the palace of the Medici; so that if you have ever so great a desire to visit the very spot where Alessandro died that only too insufficient death, you must wreak your frenzy upon a small passage opening out of the present

court. You enter this from the modern liveliness of the Via Cavour,—in every Italian city since the unification there is a Via Cavour, a Via Garibaldi, and a Corso Vittorio Emanuele,—and you ordinarily linger for a moment among the Etruscan and Roman marbles before paying your half franc and going upstairs. There is a little confusion in this, but I think upon the whole it heightens the effect; and the question whether the custodian can change a piece of twenty francs, debating itself all the time in the mind of the amateur of tyrannicide, sharpens his impatience, while he turns aside into the street which no longer exists, and mounts the phantom stairs to the vanished chamber of the demolished house, where the Duke is waiting for the Lady Ginori, as he believes, but really for his death. No one, I think, claims that he was a demon less infernal than Lorenzino makes him out in that strange Apology of his, in which he justifies himself to posterity by appeals to antiquity. "Alessandro," he says, "went far beyond Phalaris in cruelty, because, whereas Phalaris justly punished Perillus for his cruel invention for miserably tormenting and destroying men in his brazen Bull, Alessandro would have rewarded him if he had lived in his time, for he was himself always thinking out new sorts of tortures and deaths, like building men up alive in places so narrow that they could not turn or move, but might be said to be built in as a part of the wall of brick and stone, and in that state feeding them and prolonging their misery as much as possible, the monster not satisfying himself with the mere death of his people; so that the seven years of his reign, for debauchery, for avarice and cruelty, may be compared with seven others of Nero, of Caligula, or of Phalaris, choosing the most abominable of their whole lives, in proportion, of course, of the city to the empire; for in that time so many citizens will be found to have been driven from their country, and persecuted, and murdered in exile, and so many beheaded without trial and without cause, and only for empty suspicion, and for words of no importance, and others poisoned or slain by his own hand, or his satellites, merely that they might not put him to shame before certain persons, for the condition in which he was born and reared; and so many extortions and robberies will be found to have been committed, so many adulteries, so many violences, not only in things profane but in sacred also, that it will be difficult to decide whether the tyrant was more atrocious and impious, or the Florentine people more patient and vile. . . . And if Timoleon was forced to kill his own brother to liberate his country,

and was so much praised and celebrated for it, and still is so, what authority have the malevolent to blame me? But in regard to killing one who trusted me (which I do not allow I have done), I say that if I had done it in this case, and if I could not have accomplished it otherwise, I should have done it. . . . That he was not of the house of Medici and my kinsman is manifest, for he was born of a woman of base condition, from Castelveccchi in the Romagna, who lived in the house of the Duke Lorenzo [of Urbino], and was employed in the most menial services, and married to a coachman. . . . He [Alessandro] left her to work on the fields, so that those citizens of ours who had fled from the tyrant's avarice and cruelty in the city determined to conduct her to the Emperor at Naples, to show his Majesty whence came the man he thought fit to rule Florence. Then Alessandro, forgetting his duty in his shame, and the love for his mother, which indeed he never had, and through an inborn cruelty and ferocity, caused his mother to be killed before she came to the Emperor's presence."

On the way up to the chamber to which the dwarfish, sickly little tyrannicide has lured his prey, the most dramatic moment occurs. He stops the bold ruffian whom he has got to do him the pleasure of a certain unspecified homicide, in requital of the good turn by which he once saved his life, and whispers to him, "It is the Duke!" Scoronconcolo, who had merely counted on an every-day murder, falters in dismay. But he recovers himself: "Here we are; go ahead, if it were the devil himself!" And after that he has no more compunction in the affair than if it were the butchery of a simple citizen. The Duke is lying there on the bed in the dark, and Lorenzino bends over him with "Are you asleep, sir?" and drives his sword, shortened to half length, through him; but the Duke springs up, and crying out, "I did not expect this of thee!" makes a fight for his life that tasks the full strength of the assassins, and covers the chamber with blood. When the work is done, Lorenzino draws the curtains round the bed again, and pins a Latin verse to them explaining that he did it for love of country and the thirst for glory.

x.

Is it perhaps all a good deal too much like a stage-play? Or is it that stage-plays are too much like facts of this sort? If it were at the theater, one could go away, deploring the bloodshed, of course, but comforted by the justice done on an execrable wretch, the murderer of his own mother, and the pollution of every life that he touched.

But if it is history we have been reading, we must turn the next page and see the city filled with troops by the Medici and their friends, and another of the race established in power before the people know that the Duke is dead. Clearly, poetical justice is not the justice of God. If it were, the Florentines would have had the republic again at once. Lorenzino, instead of being assassinated in Venice, on his way to see a lady, by the emissaries of the Medici, would have satisfied public decorum by going through the form of a trial, and would then have accepted some official employment and made a good end. Yet the seven Medicean dukes who followed Alessandro were so variously bad for the most part that it seems impious to regard them as part of the design of Providence. How, then, did they come to be? Is it possible that sometimes evil prevails by its superior force in the universe? We must suppose that it took seven Medicean despots and as many more of the house of Lorraine and Austria to iron the Florentines out to the flat and polished peacefulness of their modern effect. Of course, the commonwealth could not go on in the old way; but was it worse at its worst than the tyranny that destroyed it? I am afraid we must allow that it was more impossible. People are not put into the world merely to love their country; they must have peace. True freedom is only a means to peace; and if such freedom as they have will not give them peace, then they must accept it from slavery. It is always to be remembered

that the great body of men are not affected by oppressions that involve the happiness of the magnanimous few; the affair of most men is mainly to be sheltered and victualled and allowed to prosper and bring up their families. Yet when one thinks of the sacrifices made to perpetuate popular rule in Florence, one's heart is wrung in indignant sympathy with the hearts that broke for it. Of course, one must, in order to experience this emotion, put out of his mind certain facts, as that there never was freedom for more than one party at a time under the old commonwealth; that as soon as one party came into power the other was driven out of the city; and that even within the triumphant party every soul seemed corroded by envy and distrust of every other. There is, to be sure, the consoling reflection that the popular party was always the most generous and liberal, and that the oppression of all parties under the despotism was not exactly an improvement on the oppression of one. With this thought kept before you vividly, and with those facts blinked, you may go, for example, into the Medici Chapel of San Lorenzo and make pretty sure of your pang in the presence of those solemn figures of Michael Angelo's, where his Night seems to have his words of grief for the loss of liberty upon her lips:

"'Tis sweet to sleep, sweeter of stone to be,
And while endure the infamy and woe,
For me 'tis happiness not to feel or see.
Do not awake me therefore. Ah, speak low!"

W. D. Howells.



LOVE'S CHANGE.

I WENT to dig a grave for Love,
But the earth was so stiff and cold,
That though I strove through the bitter
night,
I could not break the mold.

And I said; "Must he lie in my house in
state?
And stay in his wonted place?
Must I have him with me another day,
With that awful change in his face?"

Anne R. Aldrich.

PHASES OF STATE LEGISLATION.

THE ALBANY LEGISLATURE.

FEW persons realize the magnitude of the interests affected by State legislation in New York. It is no mere figure of speech to call New York the Empire State; and most of the laws directly and immediately affecting the interests of its citizens are passed at Albany, and not at Washington. In fact, there is at Albany a little Home Rule Parliament which presides over the destinies of a commonwealth more populous than any one of two-thirds of the kingdoms of Europe, and one which, in point of wealth, material prosperity, variety of interests, extent of territory, and capacity for expansion, can fairly be said to rank next to the powers of the first class. This little parliament, composed of one hundred and twenty-eight members in the Assembly and thirty-two in the Senate, is, in the fullest sense of the term, a *representative* body; there is hardly one of the many and widely diversified interests of the State that has not a mouth-piece at Albany, and hardly a single class of its citizens — not even excepting, I regret to say, the criminal class — which lacks its representative among the legislators. In the three Legislatures of which I have been a member, I have sat with bankers and brick-layers, with merchants and mechanics, with lawyers, farmers, day-laborers, saloon-keepers, clergymen, and prize-fighters. Among my colleagues there were many very good men; there was a still more numerous class of men who were neither very good nor very bad, but went one way or the other, according to the strength of the various conflicting influences acting around, behind, and upon them; and, finally, there were many very bad men. Still, the New York Legislature, taken as a whole, is by no means as bad a body as we would be led to believe if our judgment was based purely on what we read in the great metropolitan papers; for the custom of the latter is to portray things as either very much better or very much worse than they are. Where a number of men, many of them poor, some of them unscrupulous, and others elected by constituents too ignorant to hold them to a proper accountability for their actions, are put into a position of great temporary power, where they are called to take action upon questions affecting the welfare of large corporations and wealthy private individuals, the

chances for corruption are always great, and that there is much viciousness and political dishonesty, much moral cowardice, and a good deal of actual bribe-taking in Albany, no one who has had any practical experience of legislation can doubt; but, at the same time, I think that the good members always outnumber the bad, and that there is never any doubt as to the result when a naked question of right or wrong can be placed clearly and in its true light before the Legislature. The trouble is that on many questions the Legislature never does have the right and wrong clearly shown it. Either some bold, clever parliamentary tactician snaps the measure through before the members are aware of its nature, or else the obnoxious features are so combined with good ones as to procure the support of a certain proportion of that large class of men whose intentions are excellent but whose intellects are foggy.

THE CHARACTER OF THE REPRESENTATIVES.

THE representatives from different sections of the State differ widely in character. Those from the country districts are generally very good men. They are usually well-to-do farmers, small lawyers, or prosperous store-keepers, and are shrewd, quiet, and honest. They are often narrow-minded and slow to receive an idea; but, on the other hand, when they get a good one, they cling to it with the utmost tenacity. They form very much the most valuable class of legislators. For the most part they are native Americans, and those who are not are men who have become completely Americanized in all their ways and habits of thought. One of the most useful members of the last Legislature was a German from a western county, and the extent of his Americanization can be judged from the fact that he was actually an ardent prohibitionist: certainly no one who knows Teutonic human nature will require further proof. Again, I sat for an entire session beside a very intelligent member from northern New York before I discovered that he was an Irishman; all his views of legislation, even upon such subjects as free schools and the impropriety of making appropriations from the treasury for the support of sectarian institutions, were precisely similar to those of his Protestant American neighbors, though he was himself a Cath-

olic. Now a German or an Irishman from one of the great cities would have retained most of his national peculiarities.

It is from these same great cities that the worst legislators come. It is true that there are always among them a few cultivated and scholarly men who stand on a higher and broader intellectual and moral plane than even the country members; but the bulk are very low indeed. They are usually foreigners, of little or no education, with exceedingly misty ideas as to morality, and possessed of an ignorance so profound that it could only be called comic, were it not for the fact that it has at times such serious effects upon our laws. It is their ignorance, quite as much as actual viciousness, which makes it so difficult to procure the passage of good laws or prevent the passage of bad ones; and it is the most irritating of the many elements with which we have to contend in the fight for good government.

DARK SIDE OF THE LEGISLATIVE PICTURE.

MENTION has been made above of the bribe-taking which undoubtedly at times occurs in the New York Legislature. This is what is commonly called "a delicate subject" with which to deal, and, therefore, according to our usual methods of handling delicate subjects, it is either never discussed at all, or else discussed with the grossest exaggeration; but most certainly there is nothing about which it is more important to know the truth.

In each of the last three Legislatures there were a number of us who were interested in getting through certain measures which we deemed to be for the public good, but which were certain to be strongly opposed, some for political and some for pecuniary reasons. Now, to get through any such measure requires genuine hard work, a certain amount of parliamentary skill, a good deal of tact and courage, and, above all, a thorough knowledge of the men with whom one has to deal, and of the motives which actuate them. In other words, before taking any active steps, we had to "size up" our fellow legislators, to find out their past history and present character and associates, to find out whether they were their own masters or were acting under the directions of somebody else, whether they were bright or stupid, etc., etc. As a result, and after very careful study, conducted purely with the object of learning the truth, so that we might work more effectually, we came to the conclusion that about a third of the members were open to corrupt influences in some form or other; in certain sessions the proportion was greater, and in some less. Now it

would, of course, be impossible for me or for any one else to prove in a court of law that these men were guilty, except perhaps in two or three cases; yet we felt absolutely confident that there was hardly a case in which our judgment as to the honesty of any given member was not correct. The two or three exceptional cases alluded to, where legal proof of guilt might have been forthcoming, were instances in which honest men were approached by their colleagues at times when the need for votes was very great; but, even then, it would have been almost impossible to punish the offenders before a court, for it would have merely resulted in his denying what his accuser stated. Moreover, the members who had been approached would have been very reluctant to come forward, for each of them felt ashamed that his character should not have been well enough known to prevent any one's daring to speak to him on such a subject. And another reason why the few honest men who are approached (for the lobbyist rarely makes a mistake in his estimate of the men who will be apt to take bribes) do not feel like taking action in the matter is that a doubtful lawsuit will certainly follow, which will drag on so long that the public will come to regard all of the participants with equal distrust, while in the end the decision is quite as likely to be against as to be for them. Take the *Bradly-Sessions* case, for example. This was an incident that occurred at the time of the faction-fight in the Republican ranks over the return of Mr. Conkling to the Senate after his resignation from that body. *Bradly*, an assemblyman, accused *Sessions*, a State senator, of attempting to bribe him. The affair dragged on for an indefinite time; no one was able actually to determine whether it was a case of blackmail on the one hand, or of bribery on the other; the vast majority of people recollected the names of both parties, but totally forgot which it was that was supposed to have bribed the other, and regarded both with equal disfavor; and the upshot has been that the case is now merely remembered as illustrating one of the most unsavory phases of the famous *Half-breed-Stalwart* fight.

DIFFICULTIES OF PREVENTING AND PUNISHING CORRUPTION.

FROM the causes indicated, it is almost impossible to actually convict a legislator of bribe-taking; but, at the same time, the character of a legislator, if bad, soon becomes a matter of common notoriety, and no dishonest legislator can long keep his reputation good with honest men. If the constituents

wish to know the character of their member, they can easily find it out, and no member will be dishonest if he thinks his constituents are looking at him; he presumes upon their ignorance or indifference. I do not see how bribe-taking among legislators can be stopped until the public conscience, which is, even now, gradually awakening, becomes *fully* awake to the matter. Then it will stop fast enough; for just as soon as politicians realize that the people are in earnest in wanting a thing done, they make haste to do it. The trouble is always in rousing the people sufficiently to make them take an *effective* interest, — that is, in making them sufficiently in earnest to be willing to give a little of their time to the accomplishment of the object they have in view.

Much the largest percentage of corrupt legislators come from the great cities; indeed, the majority of the assemblymen from the great cities are "very poor specimens" indeed, while, on the contrary, the congressmen who go from them are generally pretty good men. This fact is only one of the many which go to establish the curious political law that in a great city the larger the constituency which elects a public servant, the more apt that servant is to be a good one; exactly as the mayor is almost certain to be infinitely superior in character to the average alderman, or the average city judge to the average civil justice. This is because the public servants of comparatively small importance are protected by their own insignificance from the consequences of their bad actions. Life is carried on at such a high pressure in the great cities, men's time is so fully occupied by their manifold and harassing interests and duties, and their knowledge of their neighbors is necessarily so limited, that they are only able to fix in their minds the characters and records of a few prominent men; the others they lump together without distinguishing between individuals. They know whether the aldermen, as a body, are to be admired or despised; but they probably do not even know the name, far less the worth, of the particular alderman who represents their district; so it happens that their votes for aldermen or assemblymen are generally given with very little intelligence indeed, while, on the contrary, they are fully competent to pass and execute judgment upon as prominent an official as a mayor or even a congressman. Hence it follows that the latter have to give a good deal of attention to the wishes and prejudices of the public at large, while a city assemblyman, though he always talks a great deal about the people, rarely, except in certain extraordinary cases, has to pay much

heed to their wants. His political future depends far more upon the skill and success with which he cultivates the good-will of certain "bosses," or of certain cliques of politicians, or even of certain bodies and knots of men (such as compose a trade-union, or a collection of merchants in some special business, or the managers of a railroad) whose interests, being vitally affected by Albany legislation, oblige them closely to watch, and to try to punish or reward, the Albany legislators. These politicians or sets of interested individuals generally care very little for a man's honesty so long as he can be depended upon to do as they wish on certain occasions; and hence it often happens that a dishonest man who has sense enough not to excite attention by any flagrant outrage may continue for a number of years to represent an honest constituency.

THE CONSTITUENTS LARGELY TO BLAME.

MOREOVER, a member from a large city can often count upon the educated and intelligent men of his district showing the most gross ignorance and stupidity in political affairs. The much-lauded intelligent voter — the man of cultured mind, liberal education, and excellent intentions — at times performs exceedingly queer antics.

The great public meetings to advance certain political movements irrespective of party, which have been held so frequently during the past few years, have undoubtedly done a vast amount of good; but the very men who attend these public meetings and inveigh against the folly and wickedness of the politicians will sometimes on election day do things which have quite as evil effects as any of the acts of the men whom they very properly condemn. A recent instance of this is worth giving. In 1882 there was in the Assembly a young member from New York, who did as hard and effective work for the city of New York as has ever been done by any one. It was a peculiarly disagreeable year to be in the Legislature. The composition of that body was unusually bad. The more disreputable politicians relied upon it to pass some of their schemes and to protect certain of their members from the consequences of their own misdeeds. Demagogic measures were continually brought forward, nominally in the interests of the laboring classes, for which an honest and intelligent man could not vote, and yet which were jealously watched by, and received the hearty support of, not only mere demagogues and agitators, but also a large number of perfectly honest though misguided working men. And, finally, certain wealthy corpora-

tions attempted, by the most unscrupulous means, to rush through a number of laws in their own interest. The young member we are speaking of incurred by his course on these various measures the bitter hostility alike of the politicians, the demagogues, and the members of that most dangerous of all classes, the wealthy criminal class. He had also earned the gratitude of all honest citizens, and he got it—as far as words went. The better class of newspapers spoke well of him; cultured and intelligent men generally—the well-to-do, prosperous people who belong to the different social and literary clubs, and their followers—were loud in his praise. I call to mind one man who lived in his district who expressed great indignation that the politicians should dare to oppose a reelection; when told that it was to be hoped he would help to insure the legislator's return to Albany by himself staying at the polls all day, he answered that he was very sorry, but he unfortunately had an engagement to go quail-shooting on election-day! Most respectable people, however, would undoubtedly have voted for and reelected the young member had it not been for the unexpected political movements that took place in the fall. A citizens' ticket, largely non-partisan in character, was run for certain local offices, receiving its support from among those who claimed to be, and who undoubtedly were, the best men of both parties. The ticket contained the names of candidates only for municipal offices, and had nothing whatever to do with the election of men to the Legislature; yet it proved absolutely impossible to drill this simple fact through the heads of a great many worthy people, who, when election-day came round, declined to vote anything but the citizens' ticket, and persisted in thinking that if no legislative candidate was on the ticket, it was because, for some reason or other, the citizens' committee did not consider any legislative candidate worth voting for. All over the city the better class of candidates for legislative offices lost from this cause votes which they had a right to expect, and in the particular district under consideration the loss was so great as to cause the defeat of the sitting member, or rather to elect him by so narrow a vote as to enable an unscrupulously partisan legislative majority to keep him out of his seat.

It is this kind of ignorance of the simplest political matters among really good citizens, combined with their timidity, which is so apt to characterize a wealthy *bourgeoisie*, and with their short-sighted selfishness in being unwilling to take the smallest portion of time away from their business or pleasure to devote to

public affairs, which renders it so easy for corrupt men from the city to keep their places in the Legislature. In the country the case is different. Here the constituencies, who are usually composed of honest though narrow-minded and bigoted individuals, generally keep a pretty sharp lookout on their members, and, as already said, the latter are apt to be fairly honest men. Even when they are not honest, they take good care to act perfectly well as regards all district matters, for most of the measures about which corrupt influences are at work relate to city affairs. The constituents of a country member know well how to judge him for those of his acts which immediately affect themselves; but, as regards others, they often have no means of forming an opinion, except through the newspapers,—more especially through the great metropolitan newspapers,—and they have gradually come to look upon all statements made by the latter with reference to the honesty or dishonesty of public men with extreme distrust. This is because the newspapers, including those who professedly stand as representatives of the highest culture of the community, have been in the habit of making such constant and reckless assaults upon the characters of public men, even fairly good ones, as to greatly detract from their influence when they attack one who is really bad.

PERILS OF LEGISLATIVE LIFE.

HOWEVER, there can be no question that a great many men do deteriorate very much morally when they go to Albany. The last accusation most of us would think of bringing against that dear, dull, old Dutch city is that of being a fast place; and yet there are plenty of members coming from out-of-the-way villages or quiet country towns on whom Albany has as bad an effect as Paris sometimes has on wealthy young Americans from the great seaboard cities. Many men go to the Legislature with the set purpose of making money; but many others, who afterwards become bad, go there intending to do good work. These latter may be well-meaning, weak young fellows of some shallow brightness, who expect to make names for themselves; perhaps they are young lawyers, or real-estate brokers, or small shopkeepers; they achieve but little success; they gradually become conscious that their business is broken up, and that they have not enough ability to warrant any expectation of their continuing in public life; some great temptation comes in their way (a corporation which expects to be relieved of perhaps a million dollars of taxes by the passage of a bill

can afford to pay high for voters); they fall, and that is the end of them. Indeed, legislative life has temptations enough to make it unadvisable for any weak man, whether young or old, to enter it.

ALLIES OF VICIOUS LEGISLATORS.

THE array of vicious legislators is swelled by a number of men who really at bottom are not bad. Foremost among these are these most hopeless of beings who are handicapped by having some measure which they consider it absolutely necessary for the sake of their own future to "get through." One of these men will have a bill, for instance, appropriating a sum of money from the State Treasury to clear out a river, dam the outlet of a lake, or drain a marsh; it may be, although not usually so, proper enough in itself, but it is drawn up primarily in the interest of a certain set of his constituents who have given him clearly to understand that his continuance in their good graces depends upon his success in passing the bill. He feels that he must get it through at all hazards; the bad men find this out, and tell him he must count on their opposition unless he consents also to help their measures; he resists at first, but sooner or later yields; and from that moment his fate is sealed,—so far as his ability to do any work of general good is concerned.

A still larger number of men are good enough in themselves, but are "owned" by third parties. Usually the latter are politicians who have absolute control of the district machine, or who are, at least, of very great importance in the political affairs of their district. A curious fact is that they are not invariably, though usually, of the same party as the member; for in some places, especially in the lower portions of the great cities, politics become purely a business; and in the squabbles for offices of emolument it becomes important for a local leader to have supporters among all the factions. When one of these supporters is sent to a legislative body, he is allowed to act with the rest of his party on what his chief regards as the unimportant questions of party or public interest, but he has to come in to heel at once when any matter arises touching the said chief's power, pocket, or influence.

Other members will be controlled by some wealthy private citizen who is not in politics, but who has business interests likely to be affected by legislation, and who is, therefore, willing to subscribe heavily to the campaign expenses of an individual or of an association so as to insure the presence in Albany of some

one who will give him information and assistance.

On one occasion there came before a committee of which I happened to be a member a perfectly proper bill in the interest of a certain corporation; the majority of the committee, six in number, were thoroughly bad men, who opposed the measure with the hope of being paid to cease their opposition. When I consented to take charge of the bill, I had stipulated that not a penny should be paid to insure its passage. It therefore became necessary to see what pressure could be brought to bear on the recalcitrant members; and, accordingly, we had to find out who were the authors and sponsors of their political being. Three proved to be under the control of local statesmen of the same party as themselves, and of equally bad moral character; one was ruled by a politician of unsavory reputation from a different city; the fifth, a Democrat, was owned by a Republican Federal official; and the sixth by the president of a horse-car company. A couple of letters from these two magnates forced the last members mentioned to change front on the bill with surprising alacrity.

There are two classes of cases in which corrupt members get money. One is when a wealthy corporation buys through some measure which will be of great benefit to itself, although, perhaps, an injury to the public at large; the other is when a member introduces a bill hostile to some moneyed interest, with the expectation of being paid to let the matter drop. The latter, technically called a "strike," is much the most common; for, in spite of the outcry against them in legislative matters, corporations are more often sinned against than sinning. It is difficult, for reasons already given, in either case to convict the offending member, though we have very good laws against bribery. The reform has got to come from the people at large. It will be hard to make any very great improvement in the character of the legislators until respectable people become more fully awake to their duties, and until the newspapers become more truthful and less reckless in their statements.

It is not a pleasant task to have to draw one side of legislative life in such dark colors; but as the side exists, and as the dark lines never can be rubbed out until we have manfully acknowledged that they are there and need rubbing out, it seems the falsest of false delicacy to refrain from dwelling upon them. But it would be most unjust to accept this partial truth as being the whole truth. We blame the Legislature for many evils the ultimate cause for whose existence is to be found in our own shortcomings.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

THERE is a much brighter side to the picture, and this is the larger side, too. It would be impossible to get together a body of more earnest, upright, and disinterested men than the band of legislators, largely young men, who during the past three years have averted so much evil and accomplished so much good at Albany. They were able, at least partially, to put into actual practice the theories that had long been taught by the intellectual leaders of the country. And the life of a legislator who is earnest in his efforts to faithfully perform his duty as a public servant, is harassing and laborious to the last degree. He is kept at work from eight to fourteen hours a day; he is obliged to incur the bitterest hostility of a body of men as powerful as they are unscrupulous, who are always on the watch to find out, or to make out, anything in his private or his public life which can be used against him; and he has on his side either a but partially roused public opinion, or else a public opinion roused, it is true, but only blindly conscious of the evil from which it suffers, and alike ignorant and unwilling to avail itself of the proper remedy.

This body of legislators, who, at any rate, worked honestly for what they thought right, were, as a whole, quite unselfish, and were not treated particularly well by their people. Most of them soon got to realize the fact that if they wished to enjoy their brief space of political life (and most though not all of them did enjoy it), they would have to make it a rule never to consider, in deciding how to vote upon any question, how their vote would affect their own political prospects. No man can do good service in the Legislature as long as he is worrying over the effect of his actions upon his own future. After having learned this, most of them got on very happily indeed. As a rule, and where no matter of principle is involved, a member is bound to represent the views of those who have elected him; but there are times when the voice of the people is anything but the voice of God, and then a conscientious man is equally bound to disregard it.

In the long run, and on the average, the public will usually do justice to its representatives; but it is a very rough, uneven, and long-delayed justice. That is, judging from what I have myself seen of the way in which members were treated by their constituents, I should say that the chances of an honest man being retained in public life were about ten per cent. better than if he were dishonest, other things being equal. This is not a showing very creditable to us as a people; and the

explanation is to be found in the shortcomings peculiar to the different classes of our honest and respectable voters,—shortcomings which may be briefly outlined.

SHORTCOMINGS OF THE PEOPLE WHO SHOULD TAKE PART IN POLITICAL WORK.

THE people of means in all great cities have in times past shamefully neglected their political duties, and have been contemptuously disregarded by the professional politicians in consequence. A number of them will get together in a large hall, will vociferously demand "reform," as if it were some concrete substance which could be handed out to them in slices, and will then disband with a feeling of the most serene self-satisfaction, and the belief that they have done their entire duty as citizens and members of the community. It is an actual fact that nine out of ten of our wealthy and educated men, of those who occupy what is called good social position, are really ignorant of the nature of a caucus or a primary meeting, and never attend either; and this is specially true of the young men. Now, under our form of government, no man can accomplish anything by himself; he must work in combination with others; and the men of whom we are speaking will never carry their proper weight in the political affairs of the country until they have formed themselves into some organization, or else, which would be better, have joined some of the organizations already existing. But there seems often to be a certain lack of virility, an unmanly absence of the robust virtues, in our educated men, which makes them shrink from the struggle and the inevitable contact with rude and unprincipled politicians (who often must be very roughly handled before they can be forced to behave), which must needs accompany all participation in American political life. Another reason why this class is not of more consequence in politics, is that it is often really out of sympathy—or, at least, its more conspicuous members are—with the feelings and interests of the great mass of the American people; for it is a sad and discreditable fact that it is in this class that what has been recently most aptly termed the "colonial" spirit still survives. There sometimes crops out among our educated men in politics the same curious feeling of dependence upon foreign opinion that makes our young men of fashion drive clumsy vehicles of English model, rather than the better-built and lighter American ones; and that causes a certain section of our minor novelists to write the most emasculated nonsense that ever flowed from American pens. Until this

survival of the spirit of colonial dependence is dead, those in whom it exists will serve chiefly as laughing-stocks to the shrewd, humorous, and prejudiced people who form nine-tenths of our body politic, and whose chief characteristics are their intensely American habits of thought, and their surly intolerance of anything like subservience to outside and foreign influences.

From different causes, the laboring classes, thoroughly honest of heart, often fail to appreciate honesty in their representatives. They are frequently not well informed in regard to the character of the latter, and they are apt to be led aside by the loud professions of the so-called labor reformers, who are always promising to procure by legislation the advantages which can only come to working men, or to any other men, by their individual or united energy, intelligence, and forethought. Very much has been accomplished by legislation for laboring men by procuring mechanics' lien laws, factory laws, etc.; and hence it often comes that they think legislation can accomplish all things for them, and it is only natural, for instance, that a certain proportion of their number should adhere to the demagogue who votes for a law to double the rate of wages, rather than to the honest man who opposes it. When people are struggling for the necessities of existence, and vaguely feel, whether rightly or wrongly, that they are also struggling against an unjustly ordered system of life, it is hard to convince them of the truth that an ounce of performance on their own part is worth a ton of legislative promises to change in some mysterious manner that life-system.

In the country districts justice to a member is somewhat more apt to be done. When, as is so often the case, it is not done, the cause is usually to be sought for in the numerous petty jealousies and local rivalries which are certain to exist in any small community whose interests are narrow and most of whose members are acquainted with each other; and besides this, our country vote is essentially a Bourbon or Tory vote, being very slow to receive new ideas, very tenacious of old ones, and hence inclined to look with suspicion upon any one who tries to shape his course according to some standard differing from that which is already in existence.

The actual work of procuring the passage of a bill through the Legislature is in itself far from slight. The hostility of the actively bad has to be discounted in advance, and the indifference of the passive majority, who are neither very good nor very bad, has to be overcome. This can usually be accomplished only by stirring up their constituencies; and so, besides the constant watchfulness over the

course of the measure through both houses and the continual debating and parliamentary fencing which is necessary, it is also indispensable to get the people of districts not directly affected by the bill alive to its importance, so as to induce their representatives to vote for it. Thus, when the bill to establish a State park at Niagara was on its passage, it was found that the great majority of the country members were opposed to it, fearing that it might conceal some land-jobbing scheme, and also fearing that their constituents, whose vice is not extravagance, would not countenance so great an expenditure of public money. It was of no use arguing with the members, and instead the country newspapers were flooded with letters, pamphlets were circulated, visits and personal appeals were made, until a sufficient number of these members changed front to enable us to get the lacking votes.

LIFE IN THE LEGISLATURE.

AS ALREADY said, some of us who usually acted together took a great deal of genuine enjoyment out of our experience at Albany. We liked the excitement and perpetual conflict, the necessity for putting forth all our powers to reach our ends, and the feeling that we were really being of some use in the world; and if we were often both saddened and angered by the viciousness and ignorance of some of our colleagues, yet, in return, the latter many times furnished us unwittingly a good deal of amusement by their preposterous actions and speeches. Some of these are really too good to be lost, and are accordingly given below. The names and circumstances, of course, have been so changed as to prevent the possibility of the real heroes of them being recognized. It must be understood that they stand for the exceptional and not the ordinary workings of the average legislative intellect. I have heard much more sound sense than foolishness talked in Albany, but to record the former would only bore the reader. And we must bear in mind that while the ignorance of some of our representatives warrants our saying that they should not be in the Legislature, it does not at all warrant our condemning the system of government which permits them to be sent there. There is no system so good that it has not some disadvantages. The only way to teach Paddy how to govern himself, and the only way to teach Sambo how to save himself from oppression, is to give each the full rights possessed by other American citizens; and it is not to be wondered at if they at first show themselves unskillful in the exercise of these rights. And it has been my experience

in the Legislature that when Paddy does turn out well, there are very few native Americans who are his equal. There were no better legislators in Albany than the two young Irishmen who successively represented one of the districts of Kings County; and when I had to name a committee which was to do the most difficult, dangerous, and important work that came before the Legislature at all during my presence in it, I chose three of my four colleagues from among those of my fellow-legislators who were Irish either by birth or descent. The best friend I have ever had or hope to have in politics, and the most disinterested, is an Irishman, and is also as genuine and good an American citizen as is to be found within the United States.

A good many of the Yankees in the house would blunder time and again; but their blunders were generally merely stupid and not at all amusing, while, on the contrary, the errors of those who were of Milesian extraction always possessed a most refreshing originality.

INCIDENTS OF LEGISLATIVE EXPERIENCE.

IN 1882 the Democrats in the house had a clear majority, but were for a long time unable to effect an organization, owing to a faction-fight in their own ranks between the Tammany and anti-Tammany members, each side claiming the lion's share of the spoils. After a good deal of bickering, the anti-Tammany men drew up a paper containing a series of propositions, and submitted it to their opponents, with the prefatory remark, in writing, that it was an *ultimatum*. The Tammany members were at once summoned to an indignation meeting, their feelings closely resembling those of the famous fish-wife whom O'Connell called a parallelopipe-don. None of them had any very accurate idea as to what the word *ultimatum* meant; but that it was intensely offensive, not to say abusive, in its nature, they did not question for a moment. It was felt that some equivalent and equally strong term by which to call Tammany's proposed counter address must be found immediately; but, as the Latin vocabulary of the members was limited, it was some time before a suitable term was forthcoming. Finally, by a happy inspiration, some gentleman of classical education remembered the phrase "*ipse dixit*"; it was at once felt to be the very phrase required by the peculiar exigencies of the case, and next day the reply appeared, setting forth with self-satisfied gravity that, in response to the County Democracy's "*ultimatum*," Tammany herewith pro-

duced her "*ipse dixit*." Some of us endeavored to persuade the County Democratic leaders to issue a counter-blast, which could be styled either a *sine qua non* or a *tempus fugit*, according to the taste of the authors; but our efforts were not successful, and the *ipse dixit* remained unanswered.

Nor is it only Latin terms that sometimes puzzle our city politicians. A very able and worthy citizen, Mr. D., had on one occasion, before a legislative committee, advocated the restriction of the powers of the Board of Aldermen, instancing a number of occasions when they had been guilty of gross misconduct, and stating that in several other instances their conduct had been "identical" with that of which he had already given examples. Shortly afterwards the mayor nominated him for some office, but the aldermen refused to confirm him, one of them giving as his reason that Mr. D. had used "abusive and indecorous language" about the Board. On being cross-examined as to what he referred to, he stated that he had heard "with his own ears" Mr. D. call the aldermen "identical"; and to the further remark that "identical" could scarcely be called either abusive or indecorous, he responded triumphantly that the aldermen were the best judges of matters affecting their own dignity. And Mr. D.'s nomination remained unconfirmed.

Shortly afterwards the aldermen fell foul of one of their own number, who, in commenting on some action of the Board, remarked that it was robbing Peter to pay Paul. Down came the gavel of the acting president, while he informed the startled speaker that he would not tolerate blasphemous language from any one. "But it was not blasphemous," returned the offender. "Well, if it wasn't, it was vulgar, and that's worse," responded the president, with dignity; and the admiring Board sustained him with practical unanimity in his position of censor-extraordinary over aldermanic morals.

Public servants of higher grade than aldermen sometimes give adjectives a wider meaning than would be found in the dictionary. In many parts of the United States, owing to a curious series of historical associations (which, by the way, would be interesting to trace out), anything foreign and un-English is called "Dutch," and it was in this sense that a West Virginian member of the last Congress used the term when, in speaking in favor of a tariff on works of art, he told of the reluctance with which he saw the productions of native artists exposed to competition "with Dutch daubs from Italy"; a sentence pleasing alike from its alliteration and from its bold disregard of geographic trivialities.

Often an orator of this sort will have his attention attracted by some high-sounding word, which he has not before seen, and which he treasures up to use in his next rhetorical flight, without regard to the exact meaning. There was a laboring man's advocate in the last Legislature, one of whose efforts attracted a good deal of attention from his magnificent heedlessness of technical accuracy in the use of similes. He was speaking against the convict contract-labor system, and wound up an already sufficiently remarkable oration with the still more startling ending that the system "was a vital cobra which was swamping the lives of the laboring men." Now, he had evidently carefully put together the sentence beforehand, and the process of mental synthesis by which he built it up must have been curious. "Vital" was, of course, used merely as an adjective of intensity; he was a little uncertain in his ideas as to what a "cobra" was, but took it for granted that it was some terrible manifestation of nature, possibly hostile to man, like a volcano, or a cyclone, or Niagara, for instance; then "swamping" was chosen as describing an operation very likely to be performed by Niagara, or a cyclone, or a cobra; and, behold, the sentence was complete.

Sometimes a common phrase will be given a new meaning. Thus, the mass of legislation is strictly local in its character. Over a thousand bills come up for consideration in the course of a session, but a very few of which affect the interests of the State at large. The latter and the more important private bills are, or ought to be, carefully studied by each member; but it is a physical impossibility for any one man to examine the countless local bills of small importance. For these we have to trust to the member for the district affected, and when one comes up the response to any inquiry about it is, usually, "Oh, it's a local bill, affecting so-and-so's district; he is responsible for it." By degrees, some of the members get to use "local" in the sense of unimportant, and a few of the assemblymen of doubtful honesty gradually come to regard it as meaning a bill of no pecuniary interest to themselves. There was a smug little rascal in one of the last Legislatures, who might have come out of one of Lever's novels. He was undoubtedly a bad case, but had a genuine sense of humor, and his "bulls" made him the delight of the house. One day I came in late, just as a bill was being voted on, and meeting my friend, hailed him, "Hello, Pat, what's up? what's this they're voting on?" to which Pat replied, with contemptuous indifference to the subject, but with a sly twinkle in his eye, "Oh, some unimportant measure,

sorry; some local bill or other—a *constitutional amendment*!"

The old Dublin Parliament never listened to a better specimen of a bull than was contained in the speech of a very genial and pleasant friend of mine, a really finished orator, who, in the excitement attendant upon receiving the governor's message vetoing the famous five-cent fare bill, uttered the following sentence: "Mr. Speaker, I recognize the hand that crops out in that veto; *I have heard it before!*"

One member rather astonished us one day by his use of "shibboleth." He had evidently concluded that this was merely a more elegant synonym of the good old word shillelah, and in reproving a colleague for opposing a bill to increase the salaries of public laborers, he said, very impressively, "The trouble with the young man is, that he uses the wurrd economy as a shibboleth, wherewith to strike the working man." Afterwards he changed the metaphor, and spoke of a number of us as using the word "reform" as a shibboleth, behind which to cloak our evil intentions.

A mixture of classical and constitutional misinformation was displayed a few sessions past in the State Senate, before I was myself a member of the Legislature. It was on the occasion of that annual nuisance, the debate upon the Catholic Protectorship item of the Supply Bill. Every year some one who is desirous of bidding for the Catholic vote introduces this bill, which appropriates a sum of varying dimensions for the support of the Catholic Protectorship, an excellent institution, but one which has no right whatever to come to the State for support; each year the insertion of the item is opposed by a small number of men, including the more liberal Catholics themselves, on proper grounds, and by a larger number from simple bigotry—a fact which was shown two years ago, when many of the most bitter opponents of this measure cheerfully supported a similar and equally objectionable one in aid of a Protestant institution. On the occasion referred to there were two senators, both Celtic gentlemen, who were rivals for the leadership of the minority: one of them a stout, red-faced little man, who went by the name of "Commodore," owing to his having seen service in the navy; while the other was a dapper, voluble fellow, who had at one time been on a civic commission and was always called the "Counselor." A mild-mannered countryman was opposing the insertion of the item on the ground (perfectly just, by the way) that it was unconstitutional, and he dwelt upon this objection at some length. The Counselor, who knew nothing of the constitution, except that it was continually

being quoted against all of his favorite projects, fidgeted about for some time, and at last jumped up to know if he might ask the gentleman a question. The latter said, "Yes," and the Counselor went on, "I'd like to know if the gentleman has ever personally seen the Catholic Protectoree?" "No, I haven't," said the astonished countryman. "Then, phwat do you mane by talking about its being unconstitootional, I'd like to know? It's no more unconstitootional than you are! Not one bit! I know it, for I've been and seen it, and that's more than you've done." Then, turning to the house, with slow and withering sarcasm, he added, "The throuble wid the gentleman is that he okkipies what lawyers would call a kind of a quasi-position upon this bill," and sat down amid the applause of his followers.

His rival, the Commodore, felt he had gained altogether too much glory from the encounter, and after the nonplussed countryman had taken his seat, he stalked solemnly over to the desk of the elated Counselor, looked at him majestically for a moment, and said, "You'll excuse my mentioning, sorr, that the gentleman who has just sat down knows more law in a wake than you do in a month; and more than that, Counselor Shaunnassy, phwat do you mane by quotin' Latin on the flure of this house, *when you don't know the alpha and omayga of the language!*" and back he walked, leaving the Counselor in humiliated submission behind him.

The Commodore was at that time chairman of a Senate committee, before which there sometimes came questions affecting the interests or supposed interests of labor. The committee was hopelessly bad in its composition, the members being either very corrupt or exceedingly inefficient. The Commodore generally kept order with a good deal of dignity; indeed, when, as not infrequently happened, he had looked upon the rye that was flavored with lemon-peel, his sense of personal dignity grew till it became fairly majestic, and he ruled the committee with a rod of iron. At one time a bill had been introduced (one of the several score of preposterous measures that annually make their appearance purely for purposes of buncombe), by whose terms all laborers in the public works of great cities were to receive three dollars a day—double the market price of labor. To this bill, by the way, an amendment was afterwards offered in the house by some gentleman with a sense of humor, which was to make it read that all the inhabitants of great cities were to receive three dollars a day, and the privilege of laboring on the public works if they chose; the original author of the bill questioning doubtfully if the

amendment "didn't make the measure a trifle too sweeping." The measure was, of course, of no consequence whatever to the genuine laboring men, but was of interest to the professional labor agitators; and a body of the latter requested leave to appear before the committee. This was granted, but on the appointed day the chairman turned up in a condition of such portentous dignity as to make it evident that he had been on a spree of protracted duration. Down he sat at the head of the table, and glared at the committeemen, while the latter, whose faces would not have looked amiss in a rogues' gallery, cowered before him. The first speaker was a typical professional laboring man; a sleek, oily little fellow, with a black mustache, who had never done a stroke of work in his life. He felt confident that the Commodore would favor him,—a confidence soon to be rudely shaken,—and began with a deprecatory smile:

"Humble though I am —"

Rap, rap, went the chairman's gavel, and the following dialogue occurred:

Chairman (with dignity). "What's that you said you were, sir?"

Professional Workingman (decidedly taken aback). "I—I said I was humble, sir."

Chairman (reproachfully). "Are you an American citizen, sir?"

P. W. "Yes, sir."

Chairman (with emphasis). "Then you're the equal of any man in this State! Then you're the equal of any man on this committee! *Don't let me hear you call yourself humble again! Go on, sir!*"

After this warning the advocate managed to keep clear of the rocks until, having worked himself up to quite a pitch of excitement, he incautiously exclaimed, "But the poor man has no friends!" which brought the Commodore down on him at once. Rap, rap, went his gavel, and he scowled grimly at the offender, while he asked with deadly deliberation:

"What did you say that time, sir?"

P. W. (hopelessly). "I said the poor man had no friends, sir."

Chairman (with sudden fire). "Then you lied, sir! I am the poor man's friend! so are my colleagues, sir!" (Here the rogues' gallery tried to look benevolent.) "Speak the truth, sir!" (with sudden change from the manner admonitory to the manner mandatory). "Now, you, sit down quick, or get out of this somehow!"

This put an end to the sleek gentleman, and his place was taken by a fellow-professional of another type—a great, burly man, who would talk to you on private matters in a perfectly natural tone of voice, but who, the

minute he began to speak of the Wrongs (with a capital W) of Labor (with a capital L), belowered as if he had been a bull of Bashan. The Commodore, by this time pretty far gone, eyed him malevolently, swaying to and fro in his chair. However, the first effect of the fellow's oratory was soothing rather than otherwise, and produced the unexpected result of sending the chairman fast asleep sitting bolt upright. But in a minute or two, as the man warmed up to his work, he gave a peculiarly resonant howl which waked the Commodore up. The latter came to himself with a jerk, looked fixedly at the audience, caught sight of the speaker, remembered having seen him before, forgot that he had been asleep, and concluded that it must have been on some previous day. Hammer, hammer, went the gavel, and —

"I've seen you before, sir!"

"You have not," said the man.

"Don't tell me I lie, sir!" responded the Commodore, with sudden ferocity. "You've addressed this committee on a previous day!"

"I've never —" began the man; but the Commodore broke in again:

"Sit down, sir! The dignity of the chair must be preserved! No man shall speak to this committee twice. The committee stands adjourned." And with that he stalked majestically out of the room, leaving the committee and the delegation to gaze sheepishly into each other's faces.

OUTSIDERS.

AFTER all, outsiders furnish quite as much fun as the legislators themselves. The number of men who persist in writing one letters of praise, abuse, and advice on every conceivable subject is appalling; and the writers are of every grade, from the lunatic and the criminal up. The most difficult to deal with are the men with hobbies. There is the Protestant fool, who thinks that our liberties are menaced by the machinations of the Church of Rome; and his companion idiot, who wants legislation against all secret societies, especially the Masons. Then there are the believers in "isms," of whom the women-suffragists stand in the first rank. Now, to the horror of my relatives, I have always been a believer in woman's rights, but I must confess I have never seen such a hopelessly impracticable set of persons as the woman-suffragists who came up to Albany to get legislation. They simply would not draw up their measures in proper form; when I pointed out to one of them that their proposed bill was drawn up in direct defiance of certain of the sections of the Constitution of the State,

he blandly replied that he did not care at all for that, because the measure had been drawn up so as to be in accord with the Constitution of Heaven. There was no answer to this beyond the very obvious one that Albany was in no way akin to Heaven. The ultra-temperance people — not the moderate and sensible ones — are quite as impervious to common sense.

A member's correspondence is sometimes amusing. A member receives shoals of letters of advice, congratulation, entreaty, and abuse, half of them anonymous. Most of these are stupid, but one received by a friend broke the monotony by the charming frankness with which it began, "Mr. So-and-so — Sir: Oh, you goggle-eyed liar!" — a sentence which thus combined a graphic estimate of my friend's moral worth together with a delicate allusion to the fact that he wore eye-glasses.

I had some constant correspondents. One lady in the western part of the State wrote me a weekly disquisition on woman's rights. A Buffalo clergyman spent two years on a one-sided correspondence about prohibition. A gentleman of — wrote me such a stream of essays and requests about the charter of that city that I feared he would drive me into a lunatic asylum; but he anticipated matters by going into one himself. A New Yorker at regular intervals sent up a request that I would "reintroduce" the Dongan charter, which had lapsed about the year 1720. A gentleman interested in a proposed law to protect primaries took to telegraphing daily questions as to its progress — a habit of which I broke him by sending in response telegrams of several hundred words each, which I was careful not to prepay.

There are certain legislative actions which must be taken in a purely Pickwickian sense. Notable among these are the resolutions of sympathy for the alleged oppressed patriots and peoples of Europe. These are generally directed against England, as there exists in the lower strata of political life an Anglophobia quite as objectionable, though not as contemptible, as the Anglomania at present prevailing in the higher social circles.

As a rule, these resolutions are to be classed as simply *bouffe* affairs; they are commonly introduced by some ambitious legislator — often, I regret to say, a native American — who has a large foreign vote in his district (the famous O'Donnell resolution in Congress is a particularly unfortunate recent instance). During my term of service in the Legislature, resolutions were introduced demanding the recall of Minister Lowell, assailing the Czar for his conduct towards the Russian Jews, sympathizing with the Land League and the

Dutch Boers, etc., etc.; the passage of each of which we strenuously and usually successfully opposed, on the ground that while we would warmly welcome any foreigner who came here, and in good faith assumed the duties of American citizenship, we had a right to demand in return that he should not bring any of his race or national antipathies into American political life. Resolutions of this character are sometimes undoubtedly proper, but are in nine cases out of ten wholly unjustifiable. An instance of this sort of thing which took place not at Albany may be cited. Recently the Board of Aldermen of one of our great cities received a stinging rebuke, which it is to be feared the aldermanic intellect was too dense to fully appreciate. The aldermen passed a resolution "condemning" the Czar of Russia for his conduct towards his fellow-citizens of Hebrew faith, and "demanding" that he should forthwith treat them better; this was forwarded to the Russian Minister with a request that it be sent to the Czar. It came back forty-eight hours afterwards, with a note on the back by one of the under-secretaries of the legation, to the effect that as he was not aware that Russia had any diplomatic relations with the Philadelphia Board of Aldermen, and as, indeed, Russia was not officially

cognizant of their existence, and, moreover, was wholly indifferent to their opinions on any conceivable subject, he herewith returned them their kind communication.

IN concluding, I would say that while there is so much evil at Albany, and so much reason for our exerting ourselves to bring about a better state of things, yet there is no cause for being disheartened or for thinking that it is hopeless to expect improvement. On the contrary, the standard of legislative morals is certainly higher than it was fifteen years ago or twenty-five years ago, and, judging by appearances, it seems likely that it will continue slowly and by fits and starts to improve in the future; keeping pace exactly with the gradual awakening of the popular mind to the necessity of having honest and intelligent representatives in the State Legislature.

I have had opportunity of knowing something about the workings of but a few of our other State Legislatures; from what I have seen and heard, I should say that we stand about on a par with those of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Illinois, above that of Louisiana, and below those of Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Dakota, as well as below the National Legislature at Washington.

Theodore Roosevelt.

WAYSIDE MUSIC.

I PASSED them in the bleak, cold street;
Strolling musicians, quaintly dressed.
They played an old air; strong and sweet
It rose, and fell, and sank to rest.

Yet still my heart, responsive, beat;
And with the tune my steps kept time.
A magic music moved my feet
Like that which makes a poem rhyme.

May it not be that sometimes, too,
Soldiers in fight have forward pressed,
Still thinking their dead bugler blew,
Because the notes still fired each breast!

And then my fancy strayed away
To youthful dreams too dear to tell;
When joy outlived the longest day,
And grief was but a word to spell!

Then every morning music brought,
And time with gladness sped along;
No Ariel thought escaped uncaught,
And every sound was turned to song.

It comes again, the glorious sound,
Immortal, wonderful, and strange!
It wakes my pulses with a bound,
And sets a step that shall not change.

Sweet, o'er the hills that hide my youth,
I hear the bells of morning chime:
They ring for honor, love, and truth,
And head and heart are keeping time!

C. H. Crandall.

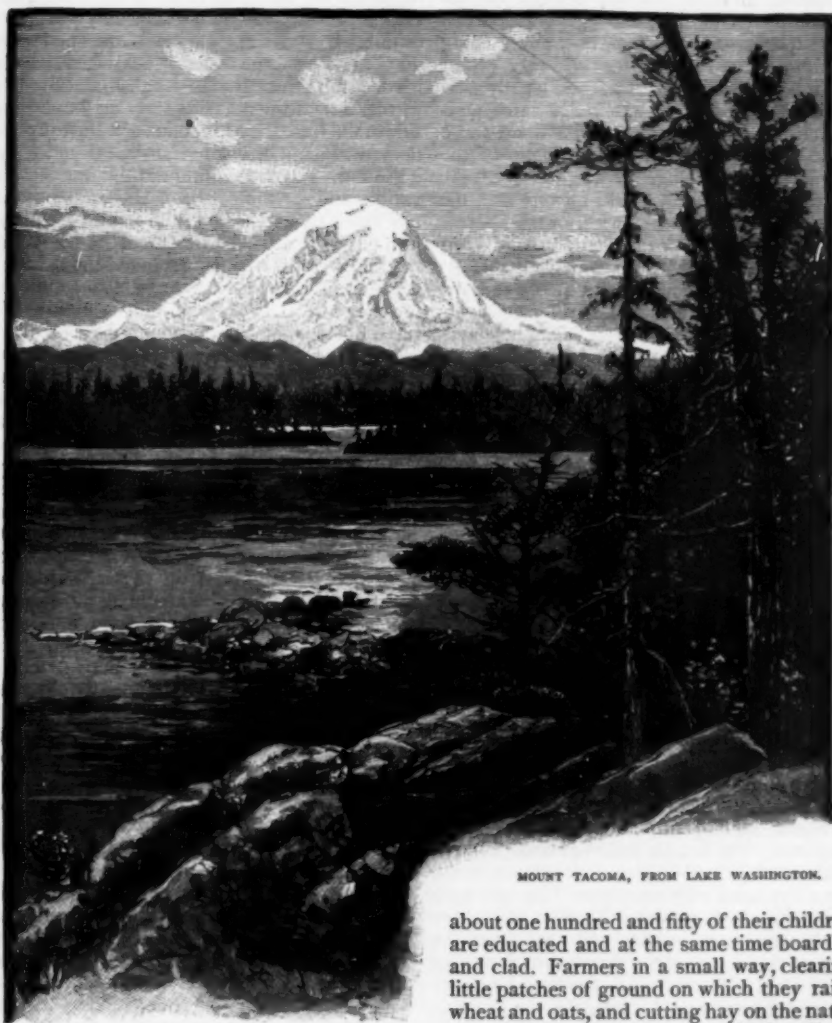
FROM PUGET SOUND TO THE UPPER COLUMBIA.

SEEN from the piazza of the hotel in the new city of Tacoma, the enormous double-crowned peak of Mount Tacoma dominates the whole landscape. The range of the Cascade Mountains, above which it rears its vast snow-fields and its eight great glaciers, looks like a low, green wall by comparison, though its most insignificant summits are higher than the loftiest mountains of the Atlantic States. And wherever you may find yourself on Puget Sound or its shores, be it in the cherry groves of Olympia, or on the lonely waters of Hood's Canal, or on the populous hill-side of Seattle, or by forest-rimmed Lake Washington, or on Port Townsend's high plateau, there is the superb mountain—if the atmosphere be clear, seemingly close at hand, clean-cut, and luminous; in other conditions of the air, looking "far, faint, and dim," but never much nearer or more remote, no matter from what point of view it is seen. It is by far the most impressive and the most beautiful of American snow-peaks, with the possible exception of Mount St. Elias in Alaska, with which I cannot claim acquaintance. Its glaciers feed five swift rivers: the Cowlitz, flowing to the Columbia; the Chehalis, which empties into the Pacific; and the Nisqually, Puyallup, and White, which send their milky waters to Puget Sound. I should, perhaps, here explain that Mount Tacoma is the Mount Rainier of the old maps, to which tourists and the dwellers in the Sound country, except those who live in Seattle, are endeavoring to restore its musical Indian name, meaning "the nourishing breast." Its altitude is 14,440 feet, nearly 3000 more than that of the sharp pyramid of Mount Hood, the sentinel of the Willamette Valley and the Lower Columbia, and the special pride of the people of Portland. Its glaciers have lately been made accessible by the cutting of trails through the forest at its base. When you survey them through a glass, comfortably seated in an easy-chair on the hotel piazza, a trip thither seems no difficult undertaking. Apparently you have them right under your hand, and can study the topography of their glittering surfaces; and you are astonished when the guide tells you that to go to the foot of one of the glaciers and return takes five days, and that if you get upon the ridge overlooking the chief glacier, you must add two days to the journey. He further explains that the little brown streak on

the left of this glacier is a sheer precipice of rock over one thousand feet high, and that the small cracks in the ice-fields are enormous crevasses, over the sides of which you can peer down into dizzy depths and see raging torrents cutting their way through green walls of ice. A visit to these glaciers is not, however, a formidable undertaking to persons who do not mind a few days in the saddle, a little rough camp life, and a fatiguing climb over snow-fields. Tourists go in parties of five or six, provided with horses and camp equipage, and with spiked shoes, iron-pointed staves, and ropes, quite in the Alpine fashion.

The fascinating mountain was not the goal of the journey to be described in this article. My plan was to traverse the wilderness at its foot, cross the Cascade Range by a pass some thirty miles north of it, strike the head-waters of the Yakima River and follow that stream down to its junction with the Columbia, and finally to reach a railroad at Ainsworth, at the confluence of the Snake and Columbia. The distance to be traversed was about two hundred and fifty miles, mainly through an uninhabited country. Before setting out, let us take another glance from our outlook on the high plateau in the town. Here, at our feet, is a broad arm of the Sound, called Commencement Bay. Just beyond are meadows, on the eastern forest rim of which stands the friendly group of buildings of the Puyallup Indian Agency. All the rest of the landscape seems an unbroken forest. We can look over it for sixty miles to the crest of the mountains and the notch which indicates the pass where we are to cross. This wilderness appearance is deceptive though, for hidden behind the trees are one hundred and sixty Indian farms, and beyond the reservation containing them lie three little strips of marvelously fertile valleys, those of the Puyallup, Stuck, and White rivers, which together form the most productive hop region for its size in the world. Up the Puyallup Valley for thirty miles runs a railroad which brings coal down from mines near the slopes of Mount Tacoma—a brown, crumbling, dirty-looking coal, but so rich in carbon that it is sent by the ship-load to San Francisco for steam-fuel.

Our first halt on the journey eastward into the wilderness is at the agency on the reservation. The Puyallups are good Indians, but not in the Western sense of being dead Indians. The inhabitants of the ambitious town of



MOUNT TACOMA, FROM LAKE WASHINGTON.

Tacoma, which overlooks their little domain, would like to have them die off, or at least go somewhere else; but they are well-behaved and tolerably industrious, and no plea for their removal can be made. Besides, they have lately received patents from the Government to their farms, each head of a family getting one hundred and sixty acres, and these patents cover the whole area of the reservation; so the hope that any part of it will be opened to white settlement has been abandoned. These Indians are self-supporting, their annuities having long ago expired. All the Government does for them is to pay the cost of the schools, where

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about one hundred and fifty of their children are educated and at the same time boarded and clad. Farmers in a small way, clearing little patches of ground on which they raise wheat and oats, and cutting hay on the natural meadows near the tide-flats, the Puyallups make shift to live in a simple fashion, being helped out in the problem of existence by the fish and clams of the neighboring Sound, and by wages earned every year in the hop-fields up the valley during the picking season. They own horses and cattle, and build for themselves comfortable little houses. They are a home-staying folk, the dense forests around them offering no inducements for roaming, and their only excursions being short trips on the Sound in their graceful, high-prowed pirogues. On the whole, I think they are the most creditable specimens of civilized Indians to be found in the Far West. They govern

themselves in most matters, through officials of their own choosing, the agent keeping a close supervision over them, but rarely being called upon to exercise the arbitrary power which he, like all Indian agents, legally possesses. A board of Indian magistrates punishes criminals and decides civil actions, and a few Indian police under the command of the schoolmaster at the agency keep order on the reservation. If whisky could be kept out, the police might be dispensed with, for the Indians when sober are never quarrelsome, and their honesty is superior to that of the average white man. The agent holds a theory that the inordinate craving of the Indian for whisky is an effect of the change from savage to civilized diet and modes of living, and that it will disappear in time, when the race gets wonted to its new conditions. In the schools I heard the Indian children read in the "fourth reader" about as well, save for a curious accent, as children of the same ages in the district schools of the States. They wrote a fair hand, too, and sang Moody and Sankey hymns. Arithmetic, the teacher said, is their hardest task. The dormitories and dining-room were very neat, and the whole place was cheery and home-like. The more capable pupils, when they arrive at the age of fifteen or sixteen, are sent to the industrial school at Forest Grove, Oregon, where they are taught trades. The others return to their homes after receiving an ordinary common-school education.

The agent, who is the son of one of the first missionaries among the Oregon Indians, and has himself been many years in the work of civilizing the tribes of Puget Sound, drove us about among the Indian farms all one afternoon. The houses were as comfortable as those of white settlers in new regions, and the crops appeared well cared for. The men were at work in the hop-fields. In their blue shirts and hickory trousers they had nothing of the look of the savage about them, save their long hair. That is the last distinguishing badge of the wild state that the Indian gives up; he clings to his long locks as persistently as a Chinaman to his queue. The agent addressed all whom we met in Chinook, inquiring after their families and their crops, and answering questions about the children in the agency school. Chinook, the curious jargon invented by the Hudson's Bay Company's agents about a hundred years ago, is the language of business and social intercourse among all the tribes of the North Pacific coast. It is to this region what French is to Europe. With a knowledge of its three hundred words, an Indian or a white trader or missionary can travel among the numerous tribes west of the Rocky Mountains and make himself understood. There are no moods or

tenses to the verbs, no cases to the nouns, no comparison of the adjectives, and only one preposition. Gestures and emphasis must be relied upon to help out the meager vocabulary, which is a droll mixture of Indian, English, and French words. I heard an amusing story on the eastern side of the Cascade Mountains of a Boston gentleman who undertook to translate Chinook by its sound. He was visiting the Yakima Reservation, and for some reason the Indians did not like him, and were in the habit of calling him "hyas cultus Boston man." The visitor remarked to his friends that even the savages recognized the superiority of Boston culture, for they always spoke of him as a highly cultured Boston man. It was not until the joke had been a long time enjoyed that he was told that "hyas" meant very, and "cultus" bad or worthless, and that "Boston man" was the Chinook term for all Americans,—Englishmen and Canadians being called "King George men."

Beyond the Indian farms in the Puyallup Valley lie the hop-fields, reaching up the river towards Mount Tacoma for ten miles, and also along the Stuck River, a slough connecting the Puyallup with the White, and for perhaps a dozen miles on the banks of the latter stream. Only the maple and alder bottoms near the streams make good hop land, and they are so productive that wild land, which costs eighty dollars an acre to clear, sells for from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre. Hop land in good condition, with poles and growing vines, but without buildings, is worth three hundred dollars an acre. Whoever possesses a twenty-acre field, with a drying-house, is comfortably well off. An average yield is fifteen hundred pounds to the acre; a large one, twenty-five hundred pounds. A veteran hop-raiser who has been thirteen years in the business told me that it costs two hundred dollars an acre to make and market a crop. Including picking, drying, and binding, he figured the cost at ten cents per pound, of which the picking alone is six. The industry is a fascinating one, having a good deal of the character of a lottery, the price of hops having run up and down during the past few years over the wide range of from ten cents to one dollar. My informant expected to get thirty-five cents this year. His forty acres would yield him eighty thousand pounds, he thought, which would bring him twenty-eight thousand dollars. The cost to him at ten cents per pound would be eight thousand dollars, leaving a profit of twenty thousand dollars. There are not many ways of getting so large an amount of money out of forty acres of ground. The thorough cultivation of these little valleys reminds one of the vineyard countries of Europe, but the resem-

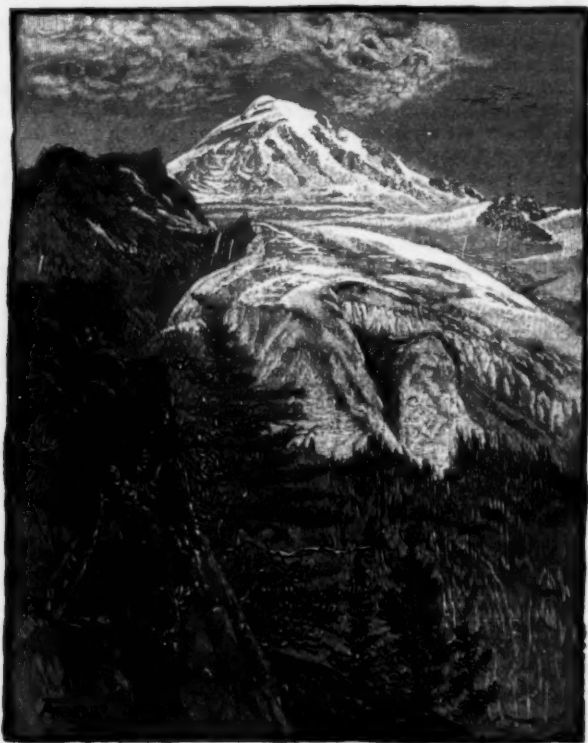
blance vanishes as soon as the eye falls on the forest walls that encompass them on all sides.

In the hop-picking season there occurs a remarkable pilgrimage from the Indian tribes of Washington Territory and British Columbia. The Indians come in their pirogues from Puget Sound, from Frazer River, from Vancouver's Island, and even from the shores of the Pacific. Others cross the mountain trails on ponies from the valleys of the Yakima and the Upper Columbia and from the distant forests of the Cœur d'Alènes. To the number of five thousand, they gather every year in the hop region to furnish labor for picking. Of course, for the most part, the workers are women and children, the men spending much of their time in gambling, smoking, and lounging. This great influx of savagery produces no alarm among the white settlers; indeed, they would be helpless to gather their crop without the abundant supply of red labor. By the Indians the hop-picking season is looked forward to all the year with pleasant anticipation as the one great break in the monotony of their lives—a time of travel, excitement, sociability, love-making, and marrying, as well as of earning money to buy blankets, clothing, trinkets, and sugar. They give the white people very little trouble, being neither rowdyish nor thievish. The farmers sleep with their doors unlocked while the neighboring woods are alive with Indian camps.

Well mounted and equipped for camp life in the wilderness, we left the valley of the Puyallup near the South Prairie coal-mine, and, scrambling up a steep bluff, struck into the dense forest on a trail that meandered about to avoid fallen tree trunks. The timber growth was composed of enormous firs and cedars, having trunks eight or ten feet in diameter at their base, and sending their straight columns up into the air to a height of fully two hundred and fifty feet. The processes of life and death were going on side by side in this forest, uprooted trees that had lived out their time cumbering the ground and filling the air with the peculiar odor of decaying wood. In places the dead trunks would lie across each other in confused masses. Sometimes the trail would go beneath a gigantic trunk caught in the arms of two standing trees, or would make a detour to go around the cliff-like wall formed by the up-torn roots of one of these dead monarchs of the woods. A dense underbrush of alders and young cedars made it impossible to see a dozen yards from the trail; and to add to the jungle-like appearance of the forest, the ground was covered with a growth of gigantic ferns, usually taller than a man's head, and often high enough to conceal a man on horseback.

Beneath the ferns grew a grayish-green moss, as soft as a velvet carpet and ten times as thick.

The trail led across a plateau and then descended sharply to the White River, a swift, glacier-fed stream drawing its waters from the slopes of Mount Tacoma. A few settlers have established themselves on the upper waters of this river, and made farms on small natural prairies in the shadows of the great forest, where they raise hops and oats. We forded the river, the water coming up above the saddle-girths, and the unwilling horses picking their way cautiously over the stones in the rapid, murky current. The afternoon's ride took us through a "big burn." These "burns" are marked features of Cascade Mountain scenery. The name is applied to a strip of plateau or mountain-side where a fire has ravaged the forest, devouring the underbrush, consuming all the dead trees and many of the living ones, and leaving those that have not perished in its devastating progress standing naked and brown. Nature rapidly covers the scene of the ruin with a mantle of ferns, and the "burn" soon looks rather cheerful than otherwise, because it resembles a clearing and affords a view of the sky. Two settlers' cabins were passed that afternoon, occupied by farmers who had come in last year from Kansas, and had already redeemed a few acres from the forest, and could show flourishing fields of wheat and oats. Towards evening the trail became more difficult. There was not the slightest danger of losing it, because a horse could not possibly have gone his length into the intricate maze of young cedars and fallen fir trunks on either side; but progress upon it was an active athletic exercise, involving leaping over or dodging under tree trunks, pushing through barricades of bushes and brambles, mounting and dismounting a dozen times in every mile. The difficulties of the tangled track had not discouraged an enterprising German from taking his wife and three babies over it, and making a home on the border of a "burn" and on the banks of a little lake. We reached his cabin just at nightfall of our first day's journey. He is the most advanced settler towards the Stampede Pass in the Cascade Range. The two doors and three windows of his house he packed in on the back of a horse, but all the rest of the edifice he had made with his axe out of cedar poles and one fallen cedar-tree, splitting out the siding, the shingles, and the flooring. In like manner he had built a barn, a chicken-house, and a kennel for his big Newfoundland dog, and had fenced in with palings a bit of a doorway, where his wife had made a few flowerbeds in which bachelor's-buttons, poppies, and portulacas flourished. The man had also



TYLER GLACIER, MOUNT TACOMA. ALTITUDE AT FACE, 5800 FEET.

managed to clear a three-acre field, where he was raising a fine crop of potatoes. All this he had done between May and August — actually creating a home, a field, and a garden in five months' time, with the unaided labor of his own hands. And he was a little fellow too, but he was always jolly, and perhaps that was the secret of his wonderful achievements. All the time he was singing his old Westphalian songs, and his flaxen-haired wife was jolly too; and any living creatures jollier than those three tow-headed children I never saw. What did he get to eat? Why, he could knock over a dozen pheasants any morning in the nearest thicket, and the lake was full of trout. After a few years it would not be all wilderness about him, he said; the railroad would come, and by that time he would have eighty acres of good cleared land. Would he not be lonesome in the long winter? Oh, no! he would have plenty to do "slashing," *i. e.*, cutting down the trees preparatory to burning them,—the usual process of clearing land where there is no market for the timber.

We camped very comfortably that night

on a pile of hay in the settler's shed-barn, a structure half roofed over, but still wanting sides, and were early on the trail next morning, after a breakfast of ham, bread, and coffee. The profuse and luxuriant vegetation continued. A noticeable plant, called the devil's club from the brier-like character of its stem, spread out leaves as large as a Panama hat, and thrust up a spear-like bunch of red berries. The wild syringa perfumed the air. There were two varieties of the elder—the common one of the East, having black berries, and one growing much higher and bearing large red berries. Thimbleberry bushes grew in dense thickets. The little snowball berry cultivated in eastern door-yards was seen, and also whortleberries and blueberries. Among the flowers was a "bleeding-heart," in form like the familiar garden flower, but much smaller, and of a pale purple color. The most common bloom was the gay *Erigeron canadensis*, or "fire-weed," which occupied every spot where it could find a few rays of sunlight. About noon of this second day's march we descended by a steep zigzag path to the south

bank of Green River, a handsome trout-stream, brawling over rocks or resting in quiet dark-green pools. A great field of excellent bituminous coal, partly explored, and waiting for a railroad to make it valuable, lies in veins from six to ten feet thick under the forests that border this stream. It is the best coal thus far discovered in Washington Territory. In its vicinity lie beds of rich iron ore. So here, hidden in this tangled wilderness, are the elements of a great industry, which in the future will make these solitudes populous.

The trail turned up the narrow valley of Green River, and thence on for many miles it clambered up steep slopes and plunged down into the lateral ravines formed by the tributary streams — up or down nearly all the way, with rarely a hundred yards of tolerably level ground. It was a toilsome day for men and animals, but for the riders enlivened with the sense of adventure, and with thoughts now and then of what would happen if a horse should make a false step on the verge of a precipice where the path clung to a mountain wall a thousand feet above the roaring river. Travel on a mountain trail is never monotonous. Your perceptive faculties are kept on the alert to dodge projecting branches and watch for all the various chances and changes of the track. Then there are ascents too steep for your horse to carry you, and descents too abrupt for safe riding; streams to ford, quagmires to flounder through, and divers other incidents to enliven the journey.

Our second night on the trail was spent at a camp of engineers engaged in locating the line of a railroad over the Cascade Mountains to connect eastern Washington with the Puget Sound country. This project of surmounting the formidable barrier of the Cascades is as old as the time when Governor Isaac I. Stevens conducted a government expedition from St. Paul to Puget Sound, in 1853, to determine the feasibility of a northern route for a railroad to the Pacific. It was on Stevens's report that there were passes in the range practicable for a railroad that the original charter of the Northern Pacific Company, granted by Congress in 1862, designated a route from the Upper Columbia to the Sound for the main line of that road. This was amended by Congress in 1870, and the main line was changed so as to run down the Columbia River to Portland, and thence northward to the Sound, getting through the mountains by the only gap opened by nature, that of the great gorge of the Columbia. At the same time the short line across the mountains was designated as the Cascade Branch. Surveys to find a feasible pass for this branch have been prosecuted with more or less dili-

gence and with several long intermissions ever since 1870. During the past three years a great deal of money has been spent upon these surveys. How expensive they have been may be judged from the fact that to run a reconnaissance line through the dense forests, encumbered by prostrate timber, which clothe the western slope of the Cascades, requires the services of ten axemen to open a path along which the engineers can advance a mile or two a day with their instruments. All this labor and expenditure of money has been crowned with success, however, and a pass has been found up which a railroad can be built, but at the summit a tunnel nearly two miles long must be excavated. It will be the longest tunnel in America with the exception of that through the Hoosac Mountains in Massachusetts.

The engineers' camp on the bank of the brawling torrent of Green River was so cheerful a spot, with its white tents and blazing fires, that, although it was early in the afternoon, saddles and packs were taken off the horses and the decision made to go no farther that day. The midsummer air in the mountains was so cool that the warmth of the fires was grateful. So were the hot biscuits and steaming coffee provided by the cook, and the pink-fleshed trout caught in the river. Stories of encounters with cougars and bears were told around the crackling fir logs that evening. The cinnamon bear is apt to be an ugly customer, it was agreed, but the black bear is not dangerous unless it be a she-bear with cubs. The cougar, or mountain lion, is the most redoubtable beast of these wilds. Perhaps the best way to deal with one of these huge felines is that adopted by an Irish axeman, who thus narrated his adventure: "I was a-coming along the trail with me blankets on me back, and with niver as much as a stick to defend meself, when all at onst I saw a terrible big cougar not two rods ahead of me, twistin' his tail and getting ready fer to jump. I come upon him that sudden that it was hard to tell which was the most surprised, me or the baste. Well, sor, I trimbled like a man with the ager. But I saw that something had to be done, and dom'd quick too. So I threw down me blankets and gave one hiduous yell. That was unexpected by the cougar. He niver heard such a noise before, and he just turned tail and jumped into the brush. I picked up me blankets and made the best time into camp that was ever made on that trail."

The civil engineers engaged in the railroad surveys are educated young men from the East, the younger ones often fresh from college. They spend the greater part of the year

immured in the forest, with no communication with the world save that furnished by the pack-train which comes in once a week to bring supplies. A good story was told at the camp fire of one of the engineers who, after he had been eight months in the woods, went back to the settlements. Approaching a house, he saw a woman's calico gown hanging on a line. The sight so affected him that he got off his horse and kissed the hem of the garment. The faded gown was emblematic to the young man's mind of all the graces and refinements of civilization, of woman's tenderness and love, of his far-off Massachusetts home, and the mother, sisters, and sweetheart he had left there.

The third day of our journey through the forest led up the narrow gorge of Green River, the trail now skirting the river's bank, and now climbing over mountain shoulders thrust out into the stream. The forest, if possible, grew more dense as we advanced. The damp ground, never reached by the sun's rays, was covered with a thick growth of gigantic ferns and of the broad-leaved devil's-club. I saw cedar-trees ten feet in diameter above the point where their trunks spread out to take a firm hold upon the ground. There were many queer tree growths. Tall fir saplings grew out of prostrate, decaying trunks. From the roots of an enormous dead cedar, whose broken column was still standing, arose four large young trees, each at least one hundred and fifty feet high, and standing so close to each other and to the dead parent tree that there was not more than two yards' space between them. Near by a fir and a cedar had grown together for a few yards above the ground, so as to form a common trunk. Fallen trees and often the trunks and lower limbs of live ones were thickly sheathed in moss—not the trailing tree-moss of the Rocky Mountain forests, but a thick, tufted, carpet-like moss, of the same variety as that growing upon the ground. After a hard day's march we forded the river towards sunset and camped upon the north bank. The fire was soon made, the biscuits were baked in the tin reflector oven, the coffee was boiled, the ham was fried, and the horses were fed with the barley they had carried on their backs. Then the tent-fly was set up with one end against two enormous firs that grew side by side, and luxurious beds were made of moss and hemlock boughs, and we went to sleep, happy in the thought that the next day's march would take us up to the summit of the pass and down on the eastern slope of the mountains.

Next morning we left the main stream of Green River, already diminished to a narrow torrent, and began to follow up the course of Sunday Creek, the trail clinging to the steep

slopes of the mountain walls. About noon the actual ascent of the divide began. An hour of hard climbing, crossing from side to side of a narrow ravine, or zigzagging along its wooded walls, the forest thinning out a little as we went up, brought us to a little lake. Just above was a "big burn," where the timber had been swept clean off by fire save a few blackened stumps, and in the middle of this "burn" was Stampede Pass, a narrow notch with a sharp ascent on both sides. Our horses quickened their pace, as if knowing that the long, hard climb was almost over; and after a few seconds' dash over ashes and charcoal we stood on the ridge of the pass. The first glance was naturally on beyond to the eastward. Far down in a deep valley, placid and green, lay Lake Kichilas. Farther on were mountain ranges, not densely timbered like those of the western slopes of the Cascades, but showing bare places, and, where wooded, covered with the Rocky Mountain pine, which grows in an open way, with little underbrush. The reddish trunks of these trees give color to an entire mountain-side. It was to the westward, however, that the view was most striking; for there, towering far above the green ridges of the Cascades, rose the dazzling snow-fields and glaciers of Mount Tacoma. Above them rested a girdle of clouds, and above the clouds, serene in the blue ether, glittered the white summits. The peak seemed much higher than when seen from the sea-level of the Sound. Mountains of great altitude always show to best advantage when seen from considerable elevations. We had been climbing all day to reach our point of view, and yet the gigantic peak towered aloft into the sky to a height that seemed incredible, as if it were only the semblance of a mountain formed by the clouds.

Stampede Pass got its name four years ago, when a party of trail-cutters, camped at the little lake near its summit, not liking the treatment they received from their boss, stampeded in a body and returned to the settlements. Later, the engineers called it Garfield Pass, because there the news of President Garfield's assassination came to them; but the first name is the one generally used. The elevation of the pass is about five thousand feet, or double that of the point where the Pennsylvania Railroad crosses the Alleghany Mountains. The descent eastward to the streams that form the Yakima River is only moderately abrupt, and one can ride down the zigzag trail with no great danger of pitching over his horse's head. The character of the forest growth is very different from that on the western slopes of the mountains, the gigantic firs and cedars disappear-

ing as soon as the summit is crossed, and in their places appearing a species of small mountain fir, growing thickly, but with little underbrush and no intricate barricades of fallen trunks. The flowers are of new species, and the pine-grass grows in the woods. Evidently the climatic conditions are widely dissimilar to those on the western side of the great range, the moisture-laden atmosphere of the Puget Sound country, which produces a phenomenal vegetable growth, not crossing the mountain-wall. Probably there is nowhere on the globe as marked a climatic boundary as that of the Cascade Mountains in both Washington Territory and Oregon. West of this boundary the winters are mild, with much rain and little snow, and the summers cool and showery; while east of it the winters are sharp and dry, with abundant snowfall, and the summers very hot, little rain falling between the first of June and the first of October. On Puget Sound you have the climate of Ireland, while just across the mountains in the valley of the Yakima weather and landscapes in summer recall northern California.

Our fourth day's march was the longest on the trail. We made twenty-five miles, and came at sunset to a wagon-road and a fenced field, evidences of settlement that were greeted with enthusiasm. There was a house, too, tenanted by the most advanced settler mountainwards in the Yakima Valley. He kept a toll-gate, and levied a tax on emigrants about to struggle over the Snoqualmie Pass to the Sound country. Nominally there is a wagon-road through this pass all the way to Seattle, and stout wagons lightly loaded are somehow gotten across the mountains by courageous emigrants who carve their way with their axes through the fallen timber. The chief utility of the road, however, is for the driving of cattle. All the Sound country, and much of British Columbia, get their beef supply from the bunch-grass plains east of the Cascades. It takes seven days to drive a herd of cattle from the Upper Yakima to Seattle, which is the beef market of the Sound. The night was spent in a deserted cabin on beds of boughs eked out with a little hay which the last occupant had left. Breakfast on the grass next morning was enlivened by a visit from a flock of Hudson's Bay birds that attempted to share the meal, and, after carrying off several crackers, made an attack on the remains of a ham. These familiar brown birds, sometimes called lumberman's friends or whisky-jacks, discern the smoke of a camp-fire miles away, and are speedily on hand to clear up the crumbs.

Our horseback journey was now at end. A

good friend in Portland had sent a team and spring wagon a hundred and fifty miles from the Lower Yakima to meet us at the end of the wagon-road. Our excellent Scotch guide, with the cook, the packer, the saddle-horses, and the pack-animals, turned back to retrace their steps over the long trail to the Puyallup Valley. Blankets and bags were transferred to the wagon, and we set off through the open pine woods, over a very fair road, down the valley of the Yakima. The road did not follow the stream closely, but only kept its general course, taking across the hills to avoid the cañons and muddy bottoms. Only one house was seen in the forenoon's drive. It was inhabited by three Germans, who had "taken up" a natural timothy meadow, and were getting rich cutting a hundred tons of hay every year, and selling it to herders on their way to the Sound at twenty-five dollars a ton. They had an irrigated garden full of all sorts of vegetables. About noon another farm was reached, where a Maine man was raising fine crops of oats and wheat by irrigation. A big barn filled with hay and a comfortable log-house flanked by apple-trees were invitations to rest not to be refused in a wild country. The housekeeper prepared a surprisingly good dinner—the first civilized meal the travelers had eaten since leaving the hotel at Tacoma. There were fresh vegetables and roast beef, coffee and cream that defied criticism, and an apple-pie that could not be surpassed in New England. We sat upon benches, and in the parlor the only furniture was three wooden chairs and a rude table; but there were chintz curtains at the windows, hanging from cornices made of moss, and on the table were many newspapers and a copy of *THE CENTURY*.

The next house on the road belonged to Indian John, a famous character among the whites of the Upper Yakima country, and a *sokalee tyee*, or big chief, among the Kittitas Indians. John has a few well-fenced fields of grain, and a good log-cabin, windowless and with a hole in the roof to let out the smoke from the fire burning on the ground in the middle of the one room. The women of his household were busy drying service-berries, but when our driver told them in Chinook that we were going to take a photograph of the place, the younger ones hurried into the cabin and speedily put on what finery they possessed in the shape of blue gowns, brass bracelets, and girdles of bead-work studded with brass nails. John wore civilized clothes, but a young Indian, presumably the husband of the squaw with the baby, was attired in scarlet leggings, green breech-cloth, and blue tunic, and his face was liberally adorned with vermilion paint. John is a thrifty fellow, and

when his relations come to visit him and live upon him Indian fashion, he sets them to work building fences or hoeing potatoes. He wants to marry his youngest daughter to a white man. He says the *siwashes* (Indians) are *cultus*, which in Chinook means "no good." The girl might be thought rather too buxom to suit a critical taste, and objections might also be made to her mouth and feet on the score of their size; but as to her good-nature there could be no doubt after she had smiled all over her face at each of the travelers and merrily winked her black eyes.

A few miles beyond Indian John's ranch the forest stops abruptly on the crest of a hill, and the bunch-grass plains begin. They are not plains in the sense of being at all level. On the contrary, they are heaved up in hills and ridges and low bare mountain ranges, and creased by many valleys and cañons; but they are destitute of timber, save along the streams, and are sere, yellow, and dusty, and thus conform to the Far-Western meaning of the word plains. The soil is composed of disintegrated basaltic rock, and, whether on lofty crests or steep slopes or in deep ravines, is alike covered with the same monotonous vegetation of bunch-grass, wild sunflowers, sage-brush, and grease-wood. The colors of the landscapes are dirty browns and yellows and faded sage-green, save where a belt of alders and willows skirts a creek. In May and June, when the grass is fresh and the sunflowers are in bloom, the country seems carpeted with fresh green and gold; but this season of verdure and blossoms only lasts a few weeks, and then comes the long, dry, dusty summer. The plains of the great Columbia basin occupy a stretch of country of almost circular form, and of about three hundred miles across, surrounded by the Cascade Mountains on the west, the Blue Mountains on the south, the Bitter Root and Cœur d'Alène Mountains on the east, and the Peshastin, Colville, and other ranges on the north. From north to south, nearly midway of the basin's width, flows the Columbia. The eastern part of the basin is mainly drained by the Snake, the Palouse, and the Spokane rivers, and the western part by the Yakima and its tributaries.

In the afternoon of the first day's travel by wagon, and the fifth of our journey from Puget Sound, we entered the Kittitas Valley, and saw its market-town of Ellensburg lying in white spots against a brown hill-side fifteen miles distant. This valley is the most extensive and most thickly settled between the Cascade Mountains and the Columbia. It is twenty miles long and from three to ten miles

wide, and, being well watered and easy to irrigate, has attracted a thrifty farming population. With a few small tributary valleys, it is said to contain two thousand five hundred people, of whom some four hundred live in the town. Forty bushels of wheat to the acre and four hundred of potatoes are average yields on the rich irrigated lands. In spite of their isolation from markets,—the valley is one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest accessible transportation line,—the farmers appear prosperous, their houses and barns being of a better character than are usually seen in new countries. Settlement in the valley dates back ten years; but most of the people have come in during the past four or five years, attracted by the prospect of a railroad as well as by the fertility of the soil.*

Of Ellensburg little need be said. It is a creditable frontier village for one so new and so remote, supporting two weekly newspapers and an academy. The Yakima River flows by the town in a swift, deep current, fed by snows but not by glaciers, as its clear, blue waters testify. From a high ridge south of the town the top of Mount Tacoma can be seen, but it is much less impressive from this point of view than is Mount Stuart, the highest peak of the Peshastin Range, which bounds the prospect on the north. I confess never to have heard the name of this range before, yet it is immeasurably grander than the White Mountains or the Adirondacks. Mount Stuart, usually called Monument Peak, is ten thousand feet high, and is as bold and peculiar in its form as the Matterhorn in Switzerland. The whole range is savage and precipitous, a serrated ridge of brown rock, with many jagged peaks, too steep to carry much snow save in the deep ravines. At the foot of these magnificent mountains lie four deep, green, forest-rimmed lakes—Kichilas, Kachees, Kitallum, and Cleellum. The region is wild and little known, and is very inviting to adventurous explorers. Veins of copper carrying considerable gold and silver have recently been discovered there, and a vein of coal so good for blacksmithing purposes that it is hauled down to the Kittitas Valley and sold for thirty dollars a ton.

Going southward from Ellensburg, there is no settlement after leaving the Kittitas Valley until the Wenass Valley is reached, a distance of twenty miles. The Yakima plunges into a deep cañon with sides so steep that there is no room for a road. So the road climbs over two bare, brown ridges, one high enough to figure on the maps as a mountain range. From its crest the squares of green and gold

* The journey described in this article was made in the summer of 1884. Since then the railroad-building up the Yakima Valley has advanced as far as Yakima City.—E. V. S.

formed by the fields of oats and ripened wheat in the Kittitas Valley made a very pretty landscape effect. The ridges separating the narrow valleys are covered with an abundant growth of bunch-grass, and are good summer ranges for stock; but the snow lies on them too deeply in winter for cattle to range, as in Montana, all the year round; consequently there is but little stock in the country. The Wenass is a tributary of the Yakima, and it makes a good agricultural valley, twenty miles long, but only one or two farms wide. About three hundred people inhabit it. Ten miles farther south come the Nachess Valley, wider, but not so long as the Wenass, and the Cowechee Valley, narrower and longer than the Nachess. Both are well settled. On a farm at the mouth of this valley, where we halted for supper, apples, plums, cherries, raspberries, and blackberries grew luxuriantly, and in an irrigated garden all sorts of vegetables flourished. The Nachess debouches into the Yakima Valley, a name applied locally to only about fifteen miles of the course of the Yakima River, where there is an irrigable plain eight or ten miles wide, partly under cultivation, and supporting the town of Yakima City, with its eight hundred inhabitants. We reached the "city" about dark, having traversed forty miles of good road without meeting a single person traveling in the opposite direction. Save a few herds of cattle and bands of horses and numerous flocks of grouse, there was no life on the grassy slopes and ridges. Yakima City stands at the junction of the Attanam Creek with the Yakima River, and on the east side of the river there is a third inhabited valley, called the Moxee. In all these valleys farming by irrigation is very successful. The soil is a fine powder, carrying no trace of sand; the whole region was once volcanic and later the bed of a lake. A little water applied to this rich soil, with the aid of the heat of the long summer days, causes all the cereals and vegetables of the temperate zone, and all the fruits, save peaches, to flourish amazingly. One acre will produce as much as three of good farm-land in the Eastern States. The town is a medley of cheap wooden buildings and vegetable gardens, shaded by Lombardy poplars, and backed up against a ridge of bulging brown hills. In summer the mercury frequently goes up to one hundred degrees; but the climate is remarkably healthy, owing, no doubt, to the dryness of the air and soil. The inhabitants think the place beautiful, and so it is when contrasted with the hot, wearisome expanses of sage-brush and bunch-grass and powdery dust one must traverse to reach it. Little streams of clear water run along the

sides of the streets and are sluiced off into the gardens. The town is the trade center of all the region between the Cascades and the Columbia, and is waiting impatiently for the railroad advancing up the Yakima to augment its business and population. At present the merchants haul their goods from the Dalles, about a hundred miles distant, and thither go such products of the country as can profitably be transported so far in wagons. When the railroad goes through the mountains, all these fertile little irrigated valleys, drained by the Yakima, will get rich raising fruits, vegetables, grain, and cattle for the Sound cities, which now get their supplies almost entirely from San Francisco. Ditch enterprises on a large scale will then reclaim thousands of acres that now grow nothing but sage-brush.

I heard a good deal of talk in Yakima City of a project on the part of the railroad company to create a new town near the junction of the Nachess and Yakima rivers, with the view of making it a model place of wide streets, deep lots, shade-trees, flowers, and running streams, by the aid of the abundant waters of the Nachess, available for irrigation. The future city, which as yet hardly exists on paper, is already in imagination the flourishing capital of the great State of Washington. Its proposed site is now a waste of dust and sage-brush, but, with plenty of water and plenty of money, the project of making this desert blossom like the rose would be perfectly feasible.

Leaving Yakima City and traveling in a south-easterly direction, our road ran for about fifty miles through an Indian reservation belonging to a number of tribes gathered from the entire region between the Cascade Mountains and the Upper Columbia — Yakimas, Klickitats, Kittitas, and others whose names are only known locally. About three thousand souls belong upon this reservation, but there are probably not more than half that number actually living on it, the others preferring their old homes in the mountains, where they can hunt, or on the banks of the Columbia, where the salmon furnish an abundant food supply. Those upon the reservation are partly civilized, cultivating small fields of grain and herding cattle. Nominally they have all been Christianized, and Methodists and Catholics compete for the honor of saving their souls; but a considerable number render secret homage to an old humpbacked Indian prophet, named Smohallo, who has invented a religion of his own. This dusky Mahomet lives in the desert, near Priests' Rapids, on the Columbia, where he has a village of adherents, and is constantly visited by admirers from the reservation, who bring him tribute.

He goes into trances and professes to have communion with the Great Spirit. An army officer, who recently visited Smohallo's village to see if the old fellow was brewing any mischief, told me that he witnessed a singular religious ceremony in a tent. The prophet sat on a hassock with a bell in his hand. In front of him were twelve Indians in red shirts, on one side six maidens in white gowns, and on the other six in red gowns. The ringing of the bell was a signal for them to kneel or rise. The service consisted of chants and a discourse by the prophet. At one time he fell on the ground in a trance, and after a few minutes arose and announced a pretended revelation from the heavenly powers. Smohallo was educated by the Jesuit fathers at the Cœur d'Alène Mission, and evidently has borrowed his ceremonials from those he saw there. He is a disturbing element among the Indians, because he tries to dissuade them from industry, saying that the earth is their mother, and that to plow the ground is to scratch her skin, to dig ditches is to wound her breast, and to open mines is to crack her bones, and that she will not receive them after they die if they thus abuse her.

The Yakima Reservation lies between the river and the Simcoe Mountains. Most of it is sage-brush land, but for three hours we drove through a green country covered with rye-grass standing higher than our horses' heads, with rich pasturage of smaller herbage among it. Opposite, on the white man's side of the valley, there is little or no settlement, but the land lies favorably for reclamation by ditches taken from the river. Some of the Indians live in frame houses evidently built by the Government, for they are of one pattern; others have built log structures for themselves, while many still adhere to the "wicky-up"—a shapeless hut made from a combination of brush and mats woven from reeds. They have adopted white customs in one respect, at least, for they have set up a toll-gate and tax travelers fifty cents for driving across their country. The toll-gate keeper was in a morose frame of mind. He had recently been arrested by the agent, put in the "skookum-house" (jail), and fined sixty dollars for having two wives. He said he could not see what the harm was as long as the women were both satisfied, and grumbled about the loss of the money he had saved to buy a new horse-rake.

Our noonday halt was at a ranch on the north side of the river. The ranchman ferried the team across on a flatboat, and invited us to rest in rocking-chairs on a piazza roofed with green cottonwood boughs while his wife got dinner. He had taken up a green spot in the sage-brush waste, and was making butter

from fifty cows, and putting up great stacks of hay for their winter feed. He was a shrewd and prosperous man, and his success had already attracted other settlers. The afternoon's journey was through a country wholly desolate. The river itself seemed to get discouraged, and ran with a sluggish current through the parched and thirsty land, which constantly robbed it of its waters, so that its volume diminished as it advanced. Hidden by the bare hills that bounded the southern horizon lay, however, a grassy valley, called Horse Heaven, where fifty families have settled during the past year. Northward the landscape was all a burning-hot, dusty sage-brush plain sloping up to the Rattlesnake Mountains. The night was spent restfully on clean blankets in an engineers' camp, on the line of the advancing railroad. A mile away was a settlement started by an ex-Congressman from Tennessee, who hopes that ditch enterprises and the water-power of the falls of the Yakima will develop a town on his lands.

The next day—the tenth since we left Puget Sound—was the most trying of the whole journey. The heat was intolerable. Probably it would have been about 105° Fahrenheit in the shade if there had been any shade. What it was in the sun nobody attempted to estimate. The dust covered the faces of the travelers with yellow masks and penetrated their clothing, forming a thick deposit all over their bodies. Eighteen miles in a wagon brought us to the end of the railway track built last year, but not yet operated, and not put in order since the winter rains, so that a locomotive could not get over it. Here we transferred ourselves to a hand-car. The three passengers sat in front, with their feet hanging down over the ties and knocking against the weeds and sand-heaps. Four stout fellows at the levers got an average speed of nearly ten miles an hour out of the little machine. To the heat of the direct rays of the sun was added that reflected from the rails, the sandy embankment, and the sides of the cuts. With what joy we descried in the early afternoon the broad, blue flood of the Columbia! What a satisfaction it was to rest in the shade of a tent by the margin of the cool waters! In the evening a diminutive steamboat, aptly called *The Kid*, ferried us down to Ainsworth, a little town at the confluence of the Snake and the Columbia,—rivers as mighty in volume here as the Mississippi and Missouri where they join, and as strikingly different in the character of their waters. At Ainsworth the journey described in this article ended, and the homeward trip in a Pullman car began.

Eugene V. Smalley.

THE MEDIATIONS OF MR. ARCHIE KITTRELL.

"And thanne with here scharpe speris stronge
They foyneden ech at other."

The Knights Tale.

1.

THE traditions respecting the origin of the name "Hello" of a certain militia district in one of the older counties of Middle Georgia are so ancient and variant that I do not feel myself called upon, at least in this connection, to recite them. My present purpose is to tell of a few persons resident therein at a period many years back, whilst Josiah Cofield, Esq., presided in the Justice's Court. This magistrate had long considered himself as familiar as any judge need be with principles governing judicial trials. The drift of cases wherein his rulings had been reversed on *certiorari* to the Superior Court had been mainly in the line of exceptions taken to his jurisdiction, about the limits of which he was suspected to be not without the jealousy common to all tribunals not the highest. His temptation to overstep was, perhaps, enhanced by an enormous fondness for his court costs. It was his habit, therefore, to put upon his docket all cases brought by persons known by him to be responsible for these, without concerning himself about the eventual disposition of the condemnation-money.

I make these observations regarding him, preparatory to the introduction of some persons of yet more importance.

Fully a mile above, owner of a considerable body of land, extending as far as the fork where William's and Turkey Creeks merge their waters and their names in Long Creek, dwelt Mr. Archie Kittrell, now well spent in years, yet with gratifying remains of strength and activity, bodily and mental. His estate was bounded on the east by Turkey Creek and the Peevys, on the west by William's and the Templins's.

It had been fortunate heretofore, for both the Peevys and Templins, that such a man as Archie Kittrell resided between them. In a hill region the number is limited of those who can live persistently, without any hurt to friendly neighborhood, on opposite sides of a creek-line. A benevolent and usually a remarkably calm man was Mr. Kittrell, although it was known that he could become excited on occasion. For very many years he had held not only peaceful but most friendly relations with these neighbors, in spite of the

varying channels that the two streams often made before reaching the confluence where the Long began its straightforward, determined course to the Ogeechee. He put his fences sufficiently behind high-water mark, and, instead of complaining of infringements upon doubtful riparian soil, he was often known to express placid sympathy when the Templin or the Peevy fence, on occasions of extraordinary rains, would resolve itself into its constituent elements, and every rail go madly rushing in search of more reliable shores. Both Mr. Templin and Mr. Peevy had deceased some years ago; but their relics were women of much energy, and, with aid of the counsels of their intermediate friend, managed their estates to much advantage.

What separated these ladies yet further than the two creeks was their difference in religious faith. Three miles north of the fork stood the William's Creek Baptist Church, so named partly from its geographical position, but mainly, as was suggested by one of the deacons at its foundation, because, like Enon of old, there was much water there. One mile south of the fork, on a high land, at the foot of which was a noble spring of water, was the Methodist meeting-house, younger than its rival, and weaker in membership. Its name was Big Spring.

The Templins worshiped at the upper, and the Peevys at the lower house. Both these ladies were pronounced in doctrinal opinions, and therefore neither visited the other often, though each was very familiar at the Kittrells's. If they had been of the same religious faith, they must have been cordial friends. As it was, each must sometimes warm into temporary resentment when one would hear of uncharitable words expressed by the other concerning herself or her meeting-house. It had been observed that such misunderstandings had increased considerably of late, and notably since Miss Priscilla Mattox had been sojourning in the neighborhood.

Whatever worship the Kittrells did was mainly beneath their own vine. Mr. Kittrell, his wife, and his two sons, William and Joseph (always called Buck and Jodie), attended service at both meeting-houses, and, though not professors, were as good respecters of religion as the best. Hopes had been

indulged, I dare not say how long, by the William's Creek people that Mrs. Kittrell, whose mother in her time was a Baptist, might feel it her duty, before it would be too late, to knock at their door.

"As perfect a patron of a woman as is," Mrs. Templin would often say, "ef she were jest only a Babtis, and which she can't but be obleeged to know it's her juty to foller her own blessed mother that she can have no doubts of her being of now a saint in heaven."

As for Mr. Kittrell, who was at least a score of years older than his wife, it was quite possible that some of the delay in his church affiliation was due to the thoughtful apprehension that any action in that matter so pronounced on the part of so great a man might impart to the denomination with which he should connect himself a preponderance that might operate discouragingly upon the other, particularly in the case of his two nearest neighbors. His views and expectations in this behalf, thus far, had not become known to the public, who were wont to speculate that avowed opinions and definite action would depend, if ever to exist at all, upon accidents possible to occur on the borders of the two creeks. The lads, Buck, nearly twenty-one, and Jodie, turned of nineteen, not only went habitually to both meeting-houses, but they were specially fond of visiting at the Templin and Peevy mansions. For this fondness no person ever could have had the face to blame them; no person, I mean, who had seen and known what fine girls were Caroline Templin, aged sixteen, and Sarah Ann Peevy, fifteen years, each only surviving child and heir presumptive of her mother.

II.

ALTHOUGH nobody ever had any doubt as to the pride that Mr. Kittrell had in his wife, his two sons, and his fine plantation so snug in the fork, yet this pride was never or seldom a matter of distinct public avowal. Not so that he felt in being nigh neighbor to such women as Mrs. Templin and Mrs. Peevy.

"A couple of as fine females and widders as any man mout ever express his desires to go anywheres, makes no defuerence wheres, and locate hisself, and settle hisself, and live neighbor to the said female persons as I've done every sense ary one or both o' their husbands took sick and diseased from this mortal speres. One of 'em's a Babtuis, and the tother a Methudis, and thar they'r both as solid as two bricks sot in mortar in two sip'rate chimblies; but nother that ner them henders nary one of 'em from of bein' of two

as fine females and widders as this county, nor as to that, this whole State o' Georgy, can pejuce. Ef they wants, and it's thar desires to stand up to thar warous churches, and they feels it thar juty to argy for 'em, whose bisuiness is it to hender 'em? and speshual them that takes it on theirselves (and I'm a-namin' o' no names) to go about a-repeatin' of what one have said about the other, and her sanctification and the fallin' from grace, and what's the tother say in respects of the fimal pesseveunce o' the saints, or the dippin' or the pourin' o' water, mo' or less? Ef people'd keep thar mouths shet about them two fine wimming (and 'member, I'm a-namin' o' no names), they'd be as friendly 'ith one 'nother as they both are and is 'ith my wife; and anyhow, I say it open and above board, I knows not ner I don't know the equils o' them nor nary one of 'em. And, as for Calline Templin and Sarann Peevy, ef I wer'n't a ve' ole man as I am, an' already got my quimpanion, my opinions o' them childern is, I wouldn't posuitive, I would n't know how ner when ner which to forbar."

Benevolent, calm man as was Mr. Kittrell, he had withal an eye ever watchful for the interests of his family. That eye, for many years, had been growing more and more watchful until now, when he was sure in his mind that the time had come for him and his boys to move towards the consummation of a project that was the very nearest to his heart. From time to time he had sounded Buck and Jodie together and apart. He was delighted with the exquisite modesty and slyness with which he had discovered to them his own plans, and the facility which they, dutiful, splendid boys as they were, suffered themselves to be put forward by himself. But he knew they were very young, and somehow both, especially Jodie, had inherited rather more of their mother's sentiment and artlessness than he considered quite well for perfectly successful careers, in what he would have styled "in a bisuiness point of view," and that his own aged and wise head must take the lead. He always talked freely with his wife, who was a woman of few words, and whom he well knew to have been ever thankful for having married, when a poor girl, a man of his property and intelligence, and, therefore, was a most faithful recipient of his confidences.

"I jes tell you, Jincy, what the fact o' the bisuiness is. The good Lord never flung these three plantations in the situation they are, and is and has been every sense I've knowed 'em, and a-diuidued out the childern that's now are of a-waitin' to be thar ars and egzekitors, so to speak o' the case at the present bare, 'ithout he'd of had some meanin'



JODIE WAS FOND OF VISITING.

of His ideas along of all up an' down, in an' out, along both o' the banks o' them crooked an' oncertain meanderin creeks. For I hain't the littlest idee myself but what He have freckwent got tired o' hearin' o' the ever-ulastin fussins o' people that has creek-lines both betwix' an' between, and no yeend of sputin about water-gaps, and stock a-breakin' in bottom fields, and which, twere'nt I were a peasuable man, I mout of been cats and dogs with both them wimmin'; and they ain't no doubt about it in my mind but what these three plantations oughtn't to be — finually, I mean — they oughtn't to be but two, with the lines a-tuck off'n them creeks and run into one line high and dry plump through the middle o' this one, and Buck, him a-havin' o' the Turkey Creek side, and Jodie, him the Williamses, when *in cose* my head and youm git cold, and the famblies, both they and them and Buck and Jodie, a-nunited and jinded together in sich a jint and — well, I would now say compactuous way, that nobody nor nothin' exceptions o' death *er* debt could never sip'rate 'em no mo' ner never henceforrards. And it's perfec plain to my mind — for I've been a-pickin' all of around of both o' them boys, and it's perfec plain to

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my mind that they both has and have the same primary idees, only they're nary one o' the pushin' kind o' boys, I would of some of ruther of saw, and in which they don't take arter the Kittrells quite as much as I should desires, and mo' arter the Kitchenses; not that, as you monstrous well knows, my dear honey, that my wife were a Kitchens, and no man never got a better, but which a-not'ith-understandin' them boys is the obeduentest and splendenest boys in this county, and them wimmin' and them gals is obleeged to know the same, only it's a marter that need pushin', because they're all grownded, at least-ways in size, and it's a marter that it ain't to be kep' a-puttin' off."

Mrs. Kittrell listened with the usual profound deference to her husband, and ventured only a remark that they were all very young, and that, as for her part, her ideas had always been that marriages were made in heaven.

Mr. Kittrell smiled benevolently at suggestions that he knew were not intended to be pressed, and revolved how he was to begin. At supper that night he grew more assured than ever when Buck had so much to say in special praise of the Turkey Creek side. Jodie said but little about either of the girls. But Mr. Kittrell knew the peculiar modesty of Jodie. Besides, intending himself to lead in the important enterprise, he did not know but what he rather preferred not to be em-



"AND I'M A-NAMIN' O' NO NAMES."

barrassed by too great a multitude of counsel, even in his own family.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Kittrell, when Buck and Jodie had retired, "hadn't we better let them boys manage for themselves? Because I'm not shore —"

"My dear Jincy," interrupted Mr. Kittrell, not impatiently, but with the decisiveness of tone which a great man employs when he is talking with an inferior being. "WE — yes; *we*. You'll have to keep still as a mouse, and lay low. This here case take a man o' expeunce and obseruation, and it won't do to be meddled with. You don't mean to insinooate that them boys ain't speshual fond o' them gals, Jincy?"

"Oh no; but I ain't adzactly made up in my mind as to which —"

"Nough said," Mr. Kittrell again interrupted, waving his hand. "Stick a pin right thar, and keep her stuck; lay low and wait and see what a man o' expeunce and obseruation can do."

It would not be possible to express the kind condescension with which these words were uttered. The consciousness of being one of the greatest of mankind was not able to make Mr. Archie Kittrell forget what was due to the mother of his children.

III.

ON the following day Mr. Kittrell rode extensively over his domain. He had been heard often to say that of the thinking he had done, and he might go far enough to say that, in his opinion, his friends and neighbors would bear him out in claiming to have done a right smart of thinking in his day and generation, the biggest part had been done on horseback. On this day, therefore, he made what he would have styled a perusual of his whole plantation, after which he crossed both creeks consecutively on visits to his nearest neighbors.

"And how is Missuis Templing this fine mornin' like? Busy, I see; busy as a bee, if she'll take the rhyme in time, though I don't but sildom make 'em, at leastways not intential. And whar's Calline? Gone to see Sarann, eh? All right, bless her heart. Look so well, neighbors' children a-wisitn, when they too busy and too much occupied to wisit tharselves."

Mrs. Templin, now about fifty years of age, stout and comely, was noted for good housekeeping and hospitality. If she was somewhat aggressive in the matter of her religious faith, it was, as she often candidly contended, from no reason on the good Lord's blessed earth, but because she pitied the ig-

nance and predigice of people who, if they ever took the Bible into their hands, it seemed like they could never learn when to open and how to read it. She had been heard often to admit that but for Mrs. Peevy's ign'ance, but 'specially her predigice, she would be a great deal better person than herself was or ever hoped to be. As for the Kittrells, she believed in her heart that their becoming Baptists was only a question of time, when, as she was wont to express it, they could see their way clear to mansions in the skies.

I may not delay to repeat all the conversation of the occasion of the visit. What dwelling Mr. Kittrell made longest was when he spoke of his own great age, now sixty-eight, and a-going on to sixty-nine, and the provision a man at his time of life might naturally be expected to wish to make for his children. There is a pathos which parents are gifted withal when speaking fondly of those dearest to them that sensibly affects persons even less responsive than Mrs. Templin. She felt for her handkerchief more than once, and not finding it, tenderly drew up a corner of her apron.

"Yes, yes," continued the father. "I'm a gittin' of what ef a body moun't call old, they'd go as fur as to call at leastways ajuable, and it 'pears like that as I'm the onlest father them boys has got —"

Soft-hearted woman as Mrs. Templin was, her apron could not but do its becoming service at this tender pause.

"Now, Jodie," Mr. Kittrell resumed, when he felt that he had partially recovered his strength, "as for Jodie, it seem like that boy — boy I calls him, but *he* feel like he's a man, Jodie do; and which it weren't no longer'n last Sadday, I see him with my own eyes fling down Buck in a wrastle, and Buck say Jodie's the onlest man in the county, white or black, that can put his back to the ground — now, Jodie, I spishuons, he have a likin' for this here side o' the plantation, and I have notussed that he 'pearantly some ruther go to William's Creek than Big Spring, while, I ain't shore in my mind, but my spishuons of Buck is and are of his bein' of a Turkey Creek man, and possuable a Big Springer. Now, when Jodie want to settle hisself, and a not with of understandin', Jodie is a silence an' a by no means of a pushin' of a b-b —, but I 'sposen I has *got* to call him a young man now sence he's the onlest man any whars about that can put Buck Kittrell's back to the ground, and has the ideas of a man in the bargain, — my opinions is, Jodie is arfter a settlement o' some kind; and I'll have to lay off a toler'ble siz'able piece o' the plantation next to and a-jinden of you and Calline, and you an' Jodie an' Calline'll have to settle it be-

twixt you three the same as me an' you has an' have done about gates an' water-gaps. An' a-speakin' o' Calline, I do think, upon my soul, I never see a daughter mo' like a mother in every respects, though I were never a person that in the payin' o' compuments to female wimming, and speshual them that kyars



"SOFT-HEARTED WOMAN AS MRS. TEMPLIN WAS."

thar age like some I've knowed, to actilly name names. And, as for Jodie,—Jodie Kittrell I'm a-talkin' about now,—well, Jincy say, and she's a relijuouser person 'n what I am, she give it as her 'pinuons that marriages is made in heaven; and ef so be it, I can't but hope the good Lord won't send Jodie, who, 'twa'n't for me he'd be a orphan, too fur and too illconwenant from home for his quimpanions."

Then he cast a brief melancholy look towards the far distance adown Long Creek. But it was too forlorn for a father so fond and aged, so he withdrew his eyes and fixed them, with soft appealing, upon Mrs. Templin.

"And I don't think," she said to her daughter that night, on her return from the Peevys', "nor neither do I believe, that I ever see a person more 'fectionate as a parrent, and more fittin', ef he jest only see his way cle'r, to give up and give in a expeunce and march straight into Rock-hole pool; and what he said, Calline, of me an' you of bein' of adzackly alike,—well, my ap'on—for I had drap' my handkercher somewhars—but my ap'on were positive wet. And it's astonishin' that of two brothers, Jodie Kittrell, and the youngest, would be so much more knowin' what were his juty in the warous churches it were his juty to stand up to ef not to jind imegiant out an' out; and I wouldn't desires to hear more dilicater langwidges than that same man have insiniwated about the settlin' o' Jodie on this side o' his plantation."

Caroline, tall, blooming, merry-eyed, smiled, well pleased at the report, and made no further reply than that, in her opinion, a finer young man in the whole State of Georgia was not to be found than Jodie Kittrell.

From Mrs. Templin's Mr. Kittrell rode by the nearest way straight on to Mrs. Peevy's, and one who had witnessed the gayety of his recent salutation might have been surprised at the solemnity with which he greeted his neighbor to the left. Of about the same age as Mrs. Templin, though shorter and thinner, she was more reticent and serious, and showed more of the wear of time. Mr. Kittrell's voice had a most respectful and kind tremor when he said how thankful he was to see her looking so remockable well. In answer to her inquiry about himself and his family, he answered, after a brief, thoughtful pause:

"All of us is in middlin' fa'r health, Missus Peevy, thank the good Lord, exceptions of Buck."

"Buck?" quickly asked Mrs. Peevy. "Why, I see him and Jodie both a Sunday, and I never see him a-lookin' better or healthier. What ail Buck?"

"Not in his body, Missus Peevy," answered the old man, with moderate gratitude; "not in his body, I don't mean. In Buck's body, and I mout say in all his warous limbs, Buck Kittrel's sound as a roach, strong as a mule, active as a cat, an' industrious as they genuilly makes 'em. It's the boy's mind that's a-makin' o' me oneasy."

"Buck's mind, Mr. Kittrel?" she asked, in candid anxiety, for she liked both the boys well. "Why, what upon the yearth?"

"Yes, madam, his mind. You see, Buck have got now to whar he's a-goin' on, and that monstuous pow'ful rapid, to his one-an'-twenty, and he know it, an' when an' at which time he can wote, an' be a man besides, an' which, though Buck hain't told me so in them many words, yit I consate that Buck want to settle hisself; and he, a-bein' o' my oldest son, and a studdy, and of affectionate natur', a parrent, speshual when he know hisself on the vargin o' the grave, mout natchel be anxious about what pervision to make for him who ain't one o' them sort that'll up an' out 'ith what he want, but'll take what his parrent father 'lows him and never cherrip. For my desires is to settle them boys, or leastways Buck, before my head git cold, and not to be a-leadin' 'em to the temptations o' wantin' gone the only father they've got, and that before his time come to go."

Mr. Kittrell paused, took out his white, square-spotted, red silk handkerchief, and mildly blew his nose. Mrs. Peevy making no reply, he continued:



"SOMEHOW MR. KITTRELL FELT A LITTLE EMBARRASSED AT MEETING THEM TOGETHER."

"This here side o' my plantation that lays on Turkey Creek and perpendickler betwix' me and them that I've said it freckuent, open an' above bode, nobody oughtn't to never desires to have a better neighbor, and which, ef I weren't a-settin' in thar peazzer at this minute, I should name thar names, and which some people say this the best side o' my plantation, and mout natchel expect for me to lay it off to my oldest son, and which they ain't no doubts on my mind that Buck have a sly leanin' to-wards this side, and posuable may be mout be to cross the creek and go as fur as Big Spring, which— But bless my soul! whar's Sarann? I don't know how I could of been here this long 'ithout a-askin' for that lovely child, which my wife declare she's the very picter of her mother in all an' every p'int of view."

"Sarann and Calline rid over to Mr. Ivy's this evenin'," answered Mrs. Peevy.

"Umph—humph! Love to see young people a-goin' a-wisitn' when it's done in reason. As for Buck, 'pears like he never here lately seems to keer about a-wisitn' no great deals, exceptions he's evident a Turkey Creeker thoout its muanderins, and the child's mind seem to be of a-occupied here lately. I hope it'll all come right, and I'm a-studdin' about him a-constant, and a-constant a-askin' myself in pow'ful langwidges, what do Buck

Kitt'r'l mean by his constant a-muanderin' up and down Turkey Creek on both sides of her and to-wards Big Spring? And ef I know myself, and it 'pears like a man o' my age ought to know hisself, I wants and desires to do a parrent's part, and speshual along 'ith them that's the oldest, a-goin' on rapid to thar one-and-twenty, and a-lookin' forrards 'ith the serous and solemn p'int of view that boy been here lately a-evident a-takin' o' matters an' things in gener'l and speshual o' hisself. And you say the gals rid to Joel Ivy's?"

"Yes, sir. Calline said she heerd Prissy Mattix's feelin's —"

"She thar?" asked Mr. Kittrell, quickly.

"Yes, sir; a-doin' o' some weavin' for Misses Ivy; and Calline was afeard, she said, that Prissy's feelin' was hurt by her mother a-givin' the weavin' of her jeans and stripes to Sophy Hill; and so she and Sarann rid over jes natchel, and to ast to see Prissy well as Misses Norris."

"Umph—humph!" Mr. Kittrell prolonged the exclamation, and was ruminating what remark he should make about Miss Mattox, whom he both disliked and feared, when the two girls came cantering up to the gate. Somehow Mr. Kittrell felt a little embarrassed at meeting them together. Yet he shook hands heartily with both, as alighting from their horses they came running in. Sarann,

somewhat *petite*, but as rounded, as well developed, and as pretty as Caroline, was not quite so demonstrative, though in her own home, as the latter. Yet she said with simple candor that she was glad to see Mr. Kittrell.

"Now, Godamighty bless both of you, your souls and your bodies," he said gallantly. Somehow he could not see his way clear as to what to say to each in the presence of the other; and so, after a few general observations, he took his leave. On the way home he soliloquized much. One of the subjects of this interior conversation may be guessed from an audible remark that he made to his horse, while the latter was drinking at the ford of Turkey Creek.

"Selom," said he, pointing and slowly shaking his finger at the beast's head, "ef any flaw is to come to this bisuiness, you hear me, it'll be flung in by ole Priss Mattix."

He looked quickly all around to see if possibly this unintentional exclamation had been overheard; then, tightening the reins, he urged Selim on. On reaching home he informed his wife of the events of his visits, and said:

"My opinions is, Jincy, and my believes is, that at the Templings' the iron are hot, and at the Peevys', ef not hot, it's of a-beginnin' to git warm. Ef only ole Priss Mattix will keep her everulastin' mouth shet, it'll go through sleek as a bean, or a ingun, which of the two you mind to choosen. But to save my life I can't but be a little afeard o' that ole creeter."

He said as much to Buck and Jodie. The younger looked at his brother with a face partly gay and partly serious. Buck received the news with hearty satisfaction, saying boldly that in his opinion a finer girl than Sarann Peevy the State of Georgia never produced, but that the sooner the name *Peevy* was changed to Kittrell, a thing he was glad to hope was possible in time, the better it would be for— Here Buck and Jodie both blushed somewhat; for, great, stalwart, fine, glorious fellows as they were, they were modest and gentle, and this was the main reason why their father felt it to be his duty to take the lead and urge them to follow in this most delicate pursuit.

"You two keep cle'r o' ole Priss ef you can," said Mr. Kittrell, in conclusion; "or ef you meet up along 'ith her, be monstous perlite. 'Twa'n't for hurtin' o' Sophy Hill's feelin's, I'd git her to weave my jeans. And you can't be too peticular in keepin' both your bisuiness a secret, and speshual from her."

IV.

MISS PRISCILLA MATTOX, who had come up from one of the wire-grass counties below, I believe it was never precisely known which,

had been making temporary sojourns the while with various families in the county, for whom she had been doing jobs at weaving. Tall, thin, wiry, and of extremely uncertain age, she had gotten the reputation among many of being as swift with her tongue as with the shuttle. She might have been the equal, even the superior, of Miss Sophy Hill in counterpanes; but in jeans and stripes Mrs. Templin, at least, who had tried both, preferred the latter, and at this very time Miss Hill was engaged at her house on a job in this special department. The preference hurt Miss Mattox's feelings, as she frankly confessed, and the more because she felt that she knew Mrs. Templin had shown her partiality for Miss Hill mainly because of herself being poor and—as she expressed it—a furriner.

Miss Mattox had not yet connected herself with either William's Creek or Big Spring; but if Mrs. Templin and Mrs. Peevy had been put upon their oaths, each would have been compelled to say that she had thought she had had reason to expect that Miss Mattox, at no very distant day, would feel it her duty not longer to delay proceeding to the place where she was obliged to know she belonged. Indeed, most lately, ever since the disappointment in the matter of the jeans and stripes, Mrs. Peevy particularly must have been rather pronounced in such opinion, even upon the witness stand.

Now, it so happened that Mr. Kittrell, in pursuance of the double project so near his heart, had been engaged for some time, as preliminary to and believed by himself likely to assist and expedite its consummation, in making two small clearings on the high ground in the woods on either side of his mansion, and had blazed the trees on what seemed to be intended as an avenue to lead from each of the clearings, one to the ford of William's Creek, the other to that of Turkey. Such action was obliged to be talked about, and Mr. Kittrell well knew it. So he counseled his wife, whom he knew to be entirely artless, rather too artless indeed, to keep herself at home for a while, and refer all inquirers to himself. He was conscious of being too shrewd a man to be caught divulging important intentions relating to his own business. Therefore he smiled inwardly when away, and laughed broadly when in the bosom of his family, at the one answer he had given to all inquiries—that he was clearing places to set some traps. For, indeed, everybody had to complain of the ravages made by crows and blackbirds on the newly planted low-ground corn.

It was one of those things that could never be satisfactorily accounted for how the suspicion came to the mind of Miss Priscilla Mat-

tox, a few weeks after Mr. Kittrell's visits to his neighbors, that Buck Kittrell had dropped Sarann Peevy, to whom lately he had been paying marked attention, and was now doing his utmost to supplant his brother Jodie in the regard of Caroline Templin. Miss Sophy Hill, indeed, had admitted that she had suspected of late that Caroline had seemed to her rather more fond of Buck's than Jodie's closest society. But the relations between the two distinguished weavers were well known to be far from cordial. Besides, Miss Hill declared upon her honor that she had not so much as spoken to Miss Mattox since the eventful change in the relation of the latter to the Templins; and, moreover, that she had communicated her own suspicions only to three or four, or, at least, to not more than from five to six of her lady acquaintances, and even then in the strictest confidence. However, the suspicion had gotten into the mind of Miss Mattox, and she resolved to hunt for its foundation. The result of her search may be surmised from the report Mr. Kittrell made to Buck one evening of an accidental visit he had made to one of his neighbors.

"I stopped at Jeemes Lazenberry's on my way from town, and I'm sorry I done it, and I wouldn't of done ef I'd of knew that ole Priss Mattox were thar, and which I didn't know it untwill I were plump in the peazzer. The ole creeter, soon as I come nigh and in an' about, at me she did about them cleruins; and when I ans'ered as I ans'ered everybody else to thar satersfactuon, blame ef she didn't show plain as that crooked ole nose on her face, that she didn't believe nary singul one, ner nary blessuid word; and when she 'lowed she had heerd that you was a-courtin' o' Calline Templing, I couldn't, not to save my life, I couldn't keep from bein' of a little confused in my mind, though I don't think she see it; for I tuck out my hankercher and blowed my nose tremenjuous; and I told her that, pine-blank, it weren't so. I were thankful she were on the back track; but I tell you now, you boys better hurry up, for that ole nose of hern, to my opinion, have a scent same as a hound; and when she see Buck's track to-wards Missuis Templings of gittin' of cold, you'll hear her a-yelpin back across Turkey Creek, and have him an' Sarann treed same as a possum in a simmon."

Buck laughed heartily at his father's report, and assured him that he had no apprehension of harm of any sort from Miss Mattox.

On the next day Miss Mattox, having gotten from Mrs. Lazenberry's a brief release, hastened over to Mrs. Peevy's, and reported to her the conversation she had held with Mr. Kittrell the day before, and his confusion

when she told him that everybody knew that Buck Kittrell was courting Caroline Templin, and almost knew he was engaged to her. Mrs. Peevy was acutely pained at this news. She hoped, vainly indeed, that Miss Mattox did not observe her emotion.

"Why, lawsy me. didn't you know that, Missis Peevy?"

"I did not," answered Mrs. Peevy, faintly.

"It's so, shore as you're settin' in that



"THEM WAS NOT ONLY HER WORDS, BUT HER VERY LANGWIDGES."

cheer. And I can tell ye how it come about to my 'pinions; and my 'pinions, Missis Peevy, is things that gen'ally knows what they're about. Polly Templin's at the bottom o' all the business. Now, I ain't a person that meddles with other people's business, a-not-'ithunderstandin' she have tuck from me the weavin' o' her stripes and jeans; but she's at the bottom of it, and when she heerd, as everybody else did, that Buck Kitt'll were a-freck-went crossin' o' Turkey Creek, a-goin' to Big Spring, and to another place, and which it is too dilicate for me to forb'ar where that other place are, and she went for him, and she sot that Calline arter him —"

"Stop right thar, Prissy," interrupted Mrs. Peevy. "I can't think Calline'd o' done anything that ain't modest."

"Well," said Miss Mattox, shrugging her shoulders, "drap her out o' the case; but her mammy have been a-pessecutin' o' that boy, and tryin' to clinch the nail on him, and as shore's you're born'd she's got him; and they'll all do of their level best to make a bachelder out o' Jodie, and which he's jes' that kind o' good-natur'd feller as'll let 'em do it, an'

everybody been a-notisin' how low-speritted Jodie is, an' him and Buck scacey speaks."

"Well," said Mrs. Peevy, in a low, constrained voice, "I'm shore—I don't know that it's any business o' mine." Yet a tear was in her eye.

"May be not," replied Miss Mattox; "but I jest natchel hates to see people a-meddlin' 'ith other people's business, and I used to try my level best to keep Polly Templin from runnin' on in the scand'lous way about some people that she know are her betters, a-believin' in sancterfercation, and fallin' from grace, and how she said that she knowed of things about them people that—well, she jest out and said that it were perfec ridicklous when Malviny Peevy sot herself up for one o' them saints that's been dead every sence the 'pistles o' the 'Postle Paul."

"Did she say them words, Prissy Mattix?" asked Mrs. Peevy, panting.

"To the best o' my recollections, Missis Peevy, them was not only her words, but her very langwidges. But, oh, my dear Missis Peevy! if I was in your place, I'd let Polly Templin go, and I should desires, by no manner o' means, for my name to be named. Because, as everybody know, I'm a orphin person, and has to work for my livin', and tharfo' and wharfo' I ain't o' them that'd wish to make innimies."

Mrs. Peevy rose and walked up and down the room for a minute or two, then stopped and quietly asked Miss Mattox if she would stay to dinner. But, bless her heart, Miss Mattox had left the shackle in the loom and was promised to return. When she was gone, Mrs. Peevy ruminated the livelong day. But a short time before the arrival of Miss Mattox, Sarann had gone to Mrs. Templin's to spend the day. The mother resisted the first impulse to send for her. Sarann returned in the evening, and the innocent heartiness with which she spoke both of Caroline and Mrs. Templin touched her mother's heart so sensibly that she had never before realized so fully how dearly loved was her only child. That night, after Sarann had gone to bed, she sat up far beyond the usual time. When she had risen at last to retire, she went softly into her daughter's chamber, a small shed-room next her own, and, shading the candle, looked upon the face of the sleeper, while tears ran down her cheeks. After gazing upon her several moments, she leaned over and softly kissed her forehead. Sarann momentarily smiled, and then gently sighed. The mother went silently back, then, throwing herself upon her knees by her own bed, wept sorely.

The next morning, after breakfast, she said to Sarann:

"I'm goin' to Hello on a little bit o' business, precious; I sha'n't be gone long. Give out what you ruther have for dinner. I hain't much appetite to-day."

V.

TAKE it all in all, the experience of Mr. Kittrell during the greater part of this day was the most excited and painful in his recollection. "Because," as he would sometimes remark when recurring to it, "I'm a man that never likes to git mad, and it's because when I does, ef it's ragin', viguous mad, thar's danger o' my hurtin' somebody or somethin', a-powuidun' they don't git out o' my way."

It was about ten o'clock. Buck was out overseeing the plow and Jodie the hoe hands. Mr. Kittrell, having returned from a meditative ride over both fields, was sitting in his piazza, indulging the pleasing, anxious pains of incubation over his plans, with an occasional inward affectionate chiding of his boys for not being more pushing each in his own most fond endeavor, when he saw a negro riding a mule which he urged with kicks and a hickory on the road that led from Mrs. Templin's. It proved to be her man Si.

"Marse Archie," said Si, "mistess say come dar quick's your hoss can fetch you."

"My good-ness grasuous, Si, what *can* be the matter?"

"Don't know, marster. Marse Jim Hutchin' fotch a paper which mistess say have ruin' her. *Never* see mistess so 'flicted, not even when marster died and leff her."

"Ride on back and tell her I'm a-comin', and that amejuant."

"What can the matter be, honey?" asked Mrs. Kittrell, in great anxiety.

"Don't ast me, Jincy," answered her husband, almost angrily, painfully humiliated by not being able to answer the question of one so far his inferior. "I knoweth not, ner neither doth I know."

While his horse was being brought out, he walked up and down the piazza, muttering to himself. His wife, knowing what a desperate man he was capable of becoming, was appalled at overhearing him say:

"No, no; the tech-hole's stopped up and the cock's broke, and it hain't even a ramrod. 'Twouldn't be no manner o' use." He looked as if he could have wept from disappointment.

"My dear honey, what *are* you a-talkin' about?" exclaimed Mrs. Kittrell, pale with horror.

"My pischuel, 'oman, my PISCHUEL!"

"My Lord!" she cried, throwing up both arms and bowing her head.



"IT'S LIKE THE KITTR'LLS HAS BEEN FROM EVERULASTIN' AND FOREVERMORE." (SEE PAGE 854.)

Now, Mr. Kittrell had not only great affection but much considerateness for his wife.

"Oh, Jincy, if you don't want me, I sha'n't take her. Tell Buck; no, tell Jodie; no, tell nary one of 'em to do nary blessed thing on-tell I find out what's turned up all creation, and can then tell what can be done and what can be did."

"Be calm, my precious husband, be c-ca-alm-alm!"

"I'll try to be calm, Jincy," he answered, in sepulchral tone.

"WHEN I got thar," said Mr. Kittrell, later in the day, "thar were Missuis Templing, red as a beet, hot as a piece o' i'on jes' out'n the hath, and a-holdin' in her trembluin' hands a piece o' paper. Calline, she were rid over to Harrell's stow, and conshuequently she weren't thar. The minute I lay my eyes on the back o' the writin', I see it were Joe Cofield, and I says to myself, High! name o' goodness, high! for I knowed that 'oman were afeard o' debt as she were o' the grave; and I did not supposinged she owed nary dollar ner nary cent to nobody, let alone of Missuis Peevy. But, lo and behold, Missuis Peevy have sued her for thirty dollars for *scandle*; and not only so, but Jim Hutchins, the constuable, he had to tell

her that the plantuff'd of fotch for a hundred, exceptions that Joe Cofield told her she couldn't sue in his cote for but thirty dollars, 'ithout she'd diwide up the words and fetch on three of 'em for thirty and one for ten, but that Missuis Peevy wouldn't diwide the words, because she were onnly arfter keepin' Missuis Templing's mouth shet. Befo' I have sot down in a blessed cheer, I says to her, 'Missuis Templing,' says I, 'to my opinions, it's Priss Mattix. But, howbe-ever, Joe Cofield ought to be 'shamed o' hisself for fetchin' of a case that he know, well as I know, belong not to his little ole cote. But that's jest Joe Cofield. When he's shore o' his cost, he'll put on his everlastin' docket whomsoever'll ask him. Why, didn't he let Bias Buggamy sue a stray stump-tail yearlin' for breakin' in his field; and didn't Bias call for bail, and stan' bail for the said yearlin' and take possession of him? And didn't he git a jedgment, and a execution; and didn't Jim Hutchins level on and put up and sell the said yearlin' in Bias Buggamy's cuppin'? And didn't Bias Buggamy buy him in for the cost, and kill him, and skin him, and eat him? *The good a'mighty!* Why, I tell you, madam,' says I, 'anybody that he know good for cost, he'd let 'em fetch suit in his cote ag'in the moon for spilin' a

string o' fish or a pot o' soap. And as for Priss Mattix—but she's a female person, and ———"

"Ef her everdence is Prissy Mattix," said Mrs. Templin, suddenly, "she have told me worse things of Malviny Templin's a-sayin' ag'in me than she have sued me for sayin' ag'in her."

"Thar it is now, thar it is," said Mr. Kittrell, his eyes sparkling with gratification.

"Didn't she tell me that Malviny Peevy called me the 'Postle Paul, and made game o' me, and say nobody but me could of p'inted his 'pistle to the Romans?'"

"Ah, ha! umph, humph! ah, ha! and it were to keep you from takin' from her the weavin' o' your stripes and jeans, and she sot Missuis Peevy ag'in you because you did. Now, don't you know, Missuis Templin, that Priss Mattix know, ef she know anything, that Missuis Peevy know you ain't no 'Postle Paul, nor couldn't be, a-bein' of a female, and that the whole of it is her inventions?"

Other conferences the friends had which, being confidential, I leave to be inferred rather than mentioned in detail.

In less than an hour after Mr. Kittrell's departure, Mrs. Templin was at Hello district court. Calling for the docket, she read:

Missis Malviny Peevy }
vs. } Debt for scandle.
Missis Polly Templin. }

She left for home immediately after the justice had made underneath the following entry:

Missis Polly Templin } Debt for mene an'
vs. } oudacious
Missis Malviny Peevy. } insinuations.

"Jincy," said Mr. Kittrell, after giving his wife a hurried account of the suit of Mrs. Peevy, without mention of the cross-action, "I must go to town on a little bisiusiness, and sha'n't be back tell late this evenin'."

And he rode off straightway. It was the first time that Mr. Kittrell had ever run away from the prospect of being called upon to assist a neighbor. This is what he did; for he had had little doubt but that Mrs. Peevy would send for him when the summons should be carried to her, and he could not see how, at least yet, he was to deport himself towards her after the counsel he had given, or at least hinted, to her adversary. Intent upon bringing about peace, he knew, at the same time, that his influence with Mrs. Peevy, because of her more serious, determined character, was less than with Mrs. Templin; so he

deemed it the part of prudence to get out of the way for a brief time.

"I were never a person that were usened to dodgin', but I had it to do, and I done it. I wanted to see how the hoarhound were a workin' all around, and then I wanted to cool off a little bit afore I see Joe Cofield. Po' ole Priss wer' a female; I knowed that, and she wer' beyant me; but when I thought about Joe Cofield, I tell you I were oneasy for him. But I promised Jincy to be cool and calm as possible, and so I concluded to let things lay for that day."

It was supper-time when he returned. The boys had just returned from some visits they had made in the afternoon. Both seemed concerned, notwithstanding an occasional smile on Buck's face which would immedi-



"MISSIS POLLY TEMPLIN vs. MISSIS MALVINY PEEVY. DEBT FOR MENE AN' OUDACIOUS INSINUATIONS."

ately disappear. The mother had been full of anxiety all day, in spite of the gratitude she felt that her husband had not taken his pistol. Not a word was said for some time after they had sat at the table. Suddenly, with impatience Mr. Kittrell cried out:

"Ef anybody know anything, can't they tell it? Is it got so that people's own famblies can't talk to 'em? Is everybody done gone and got mad and distracted? Have Missuis Peevy sent words to me?"

"No, sir. You know, pa," said Buck, with great respect, "that Mrs. Peevy have sued Mrs. Templin."

"I should some ruther supposing I did, havin' saw the summons that Joe Cofield sent her."

"Well, now Mrs. Templin have sued Mrs. Peevy."

"Who said so?" asked Mr. Kittrell, firmly, yet casting down his eyes the while.

"Mrs. Templin told me this evenin', and Mrs. Peevy told Jodie."

"Missus Templin told who?"

"Me."

"Missus Peevy told who?"

"Jodie."

Mr. Kittrell looked dazedly at one and another of his family.

"Can anybody tell me how come them boys at them houses in that kind o' style, and in skenes like the present?"

"We both went on business, pa."

"Bisusiness!" and Mr. Kittrell opened his eyes and his mouth.

"Yes, sir. Pa, I and Jodie have done wrong; that is, I have,—that is, me and Calline,—and we overpersuaded Jodie and Sarann, which they didn't want to do it, but we overpersuaded 'em."

"Buck Kittrel," said his father, "for ef my 'membuance an' my riclection ain't clean gone, that were your name, or at leastways it usened to be, what you mean by you and Calline, and by Jodie and Sarann?"

"I mean, pa, that I went to ask Mrs. Templin for Calline, and Jodie went to ask Mrs. Peevy for Sarann."

Mr. Kittrell gazed fixedly at Buck for several moments, then at Jodie, then at his wife. Then looking up towards the ceiling, he combed with his fingers his hair from the left side of his head to the right, then from the right to the left. Then lowering his head, he seemed to be carefully endeavoring to make an accurate parting in the middle. Then he said in a mournful voice:

"Ef my fambly Bible don't tell no lies, and she were the fambly Bible of my parrents that's dead and gonied, and she have never been caught in nary one that I've ever knewed of ner heerd of, I'm of sixty-eight year old the tent o' March, and which I've freckwent heerd my father and my mother also an' likewise say it were the time o' the last plantin' o' corn, and by good rights, if I live ontell the next tent o' March, I shall be to my sixty-nine; and in my time I've saw of swappin', and heerd of swappin', and done some of swappin' myself. Buck Kittrell," he suddenly demanded fiercely, "is you a-foolin' o' me? and ef you ain't, when did you and Jodie swap, and how come you to swap? The good a'mighty!"

"We are not foolin' you now, pa, but we have been. When we found that you made the mistake of my bein' for Sarann, and Jodie for Calline, as you sort o' fixed it in your mind, I and Calline thought we'd play a little joke on all of you, and we overpersuaded

Jodie and Sarann to jine in it. We didn't mean to keep it up but a fortnit more, when poor Miss Prissy, she come in yistiday and spilet the joke by tellin' o' Missis Peevy that Calline and me was engaged, when you know you'd hinted to Missis Peevy that I wanted Sarann, and poor Miss Prissy told her a whole lot of stuff besides about the Templins, which all hurt Missis Peevy's feelin's so much that she give way to 'em, and is now sorry for it. Miss Prissy,—you see how it is, pa,—she spilet the joke."

"Yes, she'd spile a pan o' milk jes' from the cow by lookin' at it, and, quicker'n vinegar, turn it to clabber."

"I'm sorry for it all, pa," said Buck, humbly, "and I beg your pardon; but it's me and not Jodie that's to blame for it!"

"No, pa—no, sir," remonstrated Jodie. "If Buck's to be blamed, I want my share. He went in seein' the fun of it, and I went in not seein' it. I think I'm even more to blame than Buck. But, pa, I know you would ruther we'd both marry them we love best."

Tears came pouring from the father's eyes. "Jincy," he said, softly, "didn't you say weddin's was made in heb'n? I think you did, and now I know it's so, an' I 'knowledge I were mistaken to deny it."

He rose, walked to a corner of the room, leaned his head against the wall, and wept for several moments in his limitless joy. Then he turned, beckoned them to come to him, and sobbed first upon Buck's shoulder, then Jodie's, then his wife's.

"Ef anybody," he said, when he had strength to speak, "ef anybody'd a-told me to-day that I'd of felt as good as I do now, and at the present time, both afore and before of my goin' to bed, I should of told 'em they was a liar. Yes, yes— But hello thar! did them wimmin give thar consents, and thar permissions, and thar —"

"Oh, yes."

"The Lord of mighty! what *did* they think of me?—but let that all go. Yes, it wer' a powerful good joke. Them's allays good jokes, my boys, that eends well. Member that. Allays let your jokes be them that's to eend well. I don't blame Jodie and Sarann for not seein' the fun, because they're young, and bless old Jodie's heart for not of wantin' his brother to have all the blame. It's like the Kittrells has been from everulastin' and forevermore. And now, to-morrow morning yearly—but, ef you'll believe me, Jincy, the anxieties I've been through this blessed day has made me that sleepy that I got to go to bed."

He went straightway to his room, and five minutes after they heard as hearty snoring as the most affectionate of wives and children

could have desired. Mrs. Kittrell gently chided her sons, especially Buck, for the untimely jest. Buck was the more penitent because of the deep regret which Mrs. Peevy felt for having brought the action against Mrs. Templin. The fact was that neither of the mothers, each restrained by natural delicacy and self-respect, had inquired of her daughter respecting her relations with the lads; and though both had possibly dreamed of alliance with the Kittrells, they would have been among the last so to admit, even to their own daughters, until knowing that decisive movements had been made by their suitors. Oh, how Mrs. Peevy that night did wish that she had never laid eyes upon Miss Priscilla Mattox!

"Your pa's the man to settle it, Jodie," she had said to the latter that evening. "Tell him to please see Squire Cofield, and see what the damages is for stoppin' o' the case. I sha'n't git no sleep, that is no healthy sleep, until it are stopped; and I do think I ought to pay Polly Templin her thirty dollars, though Prissy Mattox know I never used them words, nor neither do I believe now that Polly Templin used hern."

VI.

MR. KITTRELL rose next morning, his countenance exhibiting extreme satisfaction, with brief intervals of vast indignation. When a great man has become exasperated with anger, it is not to be expected that he should at once subside, even when what originated it has been found to be without adequate foundation, or the foundation has been removed. If Mr. Kittrell had thought to employ a figure of speech about his own condition of mind that morning, it is not impossible that he might have compared himself with the lion who, while conscious of the full security of the objects of his care, however young or however frail, yet deems it not improper sometimes to go forth and roar in hearing of the insignificant beasts that had dared to molest their hitherto tranquil existence. So, before saying another word to anybody, he ordered his horse and urged the breakfast to be hurried.

"Pa," said Jodie, "Mrs. Peevy asked me to tell you to please see Mr. Cofield for her."

Mr. Kittrell smiled compassionately, and gave only answer:

"Like I weren't goin' to do that, and that amequant."

On arriving at Hello, and hitching his horse at the rack, he walked with solemn firmness to the court-room, a small unceiled and otherwise airy house, situate on a corner of the justice's lot.

"Do, Mr. Kittrell," said the magistrate and his constable simultaneously.

"Do, your honor; do, Mr. Hutchins," answered the comer in a voice that neither of the officials remembered to have ever heard from him before.

"My busiNESS here, your honor, may it please the cote, is to fetch several suits; and ef it's the same to you, and you will be so kind and so conduescendin' as to lend me your pen, I would wish and desires to enter 'em up myself, as some of 'em's delicate cases, and would wish and my desires'd be that they're dictatued right."

"Cert'nly," answered the squire with alacrity, handing him a pen. Knowing that Mr. Kittrell had a good deal of money out, he attributed his manner to his well-known aversion to press any of his debtors. So, as Mr. Kittrell, deeply sighing, began to write, he thought he would offer a word of consolation.

"People, Mr. Kittrell, has to know that people they owes money to has to sue sometimes; and them that has it to do, hate it as they mout, ought to try to git riconciled to it."

Mr. Kittrell looked up at the squire solemnly for a moment, then continued to write, and write, and write.

"Monstous good man," whispered Mr. Hutchins; "wonder he don't call us Jim and Joe, jes' dry so, like he allays do."

At length Mr. Kittrell rose, and, thanking his honor and Mr. Hutchins for their kindness, walked slowly to his horse, and, preparatory to mounting, looked at the stirrup-leathers, throat-latch, and martingale. In this while the officials were reading over the entries, holding the docket alternately close to their eyes and at arm's length, until, at last, they dropped it upon the table and looked at each other with dismay. There were suits of Archibald Kittrell against Turkey Creek and William's Creek for "breakin' inter his bottom corn-fields contrary to law." One was the State of Georgia "against warous persons, o' warous sections not yit quite found out who they is and air, for tattlin' and raisin' fusses betwixt warous females and widders, in warous neighborhoods in the county and State aforesaid." Then there were an action and cross-action between Turkey and William's Creeks each against other for "crossing one 'nother's banks onbenownst an' onlawful." The list wound up with

The State of Georgia	} J'intly and severially for misdemeniors of warous kind.
vs.	
Josiah Cofield	
and	
James Hutchins.	

"Mister Kittrel," said the squire, rushing out as the former had just mounted his horse,

"I don't understand them cases, and special them that's ag'in them two creeks and ag'in me and Jim."

"Why, w'at the matter 'ith the creeks, Joe Cofield?"

"I don't see," said Joe, in candid remonstrance, "how we're to send summonses to them peop — to them — creeters."

"Didn't you send one to that stray stump-tail yearlin' what broke in Bias Buggamy's field?"

"Yes, sir, but Bias 'knowledge service."

"Well, sir," answered Mr. Kittrell, growing louder and more loud, "can't I, or can't Missus Peevy, or can't Missus Templing 'knowledge service for them creeks, as we all three of us is linded and bounded by 'em? And as for the case ag'in you and Jim Hutchins, I supposing that the State o' Georgy ought to know how to take keer o' her cases, both them everywhar else and them at the present bare."

Then, lifting high his arm, and standing heavily upon the stirrups, Mr. Kittrell roared in a way that — well, both his auditors declared upon honor afterwards that "if anybody had of told them that the ole man Kitt'r'l could of got mad as he were then, they should have been obleeged to call 'em a liar."

"I got no time," said Mr. Kittrell, foaming at the mouth, "to tarry along o' you and Jim Hutchins about the p'int o' law in your little ole cote o' suin' o' creeks and stump-tail yearlin's. They can be 'tended to on *ossoraters* to the s'perior cote. You two men, both o' you, knows that ef I'm a man of not many words as some, I allays *means* 'em when I says 'em; and sence this Hello deestric' is open, 'pears like, for all kind o' suin', man *an'* beast, maled *an'* female, widders *an'* widders,—mark what I say, *widders an' widders*,—I ain't goin' to stop tell I find out who started this bisiusiness, not ef I has to sue the nuniversal *world*. And as for your *witnesses*—but go 'long, Selom. If I stay here, I mout git to cussin'. Go on, Selom, and less leave this awful place."

Selim dashed off in a canter, as if eager, equally with his master, to turn his back upon the scene.

"The fact of the whole bisiusiness were," said the old man, in telling it, "I were that mad that I daresn't begin on Joe Cofield and Jim Hutchins ontell I got on top o' Selom ready to leave 'em. For I didn't want to skeer the po' creeters out'n thar very hides; but even the gentuil cautions I let out on 'em come a-nigh of doin' of it, an', as I knewed it would, scattered thar persedurances to the four corners of the yearth."

Jim Hutchins used to give a brief account of his first actions after Mr. Kittrell's departure.

"Joe said I better go amejiant to Jim Lazenberry's and see ole Miss Priss. I found

her in the weavin'-room, and she hilt her shackle ready to put her through the warp. I told her how Missis Peevy have sued Missis Templing, and how she have sued back on to Missis Peevy, and both a-countin' on her for everdence. That made her turn pale. Then I up, I did, and told her of the ole man Kitt'r'l a-fetchin suit ag'in me and Joe, and ag'in both the creeks, and them ag'in one 'nother, and the way he talk, I were a-spectin' he'd begin soon on the two meetin'-houses; and, the fact were, they warn't no tellin' whar the ole man would stop, he were that mad about Missis Templing and Missis Peevy of bein' of onuseless put ag'in one 'nother by on-known people; and I wouldn't be 'sprised ef he didn't stop ontell he had fotch suit ag'in every man, 'oman, and child, black and white, in the neighborhood, and the 'Geeche River to boot. The ole lady dropped her shackle, slid off the loom-bench, gethered her things in a hankercher, and scooted. Whar she halted and put up at I never knowed."

If Mr. Kittrell became a little "disguised" at the infair, from apple-jack, as he rather admitted afterwards, it was the first and only time in his married life, and was due to a fond intention to set his boys, at the outset of their adult careers, an example of "giving and taking," by imbibing toddy out of what he named Buck's bar'l (that had been distilled at the latter's birth), to Buck and Calline, and another to Jodie and Sarann, and afterwards reversing from Jodie's bar'l. "I were arter settin' a egzampuil, an' the mixin' o' defernt sperrits, I'm afeard, made me kyar the thing a leetle too fur." He ever was fond to speak at length of the profound wisdom evinced by himself in the reconciliation of the Templins and Peevys, and its just reward, the obtainment of Calline and Sarann for his daughters-in-law.

"Haden't been for me, them wimming ud of been cats-an'-dogs now an' forevermore; and, as for Calline and Sarann, they'd a-been scattered to Dan and Basherby."

Calline having made a Baptist of Buck, and Sarann a Methodist of Jodie, Mr. Kittrell knew that it would never do to ruin, or at least discourage and perhaps demoralize, Big Spring or William's Creek, by throwing the weight of his mighty influence upon its rival; so he continued to maintain with calm firmness the balance of power.

"Yes, yes, yes," he would often say blandly, yet with decision—"oh, yes. It's your Bab-tuis, and your Methudis, and it's your sprink-ling, and your pedestruinashing, and it's all right; but my moto is—you all will 'mem-ber them words, and not forgit 'em—my moto is—egzampuil."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.



IN APRIL.

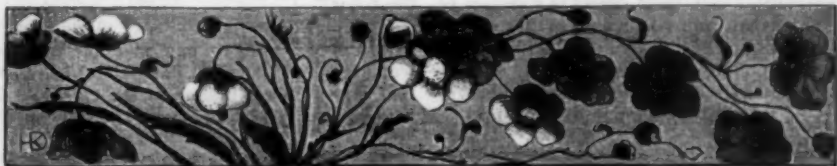
WHAT did the sparrow do yesterday?
Nobody knew but the sparrows;
He were too bold who should try to say;
They have forgotten it all to-day.
Why does it haunt my thoughts this way,
With a joy that piques and harrows,
As the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast?

There's a maple-bud redder to-day;
It will almost flower to-morrow;
I could swear 'twas only yesterday,
In a sheath of snow and ice it lay,
With fierce winds blowing it every way;
Whose surety had it to borrow,
Till birds should fly past,
And chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!

"Was there ever a day like to-day,
So clear, so shining, so tender?"
The old cry out; and the children say,
With a laugh, aside: "That's always the way,
With the old, in spring; as long as they stay,
They find in it greater splendor,
When the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!"

Then that may be why my thoughts all day—
I see I am old, by the token—
Are so haunted by sounds, now sad, now gay,
Of the words I hear the sparrows say,
And the maple-bud's mysterious way
By which from its sheath it has broken,
While the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!

Helen Jackson.



THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

XIII.

HAVING distinctly given up the project of asking the Laphams to dinner, Mrs. Corey was able to carry it out with the courage of sinners who have sacrificed to virtue by frankly acknowledging its superiority to their intended transgression. She did not question but the Laphams would come; and she only doubted as to the people whom she should invite to meet them. She opened the matter with some trepidation to her daughters, but neither of them opposed her; they rather looked at the scheme from her own point of view, and agreed with her that nothing had really yet been done to wipe out the obligation to the Laphams helplessly contracted the summer before, and strengthened by that ill-advised application to Mrs. Lapham for charity. Not only the principal of their debt of gratitude remained, but the accruing interest. They said, What harm could giving the dinner possibly do them? They might ask any or all of their acquaintance without disadvantage to themselves; but it would be perfectly easy to give the dinner just the character they chose, and still flatter the ignorance of the Laphams. The trouble would be with Tom, if he were really interested in the girl; but he could not say anything if they made it a family dinner; he could not feel anything. They had each turned in her own mind, as it appeared from a comparison of ideas, to one of the most comprehensive of those cousinships which form the admiration and terror of the adventurer in Boston society. He finds himself hemmed in and left out at every turn by ramifications that forbid him all hope of safe personality in his comments on people; he is never less secure than when he hears some given Bostonian denouncing or ridiculing another. If he will be advised, he will guard himself from concurring in these criticisms, however just they appear, for the probability is that their object is a cousin of not more than one remove from the censor. When the alien hears a group of Boston ladies calling one another, and speaking of all their gentlemen friends, by the familiar abbreviations of their Christian names, he must feel

keenly the exile to which he was born; but he is then, at least, in comparatively little danger; while these latent and tacit cousinships open pitfalls at every step around him, in a society where Middlesexes have married Essexes and produced Suffolks for two hundred and fifty years.

These conditions, however, so perilous to the foreigner, are a source of strength and security to those native to them. An uncertain acquaintance may be so effectually involved in the meshes of such a cousinship, as never to be heard of outside of it; and tremendous stories are told of people who have spent a whole winter in Boston, in a whirl of gayety, and who, the original guests of the Suffolks, discover upon reflection that they have met no one but Essexes and Middlesexes.

Mrs. Corey's brother James came first into her mind, and she thought with uncommon toleration of the easy-going, uncritical good-nature of his wife. James Bellingham had been the adviser of her son throughout, and might be said to have actively promoted his connection with Lapham. She thought next of the widow of her cousin, Henry Bellingham, who had let her daughter marry that Western steamboat man, and was fond of her son-in-law; she might be expected at least to endure the paint-king and his family. The daughters insisted so strongly upon Mrs. Bellingham's son, Charles, that Mrs. Corey put him down — if he were in town; he might be in Central America; he got on with all sorts of people. It seemed to her that she might stop at this: four Laphams, five Coreys, and four Bellinghams were enough.

"That makes thirteen," said Nanny. "You can have Mr. and Mrs. Sewell."

"Yes, that is a good idea," assented Mrs. Corey. "He is our minister, and it is very proper."

"I don't see why you don't have Robert Chase. It is a pity he shouldn't see her — for the color."

"I don't quite like the idea of that," said Mrs. Corey; "but we can have him too, if it won't make too many." The painter had married into a poorer branch of the Coreys, and his wife was dead. "Is there any one else?"

"There is Miss Kingsbury."

"We have had her so much. She will begin to think we are using her."

"She won't mind; she's so good-natured."

"Well, then," the mother summed up, "there are four Laphams, five Coreys, four Bellinghams, one Chase, and one Kingsbury—fifteen. Oh! and two Sewells. Seventeen. Ten ladies and seven gentlemen. It doesn't balance very well, and it's too large."

"Perhaps some of the ladies won't come," suggested Lily.

"Oh, the ladies always come," said Nanny.

Their mother reflected. "Well, I will ask them. The ladies will refuse in time to let us pick up some gentlemen somewhere; some more artists. Why! we must have Mr. Seymour, the architect; he's a bachelor, and he's building their house, Tom says."

Her voice fell a little when she mentioned her son's name, and she told him of her plan, when he came home in the evening, with evident misgiving.

"What are you doing it for, mother?" he asked, looking at her with his honest eyes.

She dropped her own in a little confusion. "I won't do it at all, my dear," she said, "if you don't approve. But I thought—You know we have never made any proper acknowledgment of their kindness to us at Baie St. Paul. Then in the winter, I'm ashamed to say, I got money from her for a charity I was interested in; and I hate the idea of merely *using* people in that way. And now your having been at their house this summer—we can't seem to disapprove of that; and your business relations to him—"

"Yes, I see," said Corey. "Do you think it amounts to a dinner?"

"Why, I don't know," returned his mother. "We shall have hardly any one out of our family connection."

"Well," Corey assented, "it might do. I suppose what you wish is to give them a pleasure."

"Why, certainly. Don't you think they'd like to come?"

"Oh, they'd like to come; but whether it would be a pleasure after they were here is another thing. I should have said that if you wanted to have them, they would enjoy better being simply asked to meet our own immediate family."

"That's what I thought of in the first place, but your father seemed to think it implied a social distrust of them; and we couldn't afford to have that appearance, even to ourselves."

"Perhaps he was right."

"And besides, it might seem a little significant."

Corey seemed inattentive to this consideration. "Whom did you think of asking?" His mother repeated the names. "Yes, that would do," he said, with a vague dissatisfaction.

"I won't have it at all, if you don't wish, Tom."

"Oh, yes, have it; perhaps you ought. Yes, I dare say it's right. What did you mean by a family dinner seeming significant?"

His mother hesitated. When it came to that, she did not like to recognize in his presence the anxieties that had troubled her. But "I don't know," she said, since she must. "I shouldn't want to give that young girl, or her mother, the idea that we wished to make more of the acquaintance than—than you did, Tom."

He looked at her absent-mindedly, as if he did not take her meaning. But he said, "Oh, yes, of course," and Mrs. Corey, in the uncertainty in which she seemed destined to remain concerning this affair, went off and wrote her invitation to Mrs. Lapham. Later in the evening, when they again found themselves alone, her son said, "I don't think I understood you, mother, in regard to the Laphams. I think I do now. I certainly don't wish you to make more of the acquaintance than I have done. It wouldn't be right; it might be very unfortunate. Don't give the dinner!"

"It's too late now, my son," said Mrs. Corey. "I sent my note to Mrs. Lapham an hour ago." Her courage rose at the trouble which showed in Corey's face. "But don't be annoyed by it, Tom. It isn't a family dinner, you know, and everything can be managed without embarrassment. If we take up the affair at this point, you will seem to have been merely acting for us; and they can't possibly understand anything more."

"Well, well! Let it go! I dare say it's all right. At any rate, it can't be helped now."

"I don't wish to help it, Tom," said Mrs. Corey, with a cheerfulness which the thought of the Laphams had never brought her before. "I am sure it is quite fit and proper, and we can make them have a very pleasant time. They are good, inoffensive people, and we owe it to ourselves not to be afraid to show that we have felt their kindness to us, and his appreciation of you."

"Well," consented Corey. The trouble that his mother had suddenly cast off was in his tone; but she was not sorry. It was quite time that he should think seriously of his attitude toward these people if he had not thought of it before, but, according to his father's theory, had been merely dangling.

It was a view of her son's character that

could hardly have pleased her in different circumstances; yet it was now unquestionably a consolation if not wholly a pleasure. If she considered the Laphams at all, it was with the resignation which we feel at the evils of others, even when they have not brought them on themselves.

Mrs. Lapham, for her part, had spent the hours between Mrs. Corey's visit and her husband's coming home from business in reaching the same conclusion with regard to Corey; and her spirits were at the lowest when they sat down to supper. Irene was downcast with her; Penelope was purposely gay; and the Colonel was beginning, after his first plate of the boiled ham,—which, bristling with cloves, rounded its bulk on a wide platter before him,—to take note of the surrounding mood, when the door-bell jingled peremptorily, and the girl left waiting on the table to go and answer it. She returned at once with a note for Mrs. Lapham, which she read, and then, after a helpless survey of her family, read again.

"Why, what *is* it, mamma?" asked Irene; while the Colonel, who had taken up his carving-knife for another attack on the ham, held it drawn half across it.

"Why, *I* don't know what it *does* mean," answered Mrs. Lapham tremulously, and she let the girl take the note from her.

Irene ran it over, and then turned to the name at the end with a joyful cry and a flush that burned to the top of her forehead. Then she began to read it once more.

The Colonel dropped his knife and frowned impatiently, and Mrs. Lapham said, "You read it out loud, if you know what to make of it, Irene." But Irene, with a nervous scream of protest, handed it to her father, who performed the office.

"DEAR MRS. LAPHAM:

"Will you and General Lapham——"

"I didn't know I was a general," grumbled Lapham. "I guess I shall have to be looking up my back pay. Who is it writes this, anyway?" he asked, turning the letter over for the signature.

"Oh, never mind. Read it through!" cried his wife, with a kindling glance of triumph at Penelope, and he resumed:

"—and your daughters give us the pleasure of your company at dinner on Thursday, the 28th, at half-past six.

"Yours sincerely,

"ANNA B. COREY."

The brief invitation had been spread over two pages, and the Colonel had difficulties with the signature which he did not instantly surmount. When he had made out the name and pronounced it, he looked across at his wife for an explanation.

"I don't know what it all means," she said, shaking her head and speaking with a pleased flutter. "She was here this afternoon, and I should have said she had come to see how bad she *could* make us feel. I declare, I never felt so put down in my life by anybody."

"Why, what did she do? What did she say?" Lapham was ready, in his dense pride, to resent any affront to his blood, but doubtful, with the evidence of this invitation to the contrary, if any affront had been offered. Mrs. Lapham tried to tell him, but there was really nothing tangible; and when she came to put it into words, she could not make out a case. Her husband listened to her excited attempt, and then he said, with judicial superiority, "*I* guess nobody's been trying to make you feel bad, Persis. What would she go right home and invite you to dinner for, if she'd acted the way you say?"

In this view it did seem improbable, and Mrs. Lapham was shaken. She could only say, "Penelope felt just the way I did about it."

Lapham looked at the girl, who said, "Oh, *I* can't prove it! I begin to think it never happened. I guess it didn't."

"Humph!" said her father, and he sat frowning thoughtfully awhile—ignoring her mocking irony, or choosing to take her seriously. "You can't really put your finger on anything," he said to his wife, "and it ain't likely there *is* anything. Anyway, she's done the proper thing by you now."

Mrs. Lapham faltered between her lingering resentment and the appeals of her flattered vanity. She looked from Penelope's impassive face to the eager eyes of Irene. "Well—just as you *say*, Silas. I don't know as she *was* so very bad. I guess may be she was embarrassed some——"

"That's what I told you, mamma, from the start," interrupted Irene. "Didn't I tell you she didn't mean anything by it? It's just the way she acted at Baie St. Paul, when she got well enough to realize what you'd done for her!"

Penelope broke into a laugh. "Is *that* her way of showing her gratitude? I'm sorry I didn't understand that before."

Irene made no effort to reply. She merely looked from her mother to her father with a grieved face for their protection, and Lapham said, "When we've done supper, you answer her, Persis. Say we'll come."

"With one exception," said Penelope.

"What do you mean?" demanded her father, with a mouth full of ham.

"Oh, nothing of importance. Merely that I'm not going."

Lapham gave himself time to swallow his morsel, and his rising wrath went down with it. "I guess you'll change your mind when the time comes," he said. "Anyway, Persis, you say we'll all come, and then, if Penelope don't want to go, you can excuse her after we get there. That's the best way."

None of them, apparently, saw any reason why the affair should not be left in this way, or had a sense of the awful and binding nature of a dinner-engagement. If she believed that Penelope would not finally change her mind and go, no doubt Mrs. Lapham thought that Mrs. Corey would easily excuse her absence. She did not find it so simple a matter to accept the invitation. Mrs. Corey had said "Dear Mrs. Lapham," but Mrs. Lapham had her doubts whether it would not be a servile imitation to say "Dear Mrs. Corey" in return; and she was tormented as to the proper phrasing throughout and the precise temperature which she should impart to her politeness. She wrote an unpracticed, uncharacteristic round hand, the same in which she used to set the children's copies at school, and she subscribed herself, after some hesitation between her husband's given name and her own, "Yours truly, Mrs. S. Lapham."

Penelope had gone to her room, without waiting to be asked to advise or criticise; but Irene had decided upon the paper, and, on the whole, Mrs. Lapham's note made a very decent appearance on the page.

When the furnace-man came, the Colonel sent him out to post it in the box at the corner of the square. He had determined not to say anything more about the matter before the girls, not choosing to let them see that he was elated; he tried to give the effect of its being an every-day sort of thing, abruptly closing the discussion with his order to Mrs. Lapham to accept; but he had remained swelling behind his newspaper during her prolonged struggle with her note, and he could no longer hide his elation when Irene followed her sister upstairs.

"Well, Pers," he demanded, "what do you say now?"

Mrs. Lapham had been sobered into something of her former misgiving by her difficulties with her note. "Well, I don't know what to say. I declare, I'm all mixed up about it, and I don't know as we've begun as we can carry out in promising to go. I presume," she sighed, "that we can *all* send some excuse at the last moment, if we don't want to go."

"I guess we can carry out, and I guess we sha'n't want to send any excuse," bragged the Colonel. "If we're ever going to be anybody at all, we've got to go and see how it's done."

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I presume we've got to give some sort of party when we get into the new house, and this gives the chance to ask 'em back again. You can't complain now but what they've made the advances, Persis?"

"No," said Mrs. Lapham, lifelessly; "I wonder why they wanted to do it. Oh, I suppose it's all right," she added in deprecation of the anger with her humility which she saw rising in her husband's face; "but if it's all going to be as much trouble as that letter, I'd rather be whipped. I don't know what I'm going to wear; or the girls, either. I do wonder—I've heard that people go to dinner in low-necks. Do you suppose it's the custom?"

"How should I know?" demanded the Colonel. "I guess you've got clothes enough. Any rate, you needn't fret about it. You just go round to White's, or Jordan & Marsh's, and ask for a dinner dress. I guess that'll settle it; they'll know. Get some of them imported dresses. I see 'em in the window every time I pass; lots of 'em."

"Oh, it ain't the dress!" said Mrs. Lapham. "I don't suppose but what we could get along with that; and I want to do the best we can for the children; but I don't know what we're going to talk about to those people when we get there. We haven't got anything in common with them. Oh, I don't say they're any better," she again made haste to say in arrest of her husband's resentment. "I don't believe they are; and I don't see why they should be. And there ain't anybody has got a better right to hold up their head than you have, Silas. You've got plenty of money, and you've made every cent of it."

"I guess I shouldn't amounted to much without you, Persis," interposed Lapham, moved to this justice by her praise.

"Oh, don't talk about *me*!" protested the wife. "Now that you've made it all right about Rogers, there ain't a thing in this world against you. But still, for all that, I can see—and I can feel it when I can't see it—that we're different from those people. They're well-meaning enough, and they'd excuse it, I presume, but we're too old to learn to be like them."

"The children ain't," said Lapham, shrewdly.

"No, the children ain't," admitted his wife, "and that's the only thing that reconciles me to it."

"You see how pleased Irene looked when I read it?"

"Yes, she was pleased."

"And I guess Penelope'll think better of it before the time comes."

"Oh, yes, we do it for them. But whether

we're doing the best thing for 'em, goodness knows. I'm not saying anything against *him*. Irene'll be a lucky girl to get him, if she wants him. But there! I'd ten times rather she was going to marry such a fellow as *you* were, Si, that had to make every inch of his own way, and she had to help him. It's *in* her!"

Lapham laughed aloud for pleasure in his wife's fondness; but neither of them wished that he should respond directly to it. "I guess, if it wa'n't for me, he wouldn't have a much easier time. But don't you fret! It's all coming out right. That dinner ain't a thing for you to be uneasy about. It'll pass off perfectly easy and natural."

Lapham did not keep his courageous mind quite to the end of the week that followed. It was his theory not to let Corey see that he was set up about the invitation, and when the young man said politely that his mother was glad they were able to come, Lapham was very short with him. He said yes, he believed that Mrs. Lapham and the girls were going. Afterward he was afraid Corey might not understand that he was coming too; but he did not know how to approach the subject again, and Corey did not, so he let it pass. It worried him to see all the preparation that his wife and Irene were making, and he tried to laugh at them for it; and it worried him to find that Penelope was making no preparation at all for herself, but only helping the others. He asked her what should she do if she changed her mind at the last moment and concluded to go, and she said she guessed she should not change her mind, but if she did, she would go to White's with him and get him to choose her an imported dress, he seemed to like them so much. He was too proud to mention the subject again to her.

Finally, all that dress-making in the house began to scare him with vague apprehensions in regard to his own dress. As soon as he had determined to go, an ideal of the figure in which he should go presented itself to his mind. He should not wear any dress-coat, because, for one thing, he considered that a man looked like a fool in a dress-coat, and, for another thing, he had none — had none on principle. He would go in a frock-coat and black pantaloons, and perhaps a white waistcoat, but a black cravat, anyway. But as soon as he developed this ideal to his family, which he did in pompous disdain of their anxieties about their own dress, they said he should not go so. Irene reminded him that he was the only person without a dress-coat at a corps-reunion dinner which he had taken her to some years before, and she remembered feeling awfully about it at the time. Mrs. Lapham, who would perhaps have agreed of

herself, shook her head with misgiving. "I don't see but what you'll have to get you one, Si," she said. "I don't believe they *ever* go without 'em to a private house."

He held out openly, but on his way home the next day, in a sudden panic, he cast anchor before his tailor's door and got measured for a dress-coat. After that he began to be afflicted about his waistcoat, concerning which he had hitherto been airily indifferent. He tried to get opinion out of his family, but they were not so clear about it as they were about the frock. It ended in their buying a book of etiquette, which settled the question adversely to a white waistcoat. The author, however, after being very explicit in telling them not to eat with their knives, and above all not to pick their teeth with their forks,—a thing which he said no lady or gentleman ever did,—was still far from decided as to the kind of cravat Colonel Lapham ought to wear: shaken on other points, Lapham had begun to waver also concerning the black cravat. As to the question of gloves for the Colonel, which suddenly flashed upon him one evening, it appeared never to have entered the thoughts of the etiquette man, as Lapham called him. Other authors on the same subject were equally silent, and Irene could only remember having heard, in some vague sort of way, that gentlemen did not wear gloves so much any more.

Drops of perspiration gathered on Lapham's forehead in the anxiety of the debate; he groaned, and he swore a little in the compromise profanity which he used.

"I declare," said Penelope, where she sat purlblindly sewing on a bit of dress for Irene, "the Colonel's clothes are as much trouble as anybody's. Why don't you go to Jordan & Marsh's and order one of the imported dresses for yourself, father?" That gave them all the relief of a laugh over it, the Colonel joining in piteously.

He had an awful longing to find out from Corey how he ought to go. He formulated and repeated over to himself an apparently careless question, such as, "Oh, by the way, Corey, where do you get your gloves?" This would naturally lead to some talk on the subject, which would, if properly managed, clear up the whole trouble. But Lapham found that he would rather die than ask this question, or any question that would bring up the dinner again. Corey did not recur to it, and Lapham avoided the matter with positive fierceness. He shunned talking with Corey at all, and suffered in grim silence.

One night, before they fell asleep, his wife said to him, "I was reading in one of those books to-day, and I don't believe but what

we've made a mistake if Pen holds out that she won't go."

"Why?" demanded Lapham, in the dismay which beset him at every fresh recurrence to the subject.

"The book says that it's very impolite not to answer a dinner invitation promptly. Well, we've done that all right,—at first I didn't know but what we had been a little too quick, may be,—but then it says if you're not going, that it's the height of rudeness not to let them know at once, so that they can fill your place at the table."

The Colonel was silent for a while. "Well, I'm dummed," he said finally, "if there seems to be any end to this thing. If it was to do over again, I'd say no for all of us."

"I've wished a hundred times they hadn't asked us; but it's too late to think about that now. The question is, what are we going to do about Penelope?"

"Oh, I guess she'll go, at the last moment."

"She says she won't. She took a prejudice against Mrs. Corey that day, and she can't seem to get over it."

"Well, then, hadn't you better write in the morning, as soon as you're up, that she ain't coming?"

Mrs. Lapham sighed helplessly. "I shouldn't know how to get it in. It's so late now; I don't see how I could have the face."

"Well, then, she's got to go, that's all."

"She's set she won't."

"And I'm set she shall," said Lapham, with the loud obstinacy of a man whose women always have their way.

Mrs. Lapham was not supported by the sturdiness of his proclamation.

But she did not know how to do what she knew she ought to do about Penelope, and she let matters drift. After all, the child had a right to stay at home if she did not wish to go. That was what Mrs. Lapham felt, and what she said to her husband next morning, bidding him let Penelope alone, unless she chose herself to go. She said it was too late now to do anything, and she must make the best excuse she could when she saw Mrs. Corey. She began to wish that Irene and her father would go and excuse her too. She could not help saying this, and then she and Lapham had some unpleasant words.

"Look here!" he cried. "Who wanted to go in for these people in the first place? Didn't you come home full of 'em last year, and want me to sell out here and move somewhere else because it didn't seem to suit 'em? And now you want to put it all on me! I ain't going to stand it."

"Hush!" said his wife. "Do you want to raise the house? I *didn't* put it on you, as you

say. You took it on yourself. Ever since that fellow happened to come into the new house that day, you've been perfectly crazy to get in with them. And now you're so afraid you shall do something wrong before 'em, you don't hardly dare to say your life's your own. I declare, if you pester me any more about those gloves, Silas Lapham, I won't go."

"Do you suppose I want to go on my own account?" he demanded furiously.

"No," she admitted. "Of course I don't. I know very well that you're doing it for Irene; but, for goodness gracious sake, don't worry our lives out, and make yourself a perfect laughing-stock before the children."

With this modified concession from her, the quarrel closed in sullen silence on Lapham's part. It was the night before the dinner, and the question of his gloves was still unsettled, and in a fair way to remain so. He had bought a pair, so as to be on the safe side, perspiring in company with the young lady who sold them, and who helped him try them on at the shop; his nails were still full of the powder which she had plentifully peppered into them in order to overcome the resistance of his blunt fingers. But he was uncertain whether he should wear them. They had found a book at last that said the ladies removed their gloves on sitting down at table, but it said nothing about gentlemen's gloves. He left his wife where she stood half hooked and eyed at her glass in her new dress, and went down to his own den beyond the parlor. Before he shut his door he caught a glimpse of Irene trailing up and down before the long mirror in her new dress, followed by the seamstress on her knees; the woman had her mouth full of pins, and from time to time she made Irene stop till she could put one of the pins into her train; Penelope sat in a corner criticising and counseling. It made Lapham sick, and he despised himself and all his brood for the trouble they were taking. But another glance gave him a sight of the young girl's face in the mirror, beautiful and radiant with happiness; and his heart melted again with paternal tenderness and pride. It was going to be a great pleasure to Irene, and Lapham felt that she was bound to cut out anything there. He was vexed with Penelope that she was not going, too; he would have liked to have those people hear her talk. He held his door a little open, and listened to the things she was "getting off" there to Irene. He showed that he felt really hurt and disappointed about Penelope, and the girl's mother made her console him the next evening before they all drove away without her. "You try to look on the bright side of it, father. I guess you'll see that it's best I didn't go when you get

there. Irene needn't open her lips, and they can all see how pretty she is; but they wouldn't know how smart I was unless I talked, and may be then they wouldn't."

This thrust at her father's simple vanity in her made him laugh; and then they drove away, and Penelope shut the door, and went upstairs with her lips firmly shutting in a sob.

XIV.

THE COREYS were one of the few old families who lingered in Bellingham Place, the handsome, quiet old street which the sympathetic observer must grieve to see abandoned to boarding-houses. The dwellings are stately and tall, and the whole place wears an air of aristocratic seclusion, which Mrs. Corey's father might well have thought assured when he left her his house there at his death. It is one of two evidently designed by the same architect who built some houses in a characteristic taste on Beacon street opposite the Common. It has a wooden portico, with slender fluted columns, which have always been painted white, and which, with the delicate moldings of the cornice, form the sole and sufficient decoration of the street front; nothing could be simpler, and nothing could be better. Within, the architect has again indulged his preference for the classic; the roof of the vestibule, wide and low, rests on marble columns, slim and fluted like the wooden columns without, and an ample staircase climbs in a graceful, easy curve from the tessellated pavement. Some carved Venetian *sergni* stretched along the wall; a rug lay at the foot of the stairs; but otherwise the simple adequacy of the architectural intention had been respected, and the place looked bare to the eyes of the Laphams when they entered. The Coreys had once kept a man, but when young Corey began his retrenchments the man had yielded to the neat maid who showed the Colonel into the reception-room and asked the ladies to walk up two flights.

He had his charges from Irene not to enter the drawing-room without her mother, and he spent five minutes in getting on his gloves, for he had desperately resolved to wear them at last. When he had them on, and let his large fists hang down on either side, they looked, in the saffron tint which the shop-girl said his gloves should be of, like canvased hams. He perspired with doubt as he climbed the stairs, and while he waited on the landing for Mrs. Lapham and Irene to come down from above, before going into the drawing-room, he stood staring at his hands, now open and now shut, and breathing hard.

He heard quiet talking beyond the *portière* within, and presently Tom Corey came out.

"Ah, Colonel Lapham! Very glad to see you."

Lapham shook hands with him and gasped, "Waiting for Mis' Lapham," to account for his presence. He had not been able to button his right glove, and he now began, with as much indifference as he could assume, to pull them both off, for he saw that Corey wore none. By the time he had stuffed them into the pocket of his coat-skirt his wife and daughter descended.

Corey welcomed them very cordially too, but looked a little mystified. Mrs. Lapham knew that he was silently inquiring for Penelope, and she did not know whether she ought to excuse her to him first or not. She said nothing, and after a glance toward the regions where Penelope might conjecturally be lingering, he held aside the *portière* for the Laphams to pass, and entered the room with them.

Mrs. Lapham had decided against low-necks on her own responsibility, and had intrenched herself in the safety of a black silk, in which she looked very handsome. Irene wore a dress of one of those shades which only a woman or an artist can decide to be green or blue, and which to other eyes looks both or neither, according to their degrees of ignorance. If it was more like a ball dress than a dinner dress, that might be excused to the exquisite effect. She trailed, a delicate splendor, across the carpet in her mother's somber wake, and the consciousness of success brought a vivid smile to her face. Lapham, pallid with anxiety lest he should somehow disgrace himself, giving thanks to God that he should have been spared the shame of wearing gloves where no one else did, but at the same time despairing that Corey should have seen him in them, had an unwonted aspect of almost pathetic refinement.

Mrs. Corey exchanged a quick glance of surprise and relief with her husband as she started across the room to meet her guests, and in her gratitude to them for being so irreproachable, she threw into her manner a warmth that people did not always find there. "General Lapham?" she said, shaking hands in quick succession with Mrs. Lapham and Irene, and now addressing herself to him.

"No, ma'am, only Colonel," said the honest man, but the lady did not hear him. She was introducing her husband to Lapham's wife and daughter, and Bromfield Corey was already shaking his hand and saying he was very glad to see him again, while he kept his artistic eye on Irene, and apparently could not take it off. Lily Corey gave the Lapham

ladies a greeting which was physically rather than socially cold, and Nanny stood holding Irene's hand in both of hers a moment, and taking in her beauty and her style with a generous admiration which she could afford, for she was herself faultlessly dressed in the quiet taste of her city, and looking very pretty. The interval was long enough to let every man present confide his sense of Irene's beauty to every other; and then, as the party was small, Mrs. Corey made everybody acquainted. When Lapham had not quite understood, he held the person's hand, and, leaning urbanely forward, inquired, "What name?" He did that because a great man to whom he had been presented on the platform at a public meeting had done so to him, and he knew it must be right.

A little lull ensued upon the introductions, and Mrs. Corey said quietly to Mrs. Lapham, "Can I send any one to be of use to Miss Lapham?" as if Penelope must be in the dressing-room.

Mrs. Lapham turned fire-red, and the graceful forms in which she had been intending to excuse her daughter's absence went out of her head. "She isn't upstairs," she said, at her bluntest, as country people are when embarrassed. "She didn't feel just like coming to-night. I don't know as she's feeling very well."

Mrs. Corey emitted a very small "O!"—very small, very cold,—which began to grow larger and hotter and to burn into Mrs. Lapham's soul before Mrs. Corey could add, "I'm very sorry. It's nothing serious, I hope?"

Robert Chase, the painter, had not come, and Mrs. James Bellingham was not there, so that the table really balanced better without Penelope; but Mrs. Lapham could not know this, and did not deserve to know it. Mrs. Corey glanced round the room, as if to take account of her guests, and said to her husband, "I think we are all here, then," and he came forward and gave his arm to Mrs. Lapham. She perceived then that in their determination not to be the first to come, they had been the last, and must have kept the others waiting for them.

Lapham had never seen people go down to dinner arm-in-arm before, but he knew that his wife was distinguished in being taken out by the host, and he waited in jealous impatience to see if Tom Corey would offer his arm to Irene. He gave it to that big girl they called Miss Kingsbury, and the handsome old fellow whom Mrs. Corey had introduced as her cousin took Irene out. Lapham was startled from the misgiving in which this left him by Mrs. Corey's passing her hand through his arm, and he made a sudden movement

forward, but felt himself gently restrained. They went out the last of all; he did not know why, but he submitted, and when they sat down he saw that Irene, although she had come in with that Mr. Bellingham, was seated beside young Corey, after all.

He fetched a long sigh of relief when he sank into his chair and felt himself safe from error if he kept a sharp lookout and did only what the others did. Bellingham had certain habits which he permitted himself, and one of these was tucking the corner of his napkin into his collar; he confessed himself an uncertain shot with a spoon, and defended his practice on the ground of neatness and common sense. Lapham put his napkin into his collar too, and then, seeing that no one but Bellingham did it, became alarmed and took it out again slyly. He never had wine on his table at home, and on principle he was a prohibitionist; but now he did not know just what to do about the glasses at the right of his plate. He had a notion to turn them all down, as he had read of a well-known politician's doing at a public dinner, to show that he did not take wine; but, after twiddling with one of them a moment, he let them be, for it seemed to him that would be a little too conspicuous, and he felt that every one was looking. He let the servant fill them all, and he drank out of each, not to appear odd. Later, he observed that the young ladies were not taking wine, and he was glad to see that Irene had refused it, and that Mrs. Lapham was letting it stand untasted. He did not know but he ought to decline some of the dishes, or at least leave most of some on his plate, but he was not able to decide; he took everything and ate everything.

He noticed that Mrs. Corey seemed to take no more trouble about the dinner than anybody, and Mr. Corey rather less; he was talking busily to Mrs. Lapham, and Lapham caught a word here and there that convinced him she was holding her own. He was getting on famously himself with Mrs. Corey, who had begun with him about his new house; he was telling her all about it, and giving her his ideas. Their conversation naturally included his architect across the table; Lapham had been delighted and secretly surprised to find the fellow there; and at something Seymour said the talk spread suddenly, and the pretty house he was building for Colonel Lapham became the general theme. Young Corey testified to its loveliness, and the architect said laughingly that if he had been able to make a nice thing of it, he owed it to the practical sympathy of his client.

"Practical sympathy is good," said Bromfield Corey; and, slanting his head confiden-

tially to Mrs. Lapham, he added, "Does he bleed your husband, Mrs. Lapham? He's a terrible fellow for appropriations!"

Mrs. Lapham laughed, reddening consciously, and said she guessed the Colonel knew how to take care of himself. This struck Lapham, then draining his glass of sauterne, as wonderfully discreet in his wife.

Bromfield Corey leaned back in his chair a moment. "Well, after all, you can't say, with all your modern fuss about it, that you do much better now than the old fellows who built such houses as this."

"Ah," said the architect, "nobody can do better than well. Your house is in perfect taste; you know I've always admired it; and I don't think it's at all the worse for being old-fashioned. What we've done is largely to go back of the hideous style that raged after they forgot how to make this sort of house. But I think we may claim a better feeling for structure. We use better material, and more wisely; and by and by we shall work out something more characteristic and original."

"With your chocolates and olives, and your clutter of bric-à-brac?"

"All that's bad, of course, but I don't mean that. I don't wish to make you envious of Colonel Lapham, and modesty prevents my saying that his house is prettier,—though I may have my convictions,—but it's better built. All the new houses are better built. Now, your house——"

"Mrs. Corey's house," interrupted the host, with a burlesque haste in disclaiming responsibility for it that made them all laugh. "*My* ancestral halls are in Salem, and I'm told you couldn't drive a nail into their timbers; in fact, I don't know that you would want to do it."

"I should consider it a species of sacrilege," answered Seymour, "and I shall be far from pressing the point I was going to make against a house of Mrs. Corey's."

This won Seymour the easy laugh, and Lapham silently wondered that the fellow never got off any of those things to him.

"Well," said Corey, "you architects and the musicians are the true and only artistic creators. All the rest of us, sculptors, painters, novelists, and tailors, deal with forms that we have before us; we try to imitate, we try to represent. But you two sorts of artists create form. If you represent, you fail. Somehow or other you do evolve the camel out of your inner consciousness."

"I will not deny the soft impeachment," said the architect, with a modest air.

"I dare say. And you'll own that it's very handsome of me to say this, after your unjustifiable attack on Mrs. Corey's property."

Bromfield Corey addressed himself again to

Mrs. Lapham, and the talk subdivided itself as before. It lapsed so entirely away from the subject just in hand, that Lapham was left with rather a good idea, as he thought it, to perish in his mind, for want of a chance to express it. The only thing like a recurrence to what they had been saying was Bromfield Corey's warning Mrs. Lapham, in some connection that Lapham lost, against Miss Kingsbury. "She's worse," he was saying, "when it comes to appropriations than Seymour himself. Depend upon it, Mrs. Lapham, she will give you no peace of your mind, now she's met you, from this out. Her tender mercies are cruel; and I leave you to supply the context from your own scriptural knowledge. Beware of her, and all her works. She calls them works of charity; but heaven knows whether they are. It don't stand to reason that she gives the poor *all* the money she gets out of people. I have my own belief"—he gave it in a whisper for the whole table to hear—"that she spends it for champagne and cigars."

Lapham did not know about that kind of talking; but Miss Kingsbury seemed to enjoy the fun as much as anybody, and he laughed with the rest.

"You shall be asked to the very next debauch of the committee, Mr. Corey; then you won't dare expose us," said Miss Kingsbury.

"I wonder you haven't been down upon Corey to go to the Chardon street home and talk with your indigent Italians in their native tongue," said Charles Bellingham. "I saw in the 'Transcript' the other night that you wanted some one for the work."

"We did think of Mr. Corey," replied Miss Kingsbury; "but we reflected that he probably wouldn't talk with them at all; he would make them keep still to be sketched, and forget all about their wants."

Upon the theory that this was a fair return for Corey's pleasantry, the others laughed again.

"There is one charity," said Corey, pretending superiority to Miss Kingsbury's point, "that is so difficult I wonder it hasn't occurred to a lady of your courageous invention."

"Yes?" said Miss Kingsbury. "What is that?"

"The occupation, by deserving poor of neat habits, of all the beautiful, airy, wholesome houses that stand empty the whole summer long, while their owners are away in their lowly cots beside the sea."

"Yes, that is terrible," replied Miss Kingsbury, with quick earnestness, while her eyes grew moist. "I have often thought of our great, cool houses standing useless here, and

the thousands of poor creatures stifling in their holes and dens, and the little children dying for wholesome shelter. How cruelly selfish we are!"

"That is a very comfortable sentiment, Miss Kingsbury," said Corey, "and must make you feel almost as if you had thrown open No. 931 to the whole North End. But I am serious about this matter. I spend my summers in town, and I occupy my own house, so that I can speak impartially and intelligently; and I tell you that in some of my walks on the Hill and down on the Back Bay, nothing but the surveillance of the local policeman prevents me from personally affronting those long rows of close-shuttered, handsome, brutally insensible houses. If I were a poor man, with a sick child pining in some garret or cellar at the North End, I should break into one of them, and camp out on the grand piano."

"Surely, Bromfield," said his wife, "you don't consider what havoc such people would make with the furniture of a nice house!"

"That is true," answered Corey, with meek conviction. "I never thought of that."

"And if you were a poor man with a sick child, I doubt if you'd have so much heart for burglary as you have now," said James Bellingham.

"It's wonderful how patient they are," said Mr. Sewell, the minister. "The spectacle of the hopeless luxury and comfort the hard-working poor man sees around him must be hard to bear at times."

Lapham wanted to speak up and say that he had been there himself, and knew how such a man felt. He wanted to tell them that generally a poor man was satisfied if he could make both ends meet; that he didn't envy any one his good luck, if he had earned it, so long as he wasn't running under himself. But before he could get the courage to address the whole table, Sewell added, "I suppose he don't always think of it."

"But some day he *will* think about it," said Corey. "In fact, we rather invite him to think about it, in this country."

"My brother-in-law," said Charles Bellingham, with the pride a man feels in a mentionably remarkable brother-in-law, "has no end of fellows at work under him out there at Omaha, and he says it's the fellows from countries where they've been kept from thinking about it that are discontented. The Americans never make any trouble. They seem to understand that so long as we give unlimited opportunity, nobody has a right to complain."

"What do you hear from Leslie?" asked Mrs. Corey, turning from these profitless abstractions to Mrs. Bellingham.

"You know," said that lady in a lower tone, "that there is another baby?"

*

"No! I hadn't heard of it!"

"Yes; a boy. They have named him after his uncle."

"Yes," said Charles Bellingham, joining in. "He is said to be a noble boy and to resemble me."

"All boys of that tender age are noble," said Corey, "and look like anybody you wish them to resemble. Is Leslie still homesick for the bean-pots of her native Boston?"

"She is getting over it, I fancy," replied Mrs. Bellingham. "She's very much taken up with Mr. Blake's enterprises, and leads a very exciting life. She says she's like people who have been home from Europe three years; she's past the most poignant stage of regret, and hasn't reached the second, when they feel that they *must* go again."

Lapham leaned a little toward Mrs. Corey, and said of a picture which he saw on the wall opposite, "Picture of your daughter, I presume?"

"No; my daughter's grandmother. It's a Stuart Newton; he painted a great many Salem beauties. She was a Miss Polly Burroughs. My daughter is like her, don't you think?" They both looked at Nanny Corey and then at the portrait. "Those pretty old-fashioned dresses are coming in again. I'm not surprised you took it for her. The others" — she referred to the other portraits more or less darkling on the walls — "are my people; mostly Copleys."

These names, unknown to Lapham, went to his head like the wine he was drinking; they seemed to carry light for the moment, but a film of deeper darkness followed. He heard Charles Bellingham telling funny stories to Irene and trying to amuse the girl; she was laughing and seemed very happy. From time to time Bellingham took part in the general talk between the host and James Bellingham and Miss Kingsbury and that minister, Mr. Sewell. They talked of people mostly; it astonished Lapham to hear with what freedom they talked. They discussed these persons unsparingly; James Bellingham spoke of a man known to Lapham for his business success and great wealth as not a gentleman; his cousin Charles said he was surprised that the fellow had kept from being governor so long.

When the latter turned from Irene to make one of these excursions into the general talk, young Corey talked to her; and Lapham caught some words from which it seemed that they were speaking of Penelope. It vexed him to think she had not come; she could have talked as well as any of them; she was just as bright; and Lapham was aware that Irene was not as bright, though when he looked at her face,

radiant with its young beauty and happiness, he said to himself that it did not make any difference. He felt that he was not holding up his end of the line, however. When some one spoke to him he could only summon a few words of reply, that seemed to lead to nothing; things often came into his mind appropriate to what they were saying, but before he could get them out they were off on something else; they jumped about so, he could not keep up; but he felt, all the same, that he was not doing himself justice.

At one time the talk ran off upon a subject that Lapham had never heard talked of before; but again he was vexed that Penelope was not there, to have her say; he believed that her say would have been worth hearing.

Miss Kingsbury leaned forward and asked Charles Bellingham if he had read "Tears, Idle Tears," the novel that was making such a sensation; and when he said no, she said she wondered at him. "It's perfectly heart-breaking, as you'll imagine from the name; but there's such a dear old-fashioned hero and heroine in it, who keep dying for each other all the way through and making the most wildly satisfactory and unnecessary sacrifices for each other. You feel as if you'd done them yourself."

"Ah, that's the secret of its success," said Bromfield Corey. "It flatters the reader by painting the characters colossal, but with his chin and lips, so that he feels himself of their supernatural proportions. You've read it, Nanny?"

"Yes," said his daughter. "It ought to have been called 'Slop, Idle Slop.'"

"Oh, not quite *slop*, Nanny," pleaded Miss Kingsbury.

"It's astonishing," said Charles Bellingham, "how we do like the books that go for our heart-strings. And I really suppose that you can't put a more popular thing than self-sacrifice into a novel. We do like to see people suffering sublimely."

"There was talk some years ago," said James Bellingham, "about novels going out."

"They're just coming in!" cried Miss Kingsbury.

"Yes," said Mr. Sewell, the minister. "And I don't think there ever was a time when they formed the whole intellectual experience of more people. They do greater mischief than ever."

"Don't be envious, parson," said the host.

"No," answered Sewell. "I should be glad of their help. But those novels with old-fashioned heroes and heroines in them—excuse me, Miss Kingsbury—are ruinous!"

"Don't you feel like a moral wreck, Miss Kingsbury?" asked the host.

But Sewell went on: "The novelists might be the greatest possible help to us if they painted life as it is, and human feelings in their true proportion and relation, but for the most part they have been and are altogether noxious."

This seemed sense to Lapham; but Bromfield Corey asked: "But what if life as it is isn't amusing? Aren't we to be amused?"

"Not to our hurt," sturdily answered the minister. "And the self-sacrifice painted in most novels like this——"

"Slop, Idle Slop?" suggested the proud father of the inventor of the phrase.

"Yes—is nothing but psychical suicide, and is as wholly immoral as the spectacle of a man falling upon his sword."

"Well, I don't know but you're right, parson," said the host; and the minister, who had apparently got upon a battle-horse of his, careered onward in spite of some tacit attempts of his wife to seize the bridle.

"Right? To be sure I am right. The whole business of love, and love-making and marrying, is painted by the novelists in a monstrous disproportion to the other relations of life. Love is very sweet, very pretty——"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Sewell," said Nanny Corey in a way that set them all laughing.

"But it's the affair, commonly, of very young people, who have not yet character and experience enough to make them interesting. In novels it's treated, not only as if it were the chief interest of life, but the sole interest of the lives of two ridiculous young persons; and it is taught that love is perpetual, that the glow of a true passion lasts forever; and that it is sacrilege to think or act otherwise."

"Well, but isn't that true, Mr. Sewell?" pleaded Miss Kingsbury.

"I have known some most estimable people who had married a second time," said the minister, and then he had the applause with him. Lapham wanted to make some open recognition of his good sense, but could not.

"I suppose the passion itself has been a good deal changed," said Bromfield Corey, "since the poets began to idealize it in the days of chivalry."

"Yes; and it ought to be changed again," said Mr. Sewell.

"What! Back?"

"I don't say that. But it ought to be recognized as something natural and mortal, and divine honors, which belong to righteousness alone, ought not to be paid it."

"Oh, you ask too much, parson," laughed his host, and the talk wandered away to something else.

It was not an elaborate dinner; but Lap-

ham was used to having everything on the table at once, and this succession of dishes bewildered him; he was afraid perhaps he was eating too much. He now no longer made any pretense of not drinking his wine, for he was thirsty, and there was no more water, and he hated to ask for any. The ice-cream came, and then the fruit. Suddenly Mrs. Corey rose and said across the table to her husband, "I suppose you will want your coffee here." And he replied, "Yes; we'll join you at tea."

The ladies all rose, and the gentlemen got up with them. Lapham started to follow Mrs. Corey, but the other men merely stood in their places, except young Corey, who ran and opened the door for his mother. Lapham thought with shame that it was he who ought to have done that; but no one seemed to notice, and he sat down again gladly, after kicking out one of his legs which had gone to sleep.

They brought in cigars with coffee, and Bromfield Corey advised Lapham to take one that he chose for him. Lapham confessed that he liked a good cigar about as well as anybody, and Corey said: "These are new. I had an Englishman here the other day who was smoking old cigars in the superstition that tobacco improved with age, like wine."

"Ah," said Lapham, "anybody who had ever lived off a tobacco country could tell him better than that." With the fuming cigar between his lips he felt more at home than he had before. He turned sidewise in his chair and, resting one arm on the back, intertwined the fingers of both hands, and smoked at large ease.

James Bellingham came and sat down by him. "Colonel Lapham, weren't you with the 96th Vermont when they charged across the river in front of Pickensburg, and the rebel battery opened fire on them in the water?"

Lapham slowly shut his eyes and slowly dropped his head for assent, letting out a white volume of smoke from the corner of his mouth.

"I thought so," said Bellingham. "I was with the 85th Massachusetts, and I sha'n't forget that slaughter. We were all new to it still. Perhaps that's why it made such an impression."

"I don't know," suggested Charles Bellingham. "Was there anything much more impressive afterward? I read of it out in Missouri, where I was stationed at the time, and I recollect the talk of some old army men about it. They said that death-rate couldn't be beaten. I don't know that it ever was."

"About one in five of us got out safe,"

said Lapham, breaking his cigar-ash off on the edge of a plate. James Bellingham reached him a bottle of Apollinaris. He drank a glass, and then went on smoking.

They all waited, as if expecting him to speak, and then Corey said: "How incredible those things seem already! You gentlemen *know* that they happened; but are you still able to believe it?"

"Ah, nobody *feels* that anything happened," said Charles Bellingham. "The past of one's experience doesn't differ a great deal from the past of one's knowledge. It isn't much more probable; it's really a great deal less vivid than some scenes in a novel that one read when a boy."

"I'm not sure of that," said James Bellingham.

"Well, James, neither am I," consented his cousin, helping himself from Lapham's Apollinaris bottle. "There would be very little talking at dinner if one only said the things that one was sure of."

The others laughed, and Bromfield Corey remarked thoughtfully, "What astonishes the craven civilian in all these things is the abundance — the superabundance — of heroism. The cowards were the exception; the men that were ready to die, the rule."

"The woods were full of them," said Lapham, without taking his cigar from his mouth.

"That's a nice little touch in 'School,'" interposed Charles Bellingham, "where the girl says to the fellow who was at Inkerman, 'I should think you would be so proud of it,' and he reflects awhile, and says, 'Well, the fact is, you know, there were so many of us.'"

"Yes, I remember that," said James Bellingham, smiling for pleasure in it. "But I don't see why you claim the credit of being a craven civilian, Bromfield," he added, with a friendly glance at his brother-in-law, and with the willingness Boston men often show to turn one another's good points to the light in company; bred so intimately together at school and college and in society, they all know these points. "A man who was out with Garibaldi in '48," continued James Bellingham.

"Oh, a little amateur red-shirting," Corey interrupted in deprecation. "But even if you choose to dispute my claim, what has become of all the heroism? Tom, how many club men do you know who would think it sweet and fitting to die for their country?"

"I can't think of a great many at the moment, sir," replied the son, with the modesty of his generation.

"And I couldn't in '61," said his uncle. "Nevertheless they were there."

"Then your theory is that it's the occasion that is wanting," said Bromfield Corey. "But why shouldn't civil-service reform, and the resumption of specie payment, and a tariff for revenue only, inspire heroes? They are all good causes."

"It's the occasion that's wanting," said James Bellingham, ignoring the *persiflage*. "And I'm very glad of it."

"So am I," said Lapham, with a depth of feeling that expressed itself in spite of the haze in which his brain seemed to float. There was a great deal of the talk that he could not follow; it was too quick for him; but here was something he was clear of. "I don't want to see any more men killed in my time." Something serious, something somber must lurk behind these words, and they waited for Lapham to say more; but the haze closed round him again, and he remained silent, drinking Apollinaris.

"We non-combatants were notoriously reluctant to give up fighting," said Mr. Sewell, the minister; "but I incline to think Colonel Lapham and Mr. Bellingham may be right. I dare say we shall have the heroism again if we have the occasion. Till it comes, we must content ourselves with the every-day generousities and sacrifices. They make up in quantity what they lack in quality, perhaps."

"They're not so picturesque," said Bromfield Corey. "You can paint a man dying for his country, but you can't express on canvas a man fulfilling the duties of a good citizen."

"Perhaps the novelists will get at him by and by," suggested Charles Bellingham. "If I were one of these fellows, I shouldn't propose to myself anything short of that."

"What: the commonplace?" asked his cousin.

"Commonplace? The commonplace is just that light, impalpable, aerial essence which they've never got into their confounded books yet. The novelist who could interpret the common feelings of commonplace people would have the answer to 'the riddle of the painful earth' on his tongue."

"Oh, not so bad as that, I hope," said the host; and Lapham looked from one to the other, trying to make out what they were at. He had never been so up a tree before.

"I suppose it isn't well for us to see human nature at white heat habitually," continued Bromfield Corey, after a while. "It would make us vain of our species. Many a poor fellow in that war and in many another has gone into battle simply and purely for his country's sake, not knowing whether, if he laid down his life, he should ever find it again, or whether, if he took it up hereafter, he should

take it up in heaven or hell. Come, parson!" he said, turning to the minister, "what has ever been conceived of omnipotence, of omniscience, so sublime, so divine as that?"

"Nothing," answered the minister, quietly. "God has never been imagined at all. But if you suppose such a man as that was Authorized, I think it will help you to imagine what God must be."

"There's sense in that," said Lapham. He took his cigar out of his mouth, and pulled his chair a little toward the table, on which he placed his ponderous fore-arms. "I want to tell you about a fellow I had in my own company when we first went out. We were all privates to begin with; after a while they elected me captain—I'd had the tavern stand, and most of 'em knew me. But Jim Millon never got to be anything more than corporal; corporal when he was killed." The others arrested themselves in various attitudes of attention, and remained listening to Lapham with an interest that profoundly flattered him. Now, at last, he felt that he was holding up his end of the rope. "I can't say he went into the thing from the highest motives, altogether; our motives are always pretty badly mixed, and when there's such a hurrah-boys as there was then, you can't tell which is which. I suppose Jim Millon's wife was enough to account for his going, herself. She was a pretty bad assortment," said Lapham, lowering his voice and glancing round at the door to make sure that it was shut, and she used to lead Jim *one* kind of life. "Well, sir," continued Lapham, synthezizing his auditors in that form of address, "that fellow used to save every cent of his pay and send it to that woman. Used to get me to do it for him. I tried to stop him. 'Why, Jim,' said I, 'you know what she'll do with it.' 'That's so, Cap,' says he, 'but I don't know what she'll do without it.' And it did keep her straight—straight as a string—as long as Jim lasted. Seemed as if there was something mysterious about it. They had a little girl,—about as old as my oldest girl,—and Jim used to talk to me about her. Guess he done it as much for her as for the mother; and he said to me before the last action we went into, 'I should like to turn tail and run, Cap. I ain't comin' out o' this one. But I don't suppose it would do.' 'Well, not for you, Jim,' said I. 'I want to live,' he says; and he bust out crying right there in my tent. 'I want to live for poor Molly and Zerrilla'—that's what they called the little one; I dunno where they got the name. 'I ain't ever had half a chance; and now she's doing better, and I believe we should get along after this.' He set there cryin' like a baby. But he

wa'n't no baby when he went into action. I hated to look at him after it was over, not so much because he'd got a ball that was meant for me by a sharp-shooter—he saw the devil takin' aim, and he jumped to warn me—as because he didn't look like Jim; he looked like—fun; all desperate and savage. I guess he died hard."

The story made its impression, and Lapham saw it. "Now I say," he resumed, as if he felt that he was going to do himself justice, and say something to heighten the effect his story had produced. At the same time, he was aware of a certain want of clearness. He had the idea, but it floated vague, elusive, in his brain. He looked about as if for something to precipitate it in tangible shape.

"Apollinaris?" asked Charles Bellingham, handing the bottle from the other side. He had drawn his chair closer than the rest to Lapham's, and was listening with great interest. When Mrs. Corey asked him to meet Lapham he accepted gladly. "You know I go in for that sort of thing, Anna. Since Leslie's affair we're rather bound to do it. And I think we meet these practical fellows too little. There's always something original about them." He might naturally have believed that the reward of his faith was coming.

"Thanks, I will take some of this wine," said Lapham, pouring himself a glass of Madeira from a black and dusty bottle caressed by a label bearing the date of the vintage. He tossed off the wine, unconscious of its preciousness, and waited for the result. That cloudiness in his brain disappeared before it, but a mere blank remained. He not only could not remember what he was going to say, but he could not recall what they had been talking about. They waited, looking at him, and he stared at them in return. After a while he heard the host saying, "Shall we join the ladies?"

Lapham went, trying to think what had happened. It seemed to him a long time since he had drunk that wine.

Miss Corey gave him a cup of tea, where he stood aloof from his wife, who was talking with Miss Kingsbury and Mrs. Sewell; Irene was with Miss Nanny Corey. He could not hear what they were talking about; but if Penelope had come he knew that she would have done them all credit. He meant to let her know how he felt about her behavior when he got home. It was a shame for her to miss such a chance. Irene was looking beautiful, as pretty as all the rest of them put together, but she was not talking, and Lapham perceived that at a dinner party you ought to talk. He was himself conscious of having talked very well. He now wore an air

of great dignity, and, in conversing with the other gentlemen, he used a grave and weighty deliberation. Some of them wanted him to go into the library. There he gave his ideas of books. He said he had not much time for anything but the papers; but he was going to have a complete library in his new place. He made an elaborate acknowledgment to Bromfield Corey of his son's kindness in suggesting books for his library; he said that he had ordered them all, and that he meant to have pictures. He asked Mr. Corey who was about the best American painter going now. "I don't set up to be a judge of pictures, but I know what I like," he said. He lost the reserve which he had maintained earlier, and began to boast. He himself introduced the subject of his paint, in a natural transition from pictures; he said Mr. Corey must take a run up to Lapham with him some day, and see the Works; they would interest him, and he would drive him round the country; he kept most of his horses up there, and he could show Mr. Corey some of the finest Jersey grades in the country. He told about his brother William, the judge at Dubuque; and a farm he had out there that paid for itself every year in wheat. As he cast off all fear, his voice rose, and he hammered his arm-chair with the thick of his hand for emphasis. Mr. Corey seemed impressed; he sat perfectly quiet, listening, and Lapham saw the other gentlemen stop in their talk every now and then to listen. After this proof of his ability to interest them, he would have liked to have Mrs. Lapham suggest again that he was unequal to their society, or to the society of anybody else. He surprised himself by his ease among men whose names had hitherto overawed him. He got to calling Bromfield Corey by his surname alone. He did not understand why young Corey seemed so preoccupied, and he took occasion to tell the company how he had said to his wife the first time he saw that fellow that he could make a man of him if he had him in the business; and he guessed he was not mistaken. He began to tell stories of the different young men he had had in his employ. At last he had the talk altogether to himself; no one else talked, and he talked unceasingly. It was a great time; it was a triumph.

He was in this successful mood when word came to him that Mrs. Lapham was going; Tom Corey seemed to have brought it, but he was not sure. Anyway, he was not going to hurry. He made cordial invitations to each of the gentlemen to drop in and see him at his office, and would not be satisfied till he had exacted a promise from each. He told Charles Bellingham that he liked

him, and assured James Bellingham that it had always been his ambition to know him, and that if any one had said when he first came to Boston that in less than ten years he should be hobnobbing with Jim Bellingham, he should have told that person he lied. He would have told anybody he lied that had told him ten years ago that a son of Bromfield Corey would have come and asked him to take him into the business. Ten years ago he, Silas Lapham, had come to Boston, a little worse off than nothing at all, for he was in debt for half the money that he had bought out his partner with, and here he was now worth a million, and meeting you gentlemen like one of you. And every cent of that was honest money,—no speculation,—every copper of it for value received. And here, only the other day, his old partner, who had been going to the dogs ever since he went out of the business, came and borrowed twenty thousand dollars of him! Lapham lent it because his wife wanted him to: she had always felt bad about the fellow's having to go out of the business.

He took leave of Mr. Sewell with patronizing affection, and bade him come to him if he ever got into a tight place with his parish work; he would let him have all the money he wanted; he had more money than he knew what to do with. "Why, when your wife sent to mine last fall," he said, turning to Mr. Corey, "I drew my check for five hundred dollars, but my wife wouldn't take more than one hundred; said she wasn't going to show off before Mrs. Corey. I call that a pretty good joke on Mrs. Corey. I must tell her how Mrs. Lapham done her out of a cool four hundred dollars."

He started toward the door of the drawing-room to take leave of the ladies; but Tom Corey was at his elbow, saying, "I think Mrs. Lapham is waiting for you below, sir," and in obeying the direction Corey gave him toward another door he forgot all about his purpose, and came away without saying good-night to his hostess.

Mrs. Lapham had not known how soon she ought to go, and had no idea that in her quality of chief guest she was keeping the others. She staid till eleven o'clock, and was a little frightened when she found what time it was; but Mrs. Corey, without pressing her to stay longer, had said it was not at all late. She and Irene had had a perfect time. Every-

body had been very polite; on the way home they celebrated the amiability of both the Miss Coreys and of Miss Kingsbury. Mrs. Lapham thought that Mrs. Bellingham was about the pleasantest person she ever saw; she had told her all about her married daughter who had married an inventor and gone to live in Omaha—a Mrs. Blake.

"If it's that car-wheel Blake," said Lapham, proudly, "I know all about him. I've sold him tons of the paint."

"Pooh, papa! How you do smell of smoking!" cried Irene.

"Pretty strong, eh?" laughed Lapham, letting down a window of the carriage. His heart was throbbing wildly in the close air, and he was glad of the rush of cold that came in, though it stopped his tongue, and he listened more and more drowsily to the rejoicings that his wife and daughter exchanged. He meant to have them wake Penelope up and tell her what she had lost; but when he reached home he was too sleepy to suggest it. He fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, full of supreme triumph.

But in the morning his skull was sore with the unconscious, night-long ache; and he rose cross and taciturn. They had a silent breakfast. In the cold gray light of the morning the glories of the night before showed poorer. Here and there a painful doubt obtruded itself and marred them with its awkward shadow. Penelope sent down word that she was not well, and was not coming to breakfast, and Lapham was glad to go to his office without seeing her.

He was severe and silent all day with his clerks, and peremptory with customers. Of Corey he was slyly observant, and as the day wore away he grew more restively conscious. He sent out word by his office-boy that he would like to see Mr. Corey for a few minutes after closing. The type-writer girl had lingered too, as if she wished to speak with him, and Corey stood in abeyance as she went toward Lapham's door.

"Can't see you to-night, Zerrilla," he said bluffly, but not unkindly. "Perhaps I'll call at the house, if it's important."

"It is," said the girl, with a spoiled air of insistence.

"Well," said Lapham; and, nodding to Corey to enter, he closed the door upon her. Then he turned to the young man and demanded: "Was I drunk last night?"

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

THE COLONISTS AT HOME.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

I.

THE HOUSE.



COCKED HAT. (FROM AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "NEW YORK GAZETTE," 1765.)

was the first house of some of the earliest Pennsylvanians. Almost as primitive was the life of certain backwoods Virginians of a later period, who dwelt in the capacious trunks of hollow sycamores, and lost their corn by irruptions of buffaloes. In parts of New England, in New Netherland, and in Pennsylvania, many of the first-comers began the new world as cave-dwellers in cellars, which were usually formed by digging into a bank; the earth at the sides was supported by timbers; the roofs were of bark, or, better, of turf. To account these warm burrows merely a novel device evolved to meet the exigency of the situation might be an error, since there were at that time in the midland counties of England, as well as in parts of France, people living in subterranean caves and others in cabins of "mud." The primitive house of clay, built above ground, appears to have been known on the Delaware, where at least one such house was standing as late as the middle of the eighteenth century. Men can with difficulty originate, even in a new hemisphere; perhaps the most the earlier colonists could do was to modify some device already known in the familiar life of Europe, or to improve upon some shift borrowed from the savages about them. Of thirty buildings on Manhattan in 1626, all but one were of bark; the bark wigwam was, indeed, a very common resort of American pioneers. In the Middle and South this took the form of the "half-faced camp," which was a wigwam with one side open. The open side served for door, for window, and for fire-place, the fire being directly in front of it. The half-faced

camp was sometimes built more substantially of logs, and at the South it was in some cases only a booth with sides and roof of palmetto leaves. Even that most American of houses, the log-cabin, cannot be said to have originated with the settlers. It has probably been known to every race of people who constructed dwellings in a well-wooded country. In the time of Tacitus, the Teutonic tribes built with "rude, unkewn timbers," and the Indians of the Muscogee confederacy had winter houses of logs. The hut of round logs, notched at the corners, with open cracks, and without floor or loft, was the rudest form known to the American settlers; the addition of a floor of rough puncheons hewn out with an axe was a first step in its evolution. Then came the chinking of the cracks with bits of wood and the daubing of these with clay. There were many cabins without chinking or daubing; one man had his head bitten by a hungry wolf which thrust its nozzle through the open cracks of his dwelling while he was asleep. Some lightly covered the cracks by attaching long, rough shingles, called clapboards, by pegs, to the outside of the logs; some, quite omitting the logs, made a slighter house by hanging the clapboards on a frame. The dwellers in these undaubed and windy structures, whether of logs or clapboards, burned their faces by the fire to keep from freezing, and sometimes watched at night by turns to keep the great fire from going down. On the frontier, the house of logs from which the bark had been peeled was a mark of gentility, and a second story was a luxury, although the most honored guest might have to reach his chamber under the roof-poles by ascending steps on the outside, or by climbing up a perpendicular ladder within the house. A dwelling of logs hewn and squared with the broad-axe and adze was the highest of the kind; in some places it distinguished its owner as a man of superior wealth and social dignity.

Nails were scarce and wrought by hand on the anvils of the colonial blacksmiths; lawless people were accustomed to procure them by burning down uninhabited dwellings. Very many houses were built without iron; the hinges and latches were of wood, and the shingles or clapboards of the roof were held

in place by "weight timbers." The nipping draughts that whistled through the crevices of the log walls, the puncheon floor, and the clapboard roof rendered necessary a huge uproaring fire within the fire-place, which was of a size proportioned to the coldness of the house and the inexhaustible supply of fuel. The chimneys were usually built of sticks of wood and well plastered on the inside with clay. These "katted" chimneys, as they were called in New England, often took fire, and in the towns were a constant source of anxiety during the earlier years of the colonies, when conflagrations could only be extinguished by forming lines of men to pass up pails of water. The fire-engines, where there were any, could only throw water which had been poured into them from pails; it was after more than a quarter of the eighteenth century had elapsed that engines were brought which had "suction." Throughout the whole colonial period the chimney-sweep was in request; hanging his blanket across the wide fire-place, he worked his way to the top, where, thrusting his sooty head out, he gave notice of the completion of his task by singing:

"Sweep O! sweep O!
There are sweepers in high life as well as in low."

"Bring oiled paper for your windows," writes one of the Plymouth pilgrims to some who were about to come over. Window-glass was not then in general use in England, and oiled paper for a long time let a dusky light into the obscure rooms of many settlers' houses. The Swedish pioneers on the Delaware used sheets of mica—"muscovy-glass," it was called—for the same purpose. Farther toward the south, where winter was less feared, a board shutter, sometimes "made very pretty and convenient," was at first the main device for closing a window, but about 1700 "windows shast with crystal glass"—that is, with glass that one could see through—are spoken of as a luxury recently affected by the Virginia gentry.

Many of the earliest houses were far from being rude. Five years after the first landing, the Jamestown colonists began to build the lower story of their "competent and decent houses" of brick of their own burning. In New England some substantial houses were erected very early; New Haven people built city houses at the outset; but primitive Carolina dwellings were of rough clapboards nailed to a frame; and the houses of the poor were generally left unplastered, not only in Carolina, but as far north as Connecticut. Paint was rarely seen outside of the larger towns. Oyster-shell lime was the material

most commonly in use for plastering; often the walls were covered with mortar from the nearest clay-bank, and whitewashed with shell lime. A concrete of oyster shells, called "tabby," was much used on the southern coast; walls and columns of this material, built before the Revolution, are still standing. Oglethorpe, true to his military ideals, had all freeholders' houses in Savannah, his own included, made exactly alike: twenty-four feet long and sixteen broad, inclosed with feather-edge clapboards, roofed with shingles, and floored with deals. It was a city of shanties—a fixed military encampment. Penn planned a somewhat larger house for his colonists, to be divided into two rooms, the walls clapboarded outside and in, the intervening space filled with earth, the ground floor of clay, and a loft floor of boards. He reckoned that such a house might last ten years. A common form of cottage in parts of New England was built eighteen feet square with eaves seven feet high, and a loft in the peak of the roof. To these pioneer dwellings we must add the New Jersey house, introduced by the Swedish pioneers. The sides of this were palisades of split timbers, set upright. Nor should I omit from the list the abodes of some of the aquatic Dutch, who dwelt with their families all the year round aboard their sloops plying in the rivers and bays about New York, and up the Hudson to Albany, just as their ancestors, the Holland boatmen, had lived upon the rivers and canals of the Low Countries, and as their New York successors to-day rear families on far-wandering lighters and canal-boats.

Life in the pioneer houses was necessarily simple and generally rude. With the ambitious settler, a cave-house or cabin was but a rough thoroughfare to a better lot, when the stubborn phalanx of forest trees should have been gradually beaten back, and when the disencumbered fields should yield a surplus, and leisure and comfort compensate for hard beginnings. But there was another class whose congenial home was the puncheon floor and mud-daubed walls. These people, who had not yet emerged from Saxon barbarism, were hereditary pioneers. As soon as neighbors approached them, the log-cabin dwellers sold their little clearings to a race of thrifter men, and pushed farther into the woods, where wild food was plentiful and where manners and morals were unfettered. Their social pleasures were marked by rude jollity without any attempt at luxury or display, or any regard for the restraints of refinement; they were hospitable, generous, fierce, coarse, superstitious, and fond of strong drink; given to fighting, and some of them to the barbarous

diversion of gouging out one another's eyes. Indian wars and their own barbarity have wrought the extermination of some of the worst strains in this tribe of log-hut builders.

The finer American houses* were for the most part imitated from the forms prevailing at the same period in England. The large room called "the hall"—a relic of the primitive undivided Anglo-Saxon dwelling—was the most striking feature of many of the better dwellings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There exist to-day examples of colonial architecture in which a great hall that served for an assembly-room dominates the whole building. For instance, Drayton Hall, on the Ashley River, in South Carolina, is a brick dwelling in a style seen in some English country houses of the same period. In front there are steps, leading up to a stately portico. One enters thence into a spacious room in the middle of the house, for the only unvarying trait of a "hall" is that it is always entered directly on passing the main door. In the Drayton house the living-rooms are grouped at either end of the great hall like little satellites depending on a central sun. There are wood-carvings on the elaborate chimney-pieces and on the moldings about the wainscotings, and the balusters of the double stairway that rises from a lobby in the rear of the hall are carved. This weather-stained house, despoiled of many of its ornaments by lawless tourists during the war period, is still a legible record of the social fabric of the colony. Such mansions were built, not for domestic retirement, but for festivity. They were the abodes of rich and hospitable planters, whose delight it was to live surrounded by friends and guests and to rival one another in the magnificence of their great assemblies. William Penn built a similar mansion on his manor at Pennsbury, the great room of which was called the audience hall; here the proprietor met his council and held parleys with the Indians. In Virginia and Maryland the great houses were built on a similar plan, but in some cases a curious modification of the old English hall appears to have taken place out of deference to the climate. The central room became in many houses a wide, open passage through the middle of the dwelling. It was still called "the hall," and in it the family sat to receive guests, except in cold weather, when the wainscoted parlor that adjoined was cheered by a crackling fire. Perhaps this opening of the hall into a spacious passageway was a trait borrowed from the double log-houses which were built in

the pioneer period, and which were virtually two cabins joined by an "entry," open at both ends, whose width was regulated by the convenient and usual length of the log cut for house-building.

The great proprietors, though perhaps more numerous in the tobacco colonies than elsewhere, were vastly outnumbered by the middling planters, a class from whose ranks sprang the Washingtons and Lees of the Revolution. Gentlemen of this class, like the English squires of the time, often carried their pride and personal independence to the verge of rudeness, and yet were generous, hospitable, and many of them intelligent. They lived mainly in sober one-story houses, or in houses whose curb-roofs were broken by dormer windows that gave light to a low second story. Such dwellings were probably built at that period in all the colonies. Some of them are yet standing about New York. The plainer Virginia house also had the passage through the middle, "for an air-draught in summer," as a writer of Spotswood's time tells us. But some of the earlier middling houses, in Virginia as at the North, were built about a great stack of chimneys, which stood like a core in the middle. Bricks for the chimneys and for the walls of the finer houses at the South were usually brought from England as ballast. Most Virginia and Maryland dwellings stood fronting to the rivers, so as to be easily reached by the shipping. All Southern houses of pretension were approached by a drive through a lawn, and most of them were embowered in trees. All the planters had kitchens detached from the dwelling, except where the house was built in imitation of the "Italian style," so called; then the kitchen was placed in the extremity of one of the long wings. The buildings were adapted to the climate and to the domestic service of negro slaves. In the towns in both Carolinas many houses stood gabbling to the street, with a long veranda, light and airy, at the side, through which one passed to the cool and sheltered rooms.

In parts of Maryland, and in Pennsylvania and southern New Jersey, the Quakers and Germans had founded a different society. The traveler toward the North might note the gradual disappearance of the overseer's cabin, the negro quarters, and the detached kitchen. The houses were generally of hewed logs, those of the richer farmers of stone. Everywhere one saw substantial comfort and frugality. The smoke-house was a little smaller than that of the planter to the southward, but the barns were large, sometimes vast. The protracted battle with the

* See the engravings of some colonial houses that accompany the article on "Social Conditions in the Colonies" in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for September, 1884.

primeval forest had begotten a hostility to trees; the Pennsylvania house, even of the better sort, often confronted a midsummer sun with no shade to intervene. A little clay oven stood by each house, and on some slope near by there was usually a low hut, beneath which the spring running cold from between the limestone strata spread its water over a flat rock. In the almost icy shallows of this "spring house" stood earthen crocks of milk and jars of butter, with perhaps some large water-melons cooling for use in the middle of the day. Such farm-houses were the homes of yeomanry, who had little leisure to cultivate the social refinements of their neighbors at the South, but who lived comfortably and exemplified what one of the early historians of their thrift calls the "republican virtues."

There were worse dwellings than these in the back country of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and there were better ones near the cities. In Philadelphia the houses, except those of the poor, were very early built of brick and stone. Almost all of them about 1700 had balconies running the entire length of the upper story. At the time of the Revolution Philadelphia houses were of various styles, and straggling in arrangement. The uniform rows of monotonous red were thought a great improvement when they were first brought in, some years after the close of the war. In 1771 four hundred Philadelphia houses had private wells, and there were two hundred pumps in the streets. The finer suburban and country houses of the middle region were large, and were often surrounded by cedars, which were pruned into pyramids and cones. Penn had set the fashion of planting Lombardy poplars, and there were rows of these grenadier-like trees both in Philadelphia and along the roads which ran into the country. These, with the cedars, must have given a trim regularity to the prospect. The gardens were also stiff and English in appearance, with "walks and alleys nodding to their brothers."

In New York and the region about the Hudson River, the foundation form of the early dwelling was the Dutch house built, like many other colonial town houses, with its gable to the street. The top of the gable wall was notched into corbel steps, and the black fire-bricks of the kiln were laid alternating with red or yellow ones to make checks on the gable front. The date of erection and the initials of the owner were sometimes wrought with bricks of diverse colors; sometimes these were shown by letters and figures in iron on the front; and this rather childish decoration was usually completed by a weather-cock surmounting the whole. The primitive thatched

roofs gave way after a while to Dutch tiles. Within, one found the incredible Dutch cleanliness; the walls of the houses were whitewashed and hung with small pictures; the wood-work was painted a bluish gray, as were the walls of the alcoves for beds, which were constructed on each side of the chimney. In some of the better houses porcelain tiles with pictures of Scripture subjects were built in and around the fire-places. In New York, as in Pennsylvania, the little stoop before the front door was almost universal. In these outdoor lodges the family sat in summer evenings, and often in the day-time, receiving informal calls from gossiping neighbors. In Albany the gargoyles projected so as to pour rain-water from the roof far into the street, and the town retained its quaint Dutch character until after the Revolution. An Italian traveler compares it to "those antique villages represented in the paintings of Teniers."

After 1700 the English taste modified the form of the houses in New York. They were built large, some of them with a touch of magnificence; they no longer stood with gables to the street, and many of them had balconies on the roofs, which afforded a cool and more private retreat than the stoop-benches, while the outlook over the waters and islands of the bay and rivers was very agreeable. Sycamores, water-beech, and locusts, with some basswood trees and elms, made abundant shade in the New York streets. Kalm, the Swedish traveler, declares that promenading in New York in 1750 was like walking through a garden. The vociferous notes of tree-frogs sometimes made it difficult to hear conversation.

In the country houses of the landed gentry of New York we find a curious resemblance to the houses of the great planters of the South. Here were the same large porticoes, and often the same wide hallway running through the house, and here were also detached kitchens for use in the summer. The conditions of life were somewhat similar to those at the South; for, though the broad acres of a great New York or New Jersey proprietor were farmed by tenants, the house was always filled with domestic slaves. On the Hudson, as at the South, there was a tendency of the landed gentry to imitate the life of the English country families, so far as the surrounding conditions permitted.

Besides houses in other styles, New England had one very common form of building that was almost peculiar to the North-east—a house two stories high in front, the roof of which from a sharp gable sloped down at the back to a low story. This low portion in the rear was called the "lean-to"; it was sometimes written by the colonists, as it is still



DUTCH HOUSE IN ALBANY, N. Y. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

pronounced by many old-fashioned people, "linter." Houses in New England usually faced exactly south, so that noon-time was marked by the sun's shining straight into the front door. The sides were covered with rived clapboards, the walls filled in with clay; the ceiling overhead was left unplastered; the floor-boards were thick and fastened with wooden pins; the ample chimney, which usually stood in the middle, was of stone or brick. The lower floor was sometimes laid below the sills, leaving those great beams projecting into the room. Some of the dwellings of the rich were very commodious; the house of Eaton, the first governor of New Haven colony, had nineteen fire-places, and that of Davenport, the first minister of New Haven, had thirteen. In these early houses the "hall," which was entered directly by the front door, was ample. It did not change into an open passage through the house, as in Virginia; the New England climate suggested an opposite transformation, and some early houses were altered after building by dividing the hall into smaller rooms.

In Boston the later colonial buildings were generally of white pine, inclosed with overlapped siding. They were two or three stories high, and, like similar houses in New York, had a belvedere on the roof for the enjoyment of fresh air in summer evenings. Though the roofs were generally of the prevailing cedar, a single trait of the more solid covering of the

English house remained: these shingle roofs were capped with a row of ridge-tiles until after the Revolution.

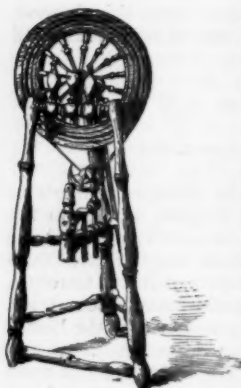
II.

FURNITURE AND INTERIORS.

A STUDY of colonial furniture reminds us that life with many English families in the seventeenth century was hardly a step above that of their barbarous Anglo-Saxon forefathers. In the ruder part of North Carolina, for example, the traveler Smyth found but one bed in the house, occupied by the householder and his wife; while the sons and daughters and the guest slept in a row upon the floor, after the manner common, perhaps, in King Alfred's day. Spotswood lodged with one poor planter who had no bed at all, nor was such destitution very uncommon in pioneer regions. But the puncheon floor was often a little mitigated for sleeping purposes by spreading deer, buffalo, or bear skins upon it. The pallet on the floor—"the kermis bed," as the Dutch called it—was an occasional resort even in good houses. The Labadist travelers in 1688 sojourned in a New Jersey tavern that put its guests to sleep on a horse-bedding of hay before the fire; and, a hundred years later, Chateaubriand found an inn on the New York frontier where everybody slept about a central post that upheld the roof, heads outward and feet toward the center. Such poor people in the colonies as had tastes too luxurious to enjoy a deer-skin



WROUGHT-IRON LAMP AND SAD-IRON. (NEW YORK STATE CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY, ALBANY.)



IRISH IMMIGRANT'S FLAX-WHEEL.

on the hearth were accustomed to fill their bed-sacks and pillows with fibrous mistletoe, the down of the cat-tail flag, or with feathers of pigeons slaughtered from the innumerable migrating flocks. The cotton from the milkweed, then called "silk-grass," was used for pillows and cushions.

In the houses of the prosperous, good feather and even down beds were in use. The Pennsylvania German smothered and roasted himself between two of these even in summer nights, and sometimes without sheets or pillows. Trundle-beds, pushed under the standing beds in the day-time, were commonly used; the stove-heated room of a German settler's house often held two standing and two trundle beds.

Robert Beverley, the Virginia historian, who lived in plenty and entertained friends and strangers with the most cordial and insistent hospitality, was probably a type of a class of men of competent fortunes who had been nurtured in pioneer conditions and were content to live in substantial plainness—were even defiant of habits of luxury and ostentation. He had good beds, but, for a wonder, no curtains to them; while for chairs he had only wooden stools, made in the country. But there was always, from the first, in every

colony, a gentry that valued very highly their elegant furniture, particularly the bed that stood in the parlor. And in the quarter of a century or more before the Revolution, when large fortunes had been acquired in trade, in agriculture, and by the increase in the value of lands, there came to be a very considerable number of people in the several colonies able to live with luxury and ostentation. These rich provincials spent money freely in fine furniture, seeking to purchase at one swoop outfits that should rival the accumulations of generations in old English houses. In the dwellings of the richer colonial gentry, as in the mansions of similar people in England, there was a household idol, known as the state bed, very much adored, and kept shut up from vulgar eyes, to be exhibited only on rare occasions. It was in all ways extravagantly costly; its coverlets and hangings were sometimes richly embroidered in divers colors; but it was stiff, ugly, uninviting, and useless,

as idols are wont to be. No ordinary family friend was ever allowed to occupy it. In this later and richer time wealthy householders came to prefer the newly introduced mahogany wood from the West Indies to native walnut and cherry; some of them even had chimney-pieces, door-casings, wainscotings, and balusters of mahogany elaborately carved.

Since this is not the place for an antiquary's list, I must content myself with a passing mention of the ancient "dresser" of the earlier colonial time, with its stock of pewter, the dignified "chest of drawers," the carved oaken chest for linen, and the high-backed chairs of various grades with bottoms of hair-cloth, of serge, of rushes, or of wood. Carpets were little known in England and were hardly known at all in America until near the middle of the eighteenth century. Floors were swept with brooms of birch or hemlock twigs, with Indian brooms of shaved wood or of corn-husks, or with imported brooms of hair; sometimes the floor was dry-rubbed with sand; sometimes the parlor floor was strewn with sand laid off in ornamental figures. Clocks and watches were exceedingly rare at first;



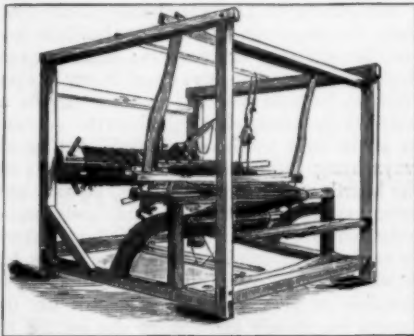
A COMMORTIER, OR CHAFING-DISH. (NEW YORK STATE CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY, ALBANY.)



A COLONIAL FLAX-WHEEL.

the noon-mark at the door told the dinner-hour, and in some cases a sun-dial indicated the time of day when the sun shone. In school, in church, and in a few houses there were hour-glasses; but most people depended upon their expertness in estimating time by the sun's altitude or by guess. When two persons, however slightly acquainted, met upon the road, it was but an ordinary civility for them to exchange their reckonings of the hour, as ships give latitude and longitude to one another at sea. "Passing the time of day" is the well-worn phrase yet used in the country for the exchange of commonplace courtesies between acquaintances. The beating of a drum in the street, and, at a later period, the ringing of the church bells, were necessary warnings for religious and other assemblies. In the larger towns a curfew-bell was sometimes rung at nine in the evening, and the cry of the hour at night by the watchman with a hand-bell must have been very convenient where time-pieces were so scarce.

During the eighteenth century fine pier-glasses and dressing-glasses were affected. For these there were frames of walnut, of olive-wood, and of glass, as well as frames gilt and japanned. The walls of the opulent, from the earliest period, were sometimes hung with rich cloth, with linen, or with tapestry representing stories from the ancient classics and other subjects. Toward the middle of the eighteenth century paper-hangings began to come into vogue. The prints which adorned the rooms in that day were of several sorts,



COLONIAL LOOM. (WARREN COUNTY, N. Y.)

such as "landscips," pictures of ships, battle-pieces, historical scenes, and representations of "noblemen's and gentlemen's feasts." The paintings which hung alongside these were portraits, made in England, of ancestors, or more recent portraits, made by some struggling provincial "limner"—that was the

genteel word—or by some English painter "of the highest fashion," to whom the wealthy colonist had sat on a visit "home," as the phrase of the time ran.

That which more than all else lent character to the interior of the average colonial house was the fire-place, sometimes wide enough to drive a cart and horses between the jambs. The living-room in the plainest houses served also for dining-room and kitchen; and here the devouring fire made in summer an insufferable heat, while in winter its tremendous draught produced disagreeable air-currents. But fire-places so open did not always draw well, on which account a "chimney-cloth" had to be used at times to close the upper part of the fire-place and keep the smoke from escaping into the room. Logs were sometimes drawn on to the ample hearth by a horse; the children, in the chimney-corners of some houses, might see the stars through the capacious chimney-top; and the myriads of mosquitoes that infested the woods found ready entrance by this opening when the fire lay dormant under the ashes in the oppressive summer nights. The bonfires built in these gaping fire-places were in accord with the rude and hearty life of the time. One is not surprised to learn that by such firesides "Chevy Chase" and other ancient ballads of blood and slaughter were sung. Stories of more recent encounters with the Indians must have mingled well with old English folk-songs; and witch and marvel tales had no difficulty in obtaining credence when the last flickering blaze had died away, and the dim light of smoldering embers left the corners of the room and the rugged recesses of the blackened chimney to be peopled by the excited fancy.

In the finer houses the fire-places, at least in the smaller rooms, were not so large, and



WATCH AND CHAIN OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD, IN POSSESSION OF COL. CHARLES BRAYTON, OF BRAYTON HALL, S. C.

as fuel grew scarce some of the large fire-places in town houses were reduced by building "little chimneys" within the big ones. Already in 1744 Franklin, living in Philadelphia, could speak of the great fire-place

back-plate of the stove. The manifest economy of the German stoves probably moved Franklin to introduce, in 1742, his "New Pennsylvania Fire-place," which was a complicated arrangement, somewhat different from the "Franklin



COLONIAL TEA-SET OF GOLD, BELONGING TO THE DRAYTONS, OF DRAYTON HALL, S. C.

as "the chimney of our fathers." In Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities, coal brought from over the sea was found cheaper than wood in the later years of the colonial time. Even where wood was abundant the Pennsylvania Germans gained an economical advantage over their neighbors by the use of stoves. Of these they had more than one kind; the most curious was made like "a box with one side out." The open side of this stove was outside of the room, sometimes quite outside of the house itself, so that while the back of the stove projected through the wall into the room, the fire was fed from without. A traveler in the middle colonies could tell at sight that a house with a single chimney in the middle was inhabited by Germans, and warmed with stoves; the English settler had two chimneys, and a fire-place at either end of his house. The stoves, and especially the drums, with which last the "Pennsylvania Dutch" heated the second-story rooms of their dwellings, were a continual wonder to their English neighbors and to travelers. There was at least one Quaker meeting-house in Pennsylvania furnished with a German stove opening outside. The men warmed themselves by the fire before going into meeting; the women sat in the end of the room heated by the

stove" as we know it. There were also so-called "stoves" in Boston soon after 1700, but these were perhaps the open grates used at that time in London, which stood within the fire-places and bore the name of stoves.

With the open fire-place belonged the andirons, the cob-irons with hooks to hold the spit, and the fire-dogs or creepers; sometimes all three kinds appear to have stood in one kitchen chimney to hold wood of various lengths at different elevations above the hearth. A crane or chain with pot-hooks to hold kettles always hung within the kitchen chimney; on the hearth were skillets, griddles, pipkins, and other vessels for cooking over the coals, and a little three-legged trivet on which a tankard or coffee-boiler might sit with live coals beneath; and there was often a small oven in the side of the chimney. The fire on the hearth was rarely allowed to die out; if by chance the embers expired, coals were usually brought from a neighbor's house,—a practice that was very dangerous in towns and villages, especially where roofs were of thatch.

For light our ancestors learned from the savages to burn, on the hearth or in a torch, the bright-blazing pitch-pine, called "candlewood" in New England and "lightwood"

at the South. A rough iron lamp filled with grease of any sort was used in some parts of the country. Tallow "dips" were common, molded tallow candles less so, but a candle made of the wax of the wax-myrtle berry was much used; it shed a balsamic perfume when blown out. Spermaceti candles, a fruit of the colonial whaleries, probably suited better than any others the gilt and carved sconces, and the "sconces with fine brass arms," which are advertised in New York, and such chandeliers as one sees yet in the Bull-Pringle mansion at Charleston. Candlesticks were of pewter, of iron, of brass, and of silver; one pair is noted in a Connecticut inventory of 1640 as of "wyer"—that is, perhaps, of twisted metal.



SPECTACLES WORN BY PATRICK HENRY.

III.

MEATS AND DRINKS.

THE most brilliant and accomplished Virginia gentleman of his time laid it down as a maxim, in 1728, that "pewter bright" was the mark of a good housewife, and the same standard was accepted in New England. Indeed, the colonial period might be called the pewter age. Pewter was getting the better of wooden ware when America was settled, and it was yielding to porcelain at the era of American Independence. The first colonists in many cases used great wooden platters to serve meats in. Their plates were sometimes mere square blocks of wood; but some of these were rounded into form on the lathe. One finds the trade of dish-turning followed in New Jersey as late as 1675. But from the first planting of the col-

onies well-to-do people affected pewter, and an ample collection of this ware was a sign of prosperity. All kinds of household vessels, even bottles, were made of pewter. People drank from "cans" or mugs of pewter, glass, or silver; they ate their porridge and their Indian mush from small bowl-shaped pewter porringers, which, like the cans, had handles. From pewter plates or wooden trenchers the first-comers ate without forks. There were spoons of pewter, or better of a mixed metal called "alchemy," but fingers were much more serviceable at the table then than now.

It was characteristic of the seventeenth century that, along with a rather scant assortment of articles necessary and convenient, there should be many things whose chief use was display. A considerable part of the estate of a well-to-do family was invested in household plate; partly, perhaps, because secure investments for capital were not easy to find. In the house of a leading man, an ample reserve of silverware stood always ready to outshine on state occasions the burnished pewter of every-day life. The incoming of tea and coffee opened a new field for the silversmith in the eighteenth century. To silver tankards, beakers, and double-handled cups for stronger liquors, there were added tea-services of silver and even of gold.

With the new "china drink" came china cups and saucers, and from that moment porcelain began to threaten the reign of pewter, which, however, gave ground but slowly. The early tea-cups contained about a gill; the tea-pot was a little globular vessel holding about a pint. Sometimes, by way of extra finery, the pretty china tea-pot had its nozzle tipped off with silver.

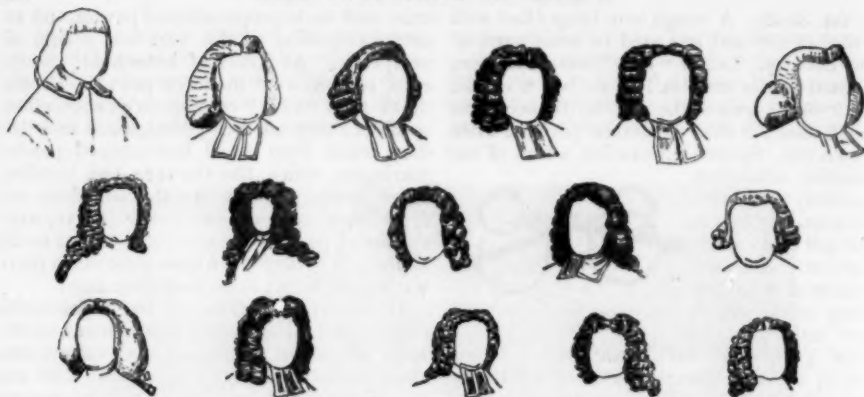
English usages held their own for a while in the colonies, in affairs relating to food. The New England town community in some cases provided bolting-mills, where each man might bolt his own flour. People in the more considerable towns of the colonies long preserved the English custom of buying their bread fresh at the baker's, and the price and weight of bread were regularly fixed by authority. Among the "happy blessings" for which a writer of 1698 thinks the people of Philadelphia should be devoutly thankful, are



ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE "NEW YORK WEEKLY GAZETTE AND POST-BY." (1765.)



WINDSOR CHAIR. FACSIMILE OF A CUT IN THE "NEW YORK WEEKLY GAZETTE AND POST-BY." (1765.)



COLONIAL WIGS. (DRAWN FROM PORTRAITS IN MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, AND THE ROOMS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

"several cook-shops, both Roasting and Boiling, as in the city of London." Fish-days—not the Fridays and fast-days of "popish" observance, but good Protestant fish-days—had long been prescribed in England. This was in order that the reformation of religion might not increase the consumption and enhance the price of meat, and especially that the fisheries might not fail of support, and so the naval strength of a Protestant nation be weakened by the decrease of sailors. Following this example, the Massachusetts people dutifully ate salt cod-fish dressed with butter and hard-boiled eggs on Saturdays, the year round, and this lasted until after the Revolution.

The conflict between old habits and the pressure of new conditions, which extended to every department of life, showed itself curiously in the preparation of food. The breakfast which the English settlers transplanted from England was a frugal one, consisting of "a draught of beer and a toast, or a hunk of bread and cheese, or a wooden noggin of good porridge and bread." "Milk and bread boiled, or tea with bread and butter, or milk coffee" with similar accompaniments appear to have been later forms a little less frugal. The thin porridge of peas and beans, with but a savor of meat, seems to have been a common breakfast. In some parts of New England this

porridge appears to have lingered through the whole colonial period, though its place was disputed by the new mush of Indian meal to which the people of the north-eastern colonies transferred the name "hasty-pudding,"—a name applied to a porridge of oatmeal in some parts of England. But mush and milk was oftener used for supper among frugal people. In the Middle and South breakfast very early came to be a substantial meal, with a basis of some kind of salt meat. One of the commonest dinner dishes in New England, especially in winter, was the Indian pudding, which was almost an exact copy from aboriginal cookery. It was made of Indian meal with which dried fruit was mixed, and it was enveloped in a bag and boiled for many hours in the omnivorous pot that held the meat and vegetables. But Indian meal, like pumpkin pie, was eaten by the first New Englanders as an unwelcome makeshift; it was thought injurious to those not habituated to it. Perhaps it was this feeling which led to the invention of that compound and compromise known as "rye and Indian," which was used in the Wednesday bread-baking of the New Englander, and also to make a sort of johnny-cake.



HEAD-DRESS OF A CITY BELLE, 1776. (FROM THE MSS. OF JOHN F. WATSON, IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.)



WIGS AND WIG-BAG. FACSIMILE OF A CUT IN THE "NEW YORK WEEKLY GAZETTE AND POST-BY." (1771.)

The Dutch in Albany and New York, like the New Englanders, seem to have held on to certain habits of the fatherland, retaining an especial liking for great salads with bacon and "picked buttermilk." An English clergyman of the time explains that it was in consequence of this diet that the New York Dutch were obliged to smoke so much: "to keep their phlegm from coagulating and curdling."

The abundance of Indian corn did more than anything else to change the diet of the colonists. Where mills could not be erected, it was pounded in mortars, or ground in querns after having been soaked. Hominy, at first merely the coarser bits left in the rude grinding or pounding, was usually cooked in milk where milk was to be had, and formed the staple food of the poor in the middle and southern regions. Although the upper class made it a point to have wheaten bread upon the table, many of them preferred the pone baked from the meal of Indian corn. As early as 1720, the Southern habit of having a wheaten loaf warm from the oven every day was



Costume of Thomas Hancock. Black velvet coat, waistcoat, and breeches. (About 1755-6)*

an oak board, or a pewter plate, before the fire. One finds "a good baking stone" advertised for sale at Princeton, New Jersey, in 1750. These modes of cooking were probably of Indian derivation, as was, beyond doubt, the baking of the "ash-cake" under the ashes. The fruits of the country were all pressed into service to give variety to the settler's diet; dried peaches were cooked with meats when vegetables were scarce in Pennsylvania, and the North Carolinians even made puddings and what they called tarts of the American papaw. Besides the salads familiar to us, some of the early colonists, following a very ancient English practice, used violets and roses both for salads and to flavor broth; they also made a salad of the flowers of the sassafras, but the blossoms of the red-bud tree were esteemed the best of all. Sassafras flowers, "when gathered from the husky bud," made a "curious preserve," and poke leaves were boiled for spinach, as were many other plants. It was in a search after salads or plants for "greens" that some of



Costume of Thomas Boylston. White satin waistcoat, gold trimming. (About 1750-6.)

the soldiers in Bacon's rebellion discovered the poisonous properties of stramonium. After eating its leaves, they suffered a delirium of several days, whence the plant got its name of Jamestown weed, long since corrupted to its present form of "jimson weed."

The change of dietary habits which was wrought partly by Indian corn in the middle and Chesapeake colonies was probably, in the Carolinas, due more to the sweet potato, which was so abundant that even the slaves ate it. The root was cooked in many ways; it was

was roasted under the ashes, it was boiled, it was made into puddings, it was used as a substitute for bread, it was made into pancakes, which were eaten with tea for breakfast, and which to a foreigner tasted "as though composed of sweet almonds."



Costume of Peter Faneuil. Velvet coat, cloth waistcoat, velvet ruffian. (About 1760-6.)

Except in the houses of the higher classes, the table provision in England in the period of American settlement was meager. The abundance of wild food and the fertility of the soil made the living in America somewhat more plentiful and varied; but even



Collar of Gov. Edward Winslow. (About 1645.)



Collar of Gov. John Endicott. (About 1655.)

remarked upon, and the custom remains to-day as fixed and characteristic as the equally ancient and persistent custom of having Sunday baked beans in New England.

The broiling of meats of all kinds upon the bare live coals was one of the resorts by which pioneer life made amends for the scarcity of utensils, and those accustomed to meat thus prepared easily came to account it more delicate and savory than that which was cooked with the intervention of a gridiron. So, also, potatoes, green corn, sweet potatoes, and squashes were accounted delicious when roasted in the Indian way, by burying in the hot ashes. Apples and eggs and "ro'sin' ears," or green corn, were sometimes baked by laying them between the andirons in front of the fire. Cakes of Indian corn meal, of buckwheat flour, or of "rye and Indian," were baked on a stone, or a hoe, or



Cuff of Nicholas Boylston. (About 1760-6.)

* All of the illustrations of costume in this article are from portraits of Americans resident in the colonies, except where otherwise described. Many of these are from the collection in Memorial Hall, Cambridge, and that of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

during the Revolution the diet of a Connecticut farmer was said to be "like that of the ancient patriarchs." "Vegetables, maize, milk, and butter" were "their ordinary nourishment," according to the Abbé Robin; "the use of the insipid beverage," tea, was the only luxury. The lower classes in Virginia ate more meat and drank no tea. "Meat, bread, and milk was the ordinary food of all my acquaintance," says Jarratt. On the other hand, the tables of the rich in all the colonies were lavishly supplied; there was, indeed, a general conviction that Americans ate too much meat.

Alcoholic stimulants were not held in as low repute as they are by the majority of Americans to-day; they were not even ranked as luxuries, but were about as necessary a provision as bread. In the reign of James I. the sailors in the king's navy were supplied with

a gallon of beer daily; a gallon of beer was served with every pound of bread. Bradford, the pilgrim governor, complains of his deprivation of beer; and Higginson, the pioneer minister of Salem, makes it a matter for boast that he could and did "often-

times drink New England water very well." Many repented their coming during the first winter in Salem, when beer was scarce; it was thought a great mark of fortitude that "even the most honored as well as others" contentedly rejoiced "in a cup of cold water," for water in that day was rarely drunk at all. In 1627 it was a proof of returning prosperity in Virginia that "few of the upper planters drinke any water." But twenty-nine years later beer had already grown scarce in Virginia. In many places in 1656 the distressed traveler could find nothing stronger than water, or milk and water, or "beverage," which last appears to have been a drink made of molasses and water. One of the earliest signs of the change of English habits in the new environment was this decline of malt liquors, which was petulantly attributed to "idle good-wives," too lazy to brew. Bristol beer continued to be imported and highly esteemed in Virginia, and English malt was also brought over. But barley was not a chief grain, and brewing was incon-

venient in a new country. Rum, or "kill-devil," as it was everywhere called, was rendered plentiful by the trade with the West Indies and by the New England stills. It was cheap, portable, and strong enough to bear dilution in punch, toddy, flip, and grog. The abundant growth of apples made cider more abundant even than rum. Trade brought various kinds of wines from Spain, Portugal, and the Canaries; but Madeira was the favorite drink of the fashionable and luxurious in all the colonies.

A people so full of ingenious makeshifts as the English settlers naturally tried many new experiments, and applied many old devices for producing stimulant drinks. Cider they reënforced by distilling it into "pupe-lo," or brandy; and, wherever the supply of rum was inadequate on account of the distance from seaports or lack of trade, a common resort was a destructive brandy distilled from the great quantities of peaches raised on every farm. Brandy was also made from cherries, plums, persimmons, wild crab-apples, and grapes; in some regions there was a still in nearly every house. The Irish, Scotch, and German immigrants made

whisky from rye, wheat, barley, and potatoes, and it was soon found that Indian corn would serve as well. The colonists brought from England the ancient art of making metheglin or mead from honey and water. That made in the colonies was praised on all hands; it was "as good as Malaga sack." A so-called metheglin was made from the sweet bean of the honey-locust, and some projectors in Virginia even set out plantations of that thorniest of all trees. People of delicate tastes ground pears to make perry, but the "quince-drink" was preferred by epicures to all other liquors of the country. Innumerable weaker drinks, as substitutes for home-brewed beer, were tried by colonists whose race had long lost the art of drinking water. One of the earliest of these was made by putting molasses with bran or Indian corn in water. When fermented, this produced a refreshing beverage still used in Virginia. "Beer" was also made

from Indian corn meal dried like malt,



Costume of Gov. Thomas Hutchinson. Brocade waistcoat, stiff frill, velvet coat—collar not rounded. (About 1765.)



Costume of John Wentworth, Lt.-Gov. of N. H. Neck scarf and slashed sleeve. (About 1770.)



Costume of Rev. Thomas Prince. Black silk coat and scarf. (About 1740.)



Costume of Gov. Jonathan Belcher. Lace fall from neck, lace ruffles, rich gold lace on coat and waistcoat, velvet coat. (About 1745.)



Costume of Benjamin Pollard. (About 1755.)



Costume of Charles Paxton, Commissioner of Customs. Velvet coat, scarlet edge, embroidered waistcoat, wig, shirt ruffled, stiff lawn. (About 1770.)



From portrait of Mrs. Simeon Buddard. (About 1795.)



From portrait of Mrs. Anna Gee. (About 1745.)



From portrait of Mrs. Mary Stalbert. (About 1735.)



From portrait of Mrs. Thomas Boylston. (About 1769.)

COSTUMES OF WOMEN IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

from baked cakes of a paste of persimmons, from the green stalks of the Indian corn cut small and bruised, from potatoes, and from Jerusalem artichokes. These were Virginia methods. The commonest small beer of the northern colonies was made by mixing a decoction from spruce or birch or sassafras twigs with molasses and water, or, better still, by boiling the twigs in the sap of the sugar maple. Arts like this came in some form, no doubt, from England, since early Massachusetts colonists, deprived of beer, boast, in an ancient ballad:

"We can make liquor to sweeten our lips
Of pumpkins, and parsnips, and walnut-tree chips."

These mild drinks, of which there were varieties that I have not thought it worth while to name, were chiefly for women and children, whose heads could not bear much rum, and for men between times and when rum was scarce. There was no class in the colonies that could be called temperate, if judged by modern American standards; our forefathers were a most thirsty people. Even their wines were of those fiery kinds which are backed up with brandy. Drinking was universal. The birth of a child, the moving into a new house, the taking possession of a piece of land, the induction of a new minister, an election of officers, the assembling of a court, of a body of clergymen, of a Quaker yearly meeting, weddings, funerals, auctions, buyings and sellings, arrivals and departures, and even religious meetings in private houses, were occasions for drinking. In Boston, and perhaps elsewhere, the great punch-bowl

came on the table first of all; the master of the house, after setting an example, sent around the table the cup that he had drunk from, that each guest might drink in turn. A "generous bottle" of fiery Madeira topped off every dinner among the gentry in New York. In Virginia a host now and then showed his hospitality by locking the door and cheerily notifying his guests that no man might depart until all were drunk.

Even after Puritan magistrates had ceased to punish the habitual drunkard by hanging a letter D about his neck, and when they no longer sent an officer to watch a stranger lest he drink too much, there was less of downright intemperance in Massachusetts than elsewhere; but there was an abundance of distressing excess even in Massachusetts. The outspoken Governor Belcher officially expressed his fear that the people of Massachusetts would "be deluged with spirituous liquors." In 1744 an effort was made to work a reform by persuading men to abstain from "unreasonable tippling in the forenoon"; and there was a similar movement in Pennsylvania. The potency and frequency of drams increased as one went southward. It was estimated early in the eighteenth century that about one building in every ten in Philadelphia was used in some way for the sale of rum. In a diary we find the young lady guests at a Virginia country house having their beds moved into the chamber of a married lady, in anticipation of the return of the young gentlemen of the house from a dinner-party, drunk. "The gentlemen arrived, and we had to scamper. Both tipsy!" writes the young lady diarist, with evident enjoyment of the adventure, though one of the



From portrait of the wife of Governor Dudley.



From portrait of Mrs. Nathaniel Appleton. (About 1760.)



From portrait of Major Robert Pike. (About 1760.)



From portrait of Jonathan Mason. (About 1760.)

COSTUMES OF WOMEN IN THE COLONIES.

COSTUMES OF MEN IN THE COLONIES.

tipsy youths was her brother. Dr. Ramsay, in his history of South Carolina, declares drunkenness to be endemic there. Many gentlemen of fortune in that province shortened their days by intemperance, and hence many great estates were in the control of widows. We are told by a writer of the time that South Carolina ladies rarely drank anything but water, and this certainly could not be said of any other class in the colonies.

Trivial as it may seem, the coming in of chocolate, tea, and coffee marks a considerable advance in refinement. The tea-party was often insipid; but it was society on its good behavior, while the rival "drinking frolic" was beastliness in good clothes. Tea and coffee began to get a foothold in England at the Restoration; they first appear in the statute-book in 1660, and they were rare for years after that date. Early in the eighteenth century, tea, accompanied by porcelain from which to drink it, and sometimes lacquered tables to serve it on, began to make some figure in the houses of the colonial gentry, who readily followed an English fashion. Before 1725, tea—"green and bohea"—had not only become established in the larger towns, but had found a secure lodgment among the country gentry of Virginia and the Carolinas; in North Carolina the "better sort" early showed a preference for such "sober liquors." When "beaux" were announced in the afternoon, Virginia young ladies were accustomed to go out into the hall and pour tea for them. The Dutch of New York became very fond of the new beverage; they drank it after a fashion

young ladies in Connecticut who, in their eagerness to test the new drink, boiled it in a kettle and served it like broth, with the leaves for thickening. Coffee was never so generally drunk as tea in any of the colonies.

The excessive and destructive use of strong liquors attracted less attention than the rapid advance of tea-drinking, which excited many ludicrous fears in the breasts of conservative people. It was urged in the "New York Gazette" of 1730 that tea produced fatal effects on the health, and was especially injurious to the mind. The frequent loss of teeth in America was set down to the account of tea, when it had hardly been in general use for one generation. "Our people," says the colonial historian of New York in 1756, "are shamefully gone into tea-drinking," and an Annapolis broadside of 1774 calls it "that detestable weed, tea." In 1742 Benjamin Lay, the Quaker Elijah, went into the market-place in Philadelphia at noon-time, during a general meeting of the Society of Friends, and "bore a testimony" against tea-drinking by mounting a huckster's stall and breaking piece by piece with a hammer a valuable lot of china-ware that had belonged to his deceased wife. In vain the crowd sought to stay his hand by offering to buy the dainty cups and saucers; the people at last pushed the enthusiast down and carried off what was left of the china. The great popularity of tea-drinking was probably due in part to the widespread notion that it was a novel and rather dangerous dissipation. But all the effects supposed to come from tea-drinking were not bad, for the Abbé Robin, who says that the Americans took tea at least twice a day, attributes to this beverage the ability of the Revolutionary soldiers to endure the military punishment of flogging.

The fondness for tobacco was general. In Virginia pipes were eagerly lighted as soon as the minister had made an end of the services. In New York women of

fashion opened their snuff-boxes at the table, and, if we may believe the satirist, tendered a pinch to the church-warden when he came around with the collection-box. The "irreverent habit" of taking snuff and chewing tobacco in meeting was frequently reprobated by the Society of Friends. But Boston was the best market for snuff. The early law-makers of Massachusetts had sought to put tobacco under ban, or at least to hamper it, after the example set in England, where tobacco was



Cuff and buttons, from velvet coat of John Adams. (About 1760.)



Knee-button and clasp shoe, buckles and shoe. (John Adams.)



Quaker bonnet.

(FROM THE MSS. OF JOHN F. WATSON, IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.)



Black silk bonnet.



Musk-melon bonnet.

of their own, laying by each cup a lump of sugar, which they put into the mouth and held there while they sipped the tea. It is significant that the famous well from which pure water was carted into New York to be sold in the street was known as the "tea-water pump." Tea made its way in New England much more slowly than elsewhere, and was not in general use until about the middle of the century. There is a pretty well authenticated story of some



Costume of a Virginia lady. (From a colonial portrait.)

forbidden in ale-houses because it was believed to excite a thirst for strong drink. But revered preachers became fond of the pipe, and the restrictions were quite broken down by their example. Groups of New England ministers were wont to fill a room so full of smoke that it became stifling. Long before the close of the seventeenth century, ladies of social standing in New England "smoked it," as the phrase ran; and in 1708 one finds the Governor of Massachusetts showing friendly feeling by sociably smoking a pipe with the wife of Judge Sewall. The wide fire-places of the early time were convenient outlets for tobacco smoke, and Franklin suggested that where his stove was substituted a hole should be made directly into the flue, so arranged that it could be opened when a room became too full of smoke. But the New York Dutch probably excelled all the other colonists in unintermitting devotion to the pipe; a writer who knew them in the last years of the seventeenth century calls them "obstinate and incessant smokers."

IV.

DRESS.

DRESS was an affair of some solemnity with our forefathers. Clothes were a badge of rank: to dress above one's station was an affront to superiors; and disrespect to rank and dignity was a kind of minor blasphemy in the seventeenth century. In 1623 no Virginians but those who were of the governor's council were allowed to wear silk; and in 1651, thirty years after the last sumptuary law had been passed in the British Islands, the General Court of Massachusetts expressed its "utter detestation and dislike that men or women of meane condition, educations and callings should take upon them the garbe of gentlemen, by the wearinge of gold or silver lace, or buttons, or poynts at their knees, to walke in greate boots, or women of the same ranke to weare silke or tiffany hoodes or scarfes." But magistrates and public officers, and their families, and persons of property of a certain amount, are by this act "left to their discretion in wearinge of apparill."



Morning Rings. (Permission of Dr. G. H. Manigault, Charleston, S. C.)

Part of the New England sumptuary legislation had its origin in a puritanic aversion to display and extravagance, but in the act cited above there is evident a desire to repress unbecoming self-assertion in people of the lower orders. In like manner, the titles Mr. and Mrs. were only given to those of a certain rank; a plain man was addressed as "Goodman" So-and-so, and a woman in the same station as "Goodwife"; this last was often abbreviated to "Goody." No one might enlist in the Massachusetts Cavalry unless he were a man of a certain amount of property. Lady in college had their names arranged in the catalogue, not by scholarship or seniority, but by the relative dignity of their family connections; and a boy in Harvard was required to give the baluster side of the stairs



Costume of a burgomaster of New Amsterdam. (From a portrait in the New York Historical Society.)

to his social superior. Committees in the several New England towns gave their days and nights to marking with religious care the nicer distinctions of social importance in assigning seats in church to the villagers. In some old Virginia churches the gallery-pews were the post of honor, and were studiously monopolized by the chief families of the parish. Among Virginians the great social line between gentlemen and non-gentlemen was marked by the wig. The Rev. Devereux Jarratt was born below the periwig line, and he confesses that in boyhood he used to leave the road and skulk in the woods to avoid confronting a person with this appalling badge of gentility. When Jarratt himself was about to set up as a school-master, he bought a cast-off wig from a slave in order to appear with professional dignity in a new neighborhood.

Any attempt to describe with fullness the costume of the colonists would carry me into the complex details of the



Costume from an old portrait. (New York Historical Society.)

fluctuations of English dress in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; for the richer Americans kept up a resolute stern-chase of the English fashions of the time. To dress in the manner of "the best fashion at home" was the object of social ambition in the colonies. True, the Puritans at the outset justified their nickname of Roundhead by fighting hard, for St. Paul's sake, against long hair on the head of men. In Virginia, on the other hand, long hair was universal in the days before periwigs. Cutting the hair short was the brand of disgrace and the mark of identification affixed to a servant who ran away before his term of indenture had expired. New England Puritanism was pretty successful in its fight against long hair, but when in the reign of Charles II. the periwig reappeared, it proved too enticing for human vanity to resist. In vain did some of the ministers and magistrates of Massachusetts denounce periwigs as a thing abominable, struggling against the wicked fashion, with books and in many hand-to-hand contests by personal interviews with offenders. And in vain did Sewall, in the very last days of the seventeenth century, walk boldly into meeting with his partly bald head protected by a little black cap, for a testimony against them. The portraits of the later magnates of New England show how completely the wig triumphed over the heads of its opponents. Even the Philadelphia Friends, with their declared hatred to superfluity, yielded to the wig.

The periwig probably succumbed at length to the very completeness of its victory. Not only did men of dignity wear it, but many

humbler men came to follow their example. One finds half-fed country school-masters in wigs; tradesmen proceeded also to shave off their natural hair and don the mass of thread, silk, horse-hair, or woman's hair, with which wigs of various kinds were compounded. Apprentice-lads under twenty are described in advertisements of runaways as wearing wigs; hired servants aped the quality, and transported rogues were tricked out in wigs to make them marketable.

Soon after 1750, perhaps, the decline of the wig set in; but the exuberant fancy of the age still made the heads of gentlemen to blossom. The wig-maker's tortures fell upon the natural hair: it was curled, frizzled, and powdered; it was queued or clubbed. The man of dignity, even the fashionable clergyman, sat long beneath the hands of the barber every day of his life. Side-locks and dainty little toupees were cultivated. The "macaroni"—type and pink of the most debauched English dandyism—made his appearance in 1774 in the fashionable assemblies of Charleston, and even in Charleston there were two varieties of



Costume of the wife of Gov. Spotswood, of Va. (About 1730.)

these creatures: the one wore the hair clubbed, the other preferred the dangling queue. The rage for growing the longest possible switch of hair infected the lower classes; sailors and boatmen wrapped in eel-skin their cherished locks, and the back-countryman in some places was accustomed to preserve his from injury by enveloping it in a piece of bear's-gut dyed red, or clubbing it in a buckskin bag.

The dressing of women's hair kept pace with that of men. The "commode" or "tower" head-dress rose to a great height in the days of Queen Anne, and then declined to rise into a new deformity in the years just preceding the American Revolution. In 1771 a bright young girl in Boston wrote to her mother in the country a description of the construction upon her own head of one of these coiffures, composed of a roll of red cow's tail mixed



SILHOUETTES OF PHILADELPHIA COLONISTS.



DUTCH COSTUME. (FROM AN ENGRAVING ON THE TANKARD PRESENTED TO SARAH RAPELJE, THE FIRST WHITE PERSON BORN IN NEW NETHERLAND.)

with horse-hair and a little human hair of a yellow color, all carded and twisted together and built up until by actual measurement the superstructure was an inch longer than the face below it. Of a hair-dresser at work on another lady's head, she says: "I saw him twist and tug and pick and cut off whole locks of gray hair at a slice for the space of an

hour and a half, when I left him, he seeming not to be near done." One may judge of the vital necessity there was for all this art from the fact that a certain lady in Annapolis about the close of the colonial period was accustomed to pay six hundred dollars a year for the dressing of her hair. On great occasions the hair-dresser's time was so fully occupied that some ladies were obliged to have their mountainous coiffures built up two days beforehand, and to sleep sitting in their chairs, or, according to a Philadelphia tradition, with their heads inclosed in a box.

The clothes of early settlers, except of those of the highest rank, must have been simple; but increasing wealth brought increasing elaboration and display in the costumes worn in towns and among the country gentry of the tobacco and rice-growing provinces, where many planters, lawyers, and factors acquired fortune and had an abundant leisure. Indeed, the fluctuation of English fashions can be quickly traced in all the provinces. When women's dresses were worn audaciously low in the immodest days of the Stuarts, the minister of the Old South, in Boston, found it needful to denounce "naked breasts" in a sermon on the seventh commandment.



SHOE OF THE KIND WORN BY THE PALATINES. (STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, ALBANY, N. Y.)



AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN—1640. (FROM A PRINT AFTER SIR GODFREY KNELLER.)

The "plate-silver" buttons made of Spanish dollars and smaller coins, which flourished in England in the days of Queen Anne, were also worn in America. One of the curious minor traits of costume for some years before the Revolution was the wearing of paste brilliants. Gentlemen's shoe-buckles shone with this cheap luster, and women wore paste combs, paste pins, and even—though it hardly seems worth while—paste garnets.

Next to the hair-dresser's business in importance must have been that of the dealer in silver buckles for the knees and ankles, and the maker of stays. Even children were laced, and one man announces that he can make stays in which "crooked women and children will appear straight." Hoopskirts a few years before the middle of the eighteenth century attained an expansion that would be incredible if it were not avouched by all the pictures of the time.

Watches for the pocket were first made in England in 1658, and their use in the colonies was late and confined to the richer classes. Some of the colonial watches were of very large size; one reads of the theft of a large striking watch, with an inner case of brass and an outer of silver, "with round holes to let the sound out." Some of the watches in the eighteenth century had exterior cases of fish-skin, studded and hooped with silver. It was customary to attach the key and two or three seals to the watch by a leathern string.

"Umbrilloes" were made of oiled linen; they

were unknown until late in the colonial period, and the use of them by men was accounted a sign of effeminacy. Sun-fans of green paper were sometimes used by ladies to shield the face, and green masks were worn to protect the face in riding; black velvet masks were used in New England as a shield from the cold. The mask was held in place by means of a silver mouth-piece.

The distinctive mark of the laboring man was that his ordinary breeches, his jacket, waistcoat, doublet or coat, were usually of leather, of sheep-skin or deer-skin. Entire suits of deer-skin were worn on Sunday in the newer parts of the country, and backwoods rustics were familiarly known as "buckskins." Coats were sometimes made of bear-skin; raccoon-skin was also worn, and the tails of the raccoon were used for mufflers. Silks, satins, velvets, silver, gold, jewels, true and false, and fabrics in gay colors were freely used in the dress of gentlemen of that day. Besides the showy buckles at the knees and in the shoes, there was the jaunty cocked hat upon the head; there were the shirts with ruffled bosoms and cuffs, and gold sleeve-buttons; breeches of rich stuffs and vivid colors. The Friends made amends by the richness of their fabrics for the plainness of their patterns; some of them ventured to wear starched cuffs and silver buckles; for their laxity these were dubbed "wet Quakers." The lower



A PURITAN GENTLEMAN OF 1650. (FROM AN OLD COPPER-PLATE.)



AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN — 1700. (FROM BARNARD'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND.")

classes must have been equally given to gay colors, unless we conclude that all renegade servants stole their masters' garments. Bondmen ran away, according to the advertisements, in blue breeches adorned with red puffs, leather breeches with red puffs, coats with blue shoulder-knots, carved silver shoe-buckles, and one with a green waistcoat buttoned with octagonal metal buttons of two sorts, and bound with green cord. One servant carries off a black silk crape jacket, lined with black silk and laced on both sides with green lace. In the "Virginia Gazette" there is advertised a joiner from Ireland who must have been clad in his master's finery, for he wears a blue broadcloth frock-coat with metal buttons,—a garment that was dear to the Southern gentleman everywhere,—and he has also a green silk waistcoat with gold buttons and vellum button-holes. In Andover, Massachusetts, a well-to-do farmer when he died left behind him, besides other garments, a red coat and breeches, a blue coat and breeches, and a dark-green coat and jacket. The Abbé Robin tells of New Jersey women with their hair fashionably dressed, driving country wagons drawn by high-mettled horses into the lines of the French army to sell pro-

visions; and, Frenchman though he is, Robin is ever surprised at the fine dressing of ladies in the American cities.

The frontiersmen and hunters did not quite escape the prevailing fondness for the decorative and fanciful in dress. That some of them clubbed and some of them queued their hair, I have already remarked. Their "hunting-shirt," which served for vest and coat also, was of linsey-woolsey or buckskin in winter and of tow-linen in the summer. It had many fringes and a broad belt about the middle. The hunter wore either breeches of buckskin or thin trousers; over these he fastened coarse woolen leggins tied with garters or laced well up to the thigh, as a defense against mud, serpents, insects, and thorns. He wore moccasins, and covered his head with a flapped hat of a reddish hue, or a cap. The sharp tomahawk stuck in his belt served for weapon, for hatchet, for hammer, and for a whole kit of tools besides. The shot-bag and powder-horn completed his outfit; the powder-horn was his darling, and upon it he lavished all the resources of his ingenuity, carving it with whimsical devices of many sorts. And there was probably less that was in false taste in



UNIFORM OF THE 43D REGIMENT OF FOOT, RAISED IN AMERICA. (1740.)

Black hat, white binding, scarlet coat, collar, waistcoat, and breeches, light-green lapels and cuffs, white shirt facings, belts and leggins, silver buttons. (From a drawing in the British Museum.)



A LADY OF QUALITY—1640. (FROM BARNARD'S
"HISTORY OF ENGLAND.")

the woodsman's outfit than in any costume of the period.

The ordinary dress of country people was of cloth, spun, dyed, and woven at home. The greater wheel for spinning wool, the little treadle-wheel for flax, the great hand-loom, and the unsavory dye-kettle in the chimney-

corner were common articles of house-furniture. The country people were usually their own tailors, and sometimes their own shoe-makers. Rustics wore "skilts," that is, a kind of short, wide trousers, reaching to a little below the knee, and these, by extension, came in time to take the form of the modern trousers. Well-to-do countrymen, in some cases, wore trousers instead of the conventional short-clothes, and even ventured into places of public amusement thus attired; and they often went about in public without shoes or stockings. A dozen years after the close of the Revolution, one of the regulations of a dancing assembly in a Pennsylvania town read: "No gentleman to enter the ball-room without breeches, or to be allowed to dance without his coat."

But when we pass out of the region of home-spun we are at once struck with a fondness for ornamentation in the people of the eighteenth century that seems to us childish. The bright-colored coats, waistcoats, and breeches, the display of gold and silver buttons and buckles, the abundant shimmering of paste jewelry, the cocking up of hat-brims, the ruffled shirt, the frizzled wigs, the "craped" and powdered hair, the public parade of costly gold snuff-boxes, some of them with "Egyptian pebble" tops, the high wooden heels of women's shoes, sometimes made conspicuous by their red color, the well-padded coat-tails of the men, the exact and puerile distinctions of rank, the pomps, ceremonies, and never-ending dress-parades, present to us a people with more external dignity than real mental seriousness. Life in the colonies was simply the life of Europe in the eighteenth century made small by reflection in a provincial mirror.

Edward Eggleston.



LADY'S SATIN SHOE. (IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

EVEN to Verena, as we know, she was confused and confusing; the girl had not yet had an opportunity to ascertain the principles on which her mother's limpness was liable suddenly to become rigid. This phenomenon occurred when the vapors of social ambition mounted to her brain, when she extended an arm, from which a crumpled dressing-gown fluttered back, to seize the passing occasion. Then she surprised her daughter by a volubility of exhortation as to the duty of making acquaintances, and by the apparent wealth of her knowledge of the mysteries of good society. She had, in particular, a way of explaining confidentially—and in her desire to be graphic she often made up the oddest faces—the interpretation that you must sometimes give to the manners of the best people, and the delicate dignity with which you should meet them, which made Verena wonder what secret sources of information she possessed. Verena took life, as yet, very simply; she was not conscious of so many differences of social complexion. She knew that some people were rich and others poor, and that her father's house had never been visited by such abundance as might make one ask one's self whether it were right, in a world so full of the disinherited, to roll in luxury. But except when her mother made her slightly dizzy by a resentment of some slight that she herself had never perceived, or a flutter over some opportunity that appeared already to have passed (while Mrs. Tarrant was looking for something to "put on" at such a crisis), Verena had no vivid sense that she was not as good as any one else, for no authority appealing really to her imagination had fixed the place of mesmeric healers in the scale of fashion. As I have said, it was impossible to know in advance how Mrs. Tarrant would take things. Sometimes she was abjectly indifferent; at others she thought that every one who looked at her wished to insult her. At moments she was full of suspicion of the ladies (they were mainly ladies) whom Selah mesmerized; then again she appeared to have given up everything but her slippers and the evening paper

(from this publication she derived inscrutable solace), so that if Mrs. Foat in person had returned from the summer-land (to which she had some time since taken her flight), she would not have disturbed Mrs. Tarrant's almost cynical equanimity.

It was, however, in her social subtleties that she was most beyond her daughter; it was when she discovered extraordinary though latent longings on the part of people they met to make their acquaintance, that the girl became conscious of how much she herself had still to learn. All her desire was to learn, and it must be added that she regarded her mother, in perfect good faith, as a wonderful teacher. She was perplexed sometimes by her worldliness; that, somehow, was not a part of the higher life which every one in such a house as theirs must wish above all things to lead; and it was not involved in the reign of justice, which they were all trying to bring about, that such a strict account should be kept of every little snub. Her father seemed to Verena to move more consecutively on the high plane; though his indifference to old-fashioned standards, his perpetual invocation of the brighter day, had not yet led her to ask herself whether, after all, men are more disinterested than women. Was it interest that prompted her mother to respond so warmly to Miss Chancellor, to say to Verena, with an air of knowingness, that the thing to do was to go in and see her *immediately*? No italics can represent the earnestness of Mrs. Tarrant's emphasis. Why hadn't she said, as she had done in former cases, that if people wanted to see them they could come out to their home; that she was not so low down in the world as not to know there was such a ceremony as leaving cards? When Mrs. Tarrant began on the question of ceremonies she was apt to go far; but she had waived it in this case; it suited her more to hold that Miss Chancellor had been very gracious, that she was a most desirable friend, that she had been more affected than any one by Verena's beautiful outpouring; that she would open to her the best saloons in Boston; that when she said "Come soon" she meant the very next day, that this was the way to take it, anyhow

* Copyright, 1884, by Henry James.

(one must know when to go forward gracefully); and that in short she, Mrs. Tarrant, knew what she was talking about.

Verena accepted all this, for she was young enough to enjoy any journey in a horse-car, and she was over-curious about the world; she only wondered a little how her mother knew so much about Miss Chancellor just from looking at her once. What Verena had mainly observed in the young lady who came up to her that way the night before was that she was rather dolefully dressed, that she looked as if she had been crying (Verena recognized that look quickly, she had seen it so much), and that she was in a hurry to get away. However, if she was as remarkable as her mother said, one would very soon see it; and meanwhile there was nothing in the girl's feeling about herself, in her sense of her importance, to make it a painful effort for her to run the risk of a mistake. She had no particular feeling about herself; she only cared, as yet, for outside things. Even the development of her "gift" had not made her think herself too precious for mere experiments; she had neither a particle of diffidence nor a particle of vanity. Though it would have seemed to you eminently natural that a daughter of Selah Tarrant and his wife should be an inspirational speaker, yet, as you knew Verena better, you would have wondered immensely how she came to issue from such a pair. Her ideas of enjoyment were very simple; she enjoyed putting on her new hat, with its redundancy of feather, and twenty cents appeared to her a very large sum of money.

xi.

"I was certain you would come — I have felt it all day — something told me!" It was with these words that Olive Chancellor greeted her young visitor, coming to her quickly from the window, where she might have been waiting for her arrival. Some weeks after she explained to Verena how definite this prevision had been, how it had filled her all day with a nervous agitation so violent as to be painful. She told her that such forebodings were a peculiarity of her organization, that she didn't know what to make of them, that she had to accept them; and she mentioned, as another example, the sudden dread that had come to her the evening before in the carriage, after proposing to Mr. Ransom to go with her to Miss Birdseye's. This had been as strange as it had been instinctive, and the strangeness, of course, was what must have struck Mr. Ransom; for the idea that he might come had been hers, and yet she suddenly veered

round. She couldn't help it; her heart had begun to throb with the conviction that if he crossed that threshold some harm would come of it for her. She hadn't prevented him, and now she didn't care, for now, as she intimated, she had the interest of Verena, and that made her indifferent to every danger, to every ordinary pleasure. By this time Verena had learned how peculiarly her friend was constituted, how nervous and serious she was, how personal, how exclusive, what a force of will she had, what a concentration of purpose. Olive had taken her up, in the literal sense of the phrase, like a bird of the air, had spread an extraordinary pair of wings, and carried her through the dizzying void of space. Verena liked it, for the most part; liked to shoot upward without an effort of her own and look down upon all creation, upon all history, from such a height. From this first interview she felt that she was seized, and she gave herself up, only shutting her eyes a little, as we do whenever a person in whom we have perfect confidence proposes, with our assent, to subject us to some sensation.

"I want to know you," Olive said, on this occasion; "I felt that I must last night, as soon as I heard you speak. You seem to me very wonderful. I don't know what to make of you. I think we ought to be friends; so I just asked you to come to me straight off, without preliminaries, and I believed you would come. It is so *right* that you have come, and it proves how right I was." These remarks fell from Miss Chancellor's lips one by one, as she caught her breath, with the tremor that was always in her voice, even when she was the least excited, while she made Verena sit down near her on the sofa, and looked at her all over, in a manner that caused the girl to rejoice at having put on the jacket with the gilt buttons. It was this glance that was the beginning; it was with this quick survey, omitting nothing, that Olive took possession of her. "You are very remarkable; I wonder if you know how remarkable!" she went on, murmuring the words as if she were losing herself, becoming inadvertent in admiration.

Verena sat there smiling, without a blush, but with a pure, bright look which, for her, would always make protests unnecessary. "Oh, it isn't me, you know; it's something outside!" She tossed this off lightly, as if she were in the habit of saying it, and Olive wondered whether it were a sincere disclaimer or only a phrase of the lips. The question was not a criticism, for she might have been satisfied that the girl was a mass of fluent catch-words and yet scarcely have liked her the less. It was just as she was that she liked

her; she was so strange, so different from the girls one usually met, seemed to belong to some queer gipsy-land or transcendental Bohemia. With her bright, vulgar clothes, her salient appearance, she might have been a rope-dancer or a fortune-teller; and this had the immense merit, for Olive, that it appeared to make her belong to the "people," threw her into the social dusk of that mysterious democracy which Miss Chancellor held that the fortunate classes know so little about, and with which (in a future possibly very near) they will have to count. Moreover, the girl had moved her as she had never been moved, and the power to do that, from whatever source it came, was a force that one must admire. Her emotion was still acute, however much she might speak to her visitor as if everything that had happened seemed to her natural; and what kept it, above all, from subsiding was her sense that she found here what she had been looking for so long—a friend of her own sex with whom she might have a union of soul. It took a double consent to make a friendship, but it was not possible that this intensely sympathetic girl would refuse. Olive had the penetration to discover in a moment that she was a creature of unlimited generosity. I know not what may have been the reality of Miss Chancellor's other premonitions, but there is no doubt that in this respect she took Verena's measure on the spot. This was what she wanted; after that the rest didn't matter; Miss Tarrant might wear gilt buttons from head to foot, her soul could not be vulgar.

"Mother told me I had better come right in," said Verena, looking now about the room, very glad to find herself in so pleasant a place, and noticing a great many things that she should like to see in detail.

"Your mother saw that I meant what I said; it isn't everybody that does one the honor to perceive that. She saw that I was shaken from head to foot. I could only say three words—I couldn't have spoken more! What a power—what a power, Miss Tarrant!"

"Yes, I suppose it is a power. If it wasn't a power, it couldn't do much with me!"

"You are so simple—so much like a child," Olive Chancellor said. That was the truth, and she wanted to say it because, quickly, without forms or circumlocutions, it made them familiar. She wished to arrive at this; her impatience was such that before the girl had been five minutes in the room she jumped to her point—inquired of her, interrupting herself, interrupting everything: "Will you be my friend, my friend of friends, beyond every one, everything, forever and forever?" Her face was full of eagerness and tenderness.

Verena gave a laugh of clear amusement, without a shade of embarrassment or confusion. "Perhaps you like me too much."

"Of course I like you too much! When I like, I like too much. But of course it's another thing, your liking me," Olive Chancellor added. "We must wait—we must wait. When I care for anything, I can be patient." She put out her hand to Verena, and the movement was at once so appealing and so confident that the girl instinctively placed her own in it. So, hand in hand, for some moments; these two young women sat looking at each other. "There's so much I want to ask you," said Olive.

"Well, I can't say much except when father has worked on me," Verena answered, with an ingenuousness beside which humility would have seemed pretentious.

"I don't care anything about your father," Olive Chancellor rejoined very gravely, with a great air of security.

"He is very good," Verena said, simply. "And he's wonderfully magnetic."

"It isn't your father, and it isn't your mother; I don't think of them, and it's not them I want. It's only you—just as you are."

Verena dropped her eyes over the front of her dress. "Just as she was" seemed to her indeed very well.

"Do you want me to give up——" she demanded, smiling.

Olive Chancellor drew in her breath for an instant, like a creature in pain; then, with her quavering voice, touched with a vibration of anguish, she said: "Oh, how can I ask you to give up? I will give up—I will give up everything!"

Filled with the impression of her hostess's agreeable interior, and of what her mother had told her about Miss Chancellor's wealth, her position in Boston society, Verena, in her fresh, diverted scrutiny of the surrounding objects, wondered what could be the need of this scheme of renunciation. Oh, no, indeed, she hoped she wouldn't give up—at least not before she, Verena, had had a chance to see. She felt, however, that for the present there would be no answer for her save in the mere pressure of Miss Chancellor's eager nature, that intensity of emotion which made her suddenly exclaim, as if in a nervous ecstasy of anticipation, "But we must wait! Why do we talk of this? We must wait! All will be right," she added more calmly, with great sweetness.

Verena wondered afterward why she had not been more afraid of her—why, indeed, she had not turned and saved herself by darting out of the room. But it was not in this young woman's nature to be either timid or

cautious; she had as yet to make acquaintance with the sentiment of fear. She knew too little of the world to have learned to mistrust sudden enthusiasms, and if she had had a suspicion it would have been (in accordance with common worldly knowledge) the wrong one—the suspicion that such a whimsical liking would burn itself out. She could not have that one, for there was a light in Miss Chancellor's magnified face which seemed to say that a sentiment with her might consume its object, might consume Miss Chancellor, but would never consume itself. Verena, as yet, had no sense of being scorched; she was only agreeably warmed. She also had dreamed of a friendship, though it was not what she had dreamed of most, and it came over her that this was the one which fortune might have been keeping. She never held back.

"Do you live here all alone?" she asked of Olive.

"I shouldn't if you would come and live with me!"

Even this really passionate rejoinder failed to make Verena shrink; she thought it so possible that in the wealthy class people made each other such easy proposals. It was a part of the romance, the luxury, of wealth; it belonged to the world of invitations, in which she had had so little share. But it seemed almost a mockery when she thought of the little house in Cambridge, where the boards were loose in the steps of the porch.

"I must stay with my father and mother," she said. "And then I have my work, you know. That's the way I must live now."

"Your work?" Olive repeated, not quite understanding.

"My gift," said Verena, smiling.

"Oh, yes, you must use it. That's what I mean; you must move the world with it; it's divine."

It was so much what she meant that she had lain awake all night thinking of it, and the substance of her thought was that if she could only rescue the girl from the danger of vulgar exploitation, could only constitute herself her protectress and devotee, the two, between them, might achieve the great work. Verena's genius was a mystery, and it might remain a mystery; it was impossible to see how this charming, blooming, simple creature, all youth and grace and innocence, got her extraordinary powers of reflection. When her gift was not in exercise she appeared anything but reflective, and as she sat there now, for instance, you would never have dreamed that she had had a vivid revelation. Olive had to content herself, provisionally, with saying that her precious faculty had come to her just as

her beauty and distinction (to Olive she was full of that quality) had come; it had dropped straight from heaven, without filtering through her parents, whom Miss Chancellor decidedly didn't fancy. Even among reformers she discriminated; she thought all wise people wanted great changes, but the votaries of change were not necessarily wise. She remained silent a little after her last remark, and then she repeated again, as if it were the solution of everything, as if it represented with absolute certainty some immense happiness in the future—"We must wait, we must wait!" Verena was perfectly willing to wait, though she didn't exactly know what they were to wait for, and the aspiring frankness of her assent shone out of her face, and seemed to pacify their mutual gaze. Olive asked her innumerable questions; she wanted to enter into her life. It was one of those talks which people remember afterwards, in which every word has been given and taken, and in which they see the signs of a beginning that was to be justified. The more Olive learnt of her visitor's life, the more she wanted to enter into it, the more it took her out of herself. Such strange lives are led in America, she always knew that; but this was queerer than anything she had dreamed of, and the queerest part was that the girl herself didn't appear to think it queer. She had been nursed in darkened rooms, and suckled in the midst of manifestations; she had begun to "attend lectures," as she said, when she was quite an infant, because her mother had no one to leave her with at home. She had sat on the knees of somnambulists, and had been passed from hand to hand by trance-speakers; she was familiar with every kind of "cure," and had grown up among lady editors of newspapers advocating new religions, and people who disapproved of the marriage-tie. Verena talked of the marriage-tie as she would have talked of the last novel—as if she had heard it as frequently discussed; and at certain times, listening to the answers she made to her questions, Olive Chancellor closed her eyes in the manner of a person waiting till giddiness passed. Her young friend's revelations actually gave her the vertigo; they made her perceive everything from which she should have rescued her. Verena was perfectly uncontaminated, and she would never be touched by evil; but though Olive had no views about the marriage-tie except that she should hate it for herself,—that particular reform she did not propose to consider,—she didn't like the "atmosphere" of circles in which such institutions were called into question. She had no wish now to enter into an examination of that particular one; neverthe-

less, to make sure, she would just ask Verena whether she disapproved of it.

"Well, I must say," said Miss Tarrant, "I prefer free unions."

Olive held her breath an instant; such an idea was so disagreeable to her! Then, for all answer, she murmured, irresolutely, "I wish you would let me help you!" Yet it seemed, at the same time, that Verena needed little help, for it was more and more clear that her eloquence, when she stood up that way before a roomful of people, was literally inspiration. She answered all her friend's questions with a good-nature which evidently took no pains to make things plausible, an effort to oblige, not to please; but, after all, she could give very little account of herself. This was very visible when Olive asked her where she had got her "intense realization" of the suffering of women; for her address at Miss Birdseye's showed that she, too (like Olive herself), had had that vision in the watches of the night. Verena thought a moment, as if to understand what her companion referred to, and then she inquired, always smiling, where Joan of Arc had got her idea of the suffering of France. This was so prettily said that Olive could scarcely keep from kissing her; she looked at the moment as if, like Joan, she might have had visits from the saints. Olive, of course, remembered afterwards that it had not literally answered the question; and she also reflected on something that made an answer seem more difficult—the fact that the girl had grown up among lady doctors, lady mediums, lady editors, lady preachers, lady healers, women who, having rescued themselves from a passive existence, could illustrate only partially the misery of the sex at large. It was true that they might have illustrated it by their talk, by all they had "been through" and all they could tell a younger sister; but Olive was sure that Verena's prophetic impulse had not been stirred by the chatter of women (Miss Chancellor knew that sound as well as any one); it had proceeded rather out of their silence. She said to her visitor that whether or no the angels came down to her in glittering armor, she struck her as the only person she had yet encountered who had exactly the same tenderness, the same pity, for women that she herself had. Miss Birdseye had something of it, but Miss Birdseye wanted passion, wanted keenness, was capable of the weakest concessions. Mrs. Farrinder was not weak, of course, and she brought a great intellect to the matter; but she was not personal enough—she was too abstract. Verena was not abstract; she seemed to have lived in imagination through all the ages. Verena said she

did think she had a certain amount of imagination; she supposed she couldn't be so effective on the platform if she hadn't a rich fancy. Then Olive said to her, taking her hand again, that she wanted her to assure her of this—that it was the only thing in all the world she cared for, the redemption of women, the thing she hoped under Providence to give her life to. Verena flushed a little at this appeal, and the deeper glow of her eyes was the first sign of exaltation she had offered. "Oh, yes! I want to give my life!" she exclaimed, with a vibrating voice; and then she added, gravely, "I want to do something great!"

"You will, you will, we both will!" Olive Chancellor cried in rapture. But after a little she went on: "I wonder if you know what it means, young and lovely as you are—giving your life!"

Verena looked down for a moment in meditation. "Well," she replied, "I guess I have thought more than I appear——"

"Do you understand German? Do you know 'Faust'?" said Olive. "*Entsagen sollst du, sollst entsagen!*"

"I don't know German; I should like so to study it; I want to know everything."

"We will work at it together—we will study everything," Olive almost panted; and while she spoke the peaceful picture hung before her of still winter evenings under the lamp, with falling snow outside, and tea on a little table, and successful renderings, with a chosen companion, of Goethe, almost the only foreign author she cared about; for she hated the writing of the French, in spite of the importance they have given to women. Such a vision as this was the highest indulgence she could offer herself; she had it only at considerable intervals. It seemed as if Verena caught a glimpse of it too, for her face kindled still more, and she said she should like that ever so much. At the same time she asked the meaning of the German words.

"Thou shalt renounce, refrain, abstain!" That's the way Bayard Taylor has translated them," Olive answered.

"Oh, well, I guess I can abstain!" Verena exclaimed, with a laugh. And she got up rather quickly, as if by taking leave she might give a proof of what she meant. Olive put out her hands to hold her, and at this moment one of the *portières* of the room was pushed aside, while a gentleman was ushered in by Miss Chancellor's little parlor-maid.

XII.

VERENA recognized him; she had seen him the night before at Miss Birdseye's, and she

said to her hostess, "Now I must go—you have got another caller!" It was Verena's belief that in the fashionable world (like Mrs. Farrinder, she thought Miss Chancellor belonged to it—thought that, in standing there, she herself was in it)—in the highest social walks, I say, it was the custom of a prior guest to depart when another friend arrived. She had been told at people's doors that she could not be received because the lady of the house had a visitor, and she had retired on these occasions with a feeling of awe much more than a sense of injury. They had not been the portals of fashion, but in this respect, she deemed, they had emulated such bulwarks. Olive Chancellor offered Basil Ransom a greeting which she believed to be consummately lady-like, and which the young man, narrating the scene several months later to Mrs. Luna, whose susceptibilities he did not feel himself obliged to consider (she considered his so little), described by saying that she glared at him. Olive had thought it very possible he would come that day if he was to leave Boston; though she was perfectly mindful that she had given him no encouragement at the moment they separated. If he should not come she should be annoyed, and if he should come she should be furious; she was also sufficiently mindful of that. But she had a foreboding that, of the two grievances, fortune would confer upon her only the less; the only one she had as yet was that he had responded to her letter—a complaint rather wanting in richness. If he came, at any rate, he would be likely to come shortly before dinner, at the same hour as yesterday. He had now anticipated this period considerably, and it seemed to Miss Chancellor that he had taken a base advantage of her, stolen a march upon her privacy. She was startled, disconcerted, but, as I have said, she was rigorously lady-like. She was determined not again to be fantastic, as she had been about his coming to Miss Birdseye's. The strange dread associating itself with that was something which, she devoutly trusted, she had felt once for all. She didn't know what he could do to her. He hadn't prevented, on the spot though he was, one of the happiest things that had befallen her for so long—this quick, confident visit of Verena Tarrant. It was only just at the last that he had come in, and Verena must go now; Olive's detaining hand immediately relaxed itself.

It is to be feared there was no disguise of Ransom's satisfaction at finding himself once more face to face with the charming creature with whom he had exchanged that final speechless smile the evening before. He was more glad to see her than if she had been an old

friend, for it seemed to him that she had suddenly become a new one. "The delightful girl," he said to himself; "she smiles at me as if she liked me!" He could not know that this was fatuous, that she smiled so at every one; the first time she saw people she treated them as if she recognized them. Moreover, she didn't seat herself again in his honor; she let it be seen that she was still going. The three stood there together in the middle of the long, characteristic room, and, for the first time in her life, Olive Chancellor chose not to introduce two persons who met under her roof. She hated Europe, but she could be European if it were necessary. Neither of her companions had an idea that in leaving them simply planted face to face (the terror of the American heart) she had so high a warrant; and presently Basil Ransom felt that he didn't care whether he were introduced or not, for the greatness of an evil didn't matter if the remedy were equally great.

"Miss Tarrant won't be surprised if I recognize her—if I take the liberty to speak to her. She is a public character; she must pay the penalty of her distinction." These words he boldly addressed to the girl, with his most gallant Southern manner, saying to himself meanwhile that she was prettier still by daylight.

"Oh, a great many gentlemen have spoken to me," Verena said. "There were quite a number at Topeka—" And her phrase lost itself in her look at Olive, as if she were wondering what was the matter with her.

"Now, I am afraid you are going the very moment I appear," Ransom went on. "Do you know that's very cruel to me? I know what your ideas are—you expressed them last night in such beautiful language; of course you convinced me. I am ashamed of being a man; but I am, and I can't help it, and I'll do penance any way you may prescribe. *Must* she go, Miss Olive?" he asked of his cousin. "Do you flee before the individual male?" And he turned again to Verena.

This young lady gave a laugh that resembled speech in liquid fusion. "Oh, no; I like the individual!"

As an incarnation of a "movement," Ransom thought her more and more singular, and he wondered how she came to be closeted so soon with his kinswoman, to whom, only a few hours before, she had been a complete stranger. These, however, were doubtless the normal proceedings of women. He begged her to sit down again; he was sure Miss Chancellor would be sorry to part with her. Verena, looking at her friend, not for permission, but for sympathy, dropped again into a

chair, and Ransom waited to see Miss Chancellor do the same. She gratified him after a moment, because she couldn't refuse without appearing to put a hurt upon Verena; but it went hard with her, and she was altogether discomposed. She had never seen any one so free in her own drawing-room as this loud Southerner, to whom she had so rashly offered a footing; he extended invitations to her guests under her nose. That Verena should do as he asked her was a signal sign of the absence of that "home-culture" (it was so that Miss Chancellor expressed the missing quality) which she never supposed the girl possessed—fortunately, as it would be supplied to her in abundance in Charles street. (Olive, of course, held that home-culture was perfectly compatible with the widest emancipation.) It was with a perfectly good conscience that Verena complied with Basil Ransom's request; but it took her quick sensibility only a moment to discover that her friend was not pleased. She scarcely knew what had ruffled her, but at the same moment there passed before her the vision of the anxieties (of this sudden, unexplained sort, for instance, and much worse) which intimate relations with Miss Chancellor might entail.

"Now, I want you to tell me this," Basil Ransom said, leaning forward toward Verena, with his hands on his knees, and completely oblivious of his hostess. "Do you really believe all that pretty moonshine you talked last night? I could have listened to you for another hour; but I never heard such monstrous sentiments. I must protest—I must, as a calumniated, misrepresented man. Confess you meant it as a kind of *reductio ad absurdum*—a satire on Mrs. Farrinder?" He spoke in a tone of the freest pleasantry, with his familiar, friendly Southern cadence.

Verena looked at him with eyes that grew large. "Why, you don't mean to say you don't believe in our cause!"

"Oh, it won't do—it won't do!" Ransom went on, laughing. "You are on the wrong tack altogether. Do you really take the ground that your sex has been without influence? Influence? Why, you've led us all by the nose to where we are now! Wherever we are, it's all you. You are at the bottom of everything."

"Oh, yes, and we want to be at the top," said Verena.

"Ah, but the bottom is a better place, depend on it, when from there you move the whole mass! Besides, you are on the top as well; you are everywhere, you are everything. I am of the opinion of that historical character—wasn't he some king?—who thought there was a lady behind everything. What-

ever it was, he held, you have only to look for her; she is the explanation. Well, I always look for her, and I always find her; of course, I am always delighted to do so; but it proves she is the universal cause. Now, you don't mean to deny that power, the power of setting men in motion. You are at the bottom of all the wars."

"Well, I am like Mrs. Farrinder; I like opposition!" Verena exclaimed, with a happy smile.

"That proves, as I say, how in spite of your expressions of horror you delight in the shock of battle. What do you say to Helen of Troy and the fearful carnage she excited? It is well known that the Empress of France was at the bottom of the last war in that country. And as for our four fearful years of slaughter, of course you won't deny that there the ladies were the great motive power. The Abolitionists brought it on, and were not the Abolitionists principally females? Who was that celebrity that was mentioned last night?—Eliza P. Moseley. I regard Eliza as the cause of the biggest war of which history preserves the record."

Basil Ransom enjoyed his humor the more because Verena appeared to enjoy it; and the look with which she replied to him, at the end of this little tirade, "Why, sir, you ought to take the platform too; we might go round together as poison and antidote!"—this made him feel that he had convinced her, for the moment, quite as much as it was important he should. In Verena's face, however, it lasted but an instant—an instant after she had glanced at Olive Chancellor, who, with her eyes fixed intently on the ground (a look she was to learn to know so well), had a strange expression. The girl slowly got up; she felt that she must go. She guessed Miss Chancellor didn't like this handsome joker (it was so that Basil Ransom struck her); and it was impressed upon her ("in time," as she thought) that her new friend would be more serious even than she about the woman-question, serious as she had hitherto believed herself to be.

"I should like so much to have the pleasure of seeing you again," Ransom continued. "I think I should be able to interpret history for you by a new light."

"Well, I should be very happy to see you in my home." These words had barely fallen from Verena's lips (her mother told her they were, in general, the proper thing to say when people expressed such a desire as that; she must not let it be assumed that she would come first to them)—she had hardly, I repeat, uttered this hospitable speech, when she felt the hand of her hostess upon her arm and

became aware that a passionate appeal sat in Olive's eyes.

"You will just catch the Charles street car," that young woman murmured, with muffled sweetness.

Verena didn't understand further than to see that she ought already to have departed; and the simplest response was to kiss Miss Chancellor, an act which she briefly performed. Basil Ransom understood still less, and it was a melancholy commentary on his contention that men are not inferior, that this meeting could not come, however rapidly, to a close without his plunging into a blunder which necessarily aggravated those he had already made. He had been invited by the little prophetess, and yet he had not been invited; but he didn't take that up, because he must absolutely leave Boston on the morrow, and, besides, Miss Chancellor appeared to have something to say to it. But he put out his hand to Verena and said, "Good-bye, Miss Tarrant; are we not to have the pleasure of hearing you in New York? I am afraid we are sadly sunk."

"Certainly, I should like to raise my voice in the biggest city," the girl replied.

"Well, try to come on. I won't refute you. It would be a very stupid world, after all, if we always knew what women were going to say."

Verena was conscious of the approach of the Charles street car, as well as of the fact that Miss Chancellor was in pain; but she lingered long enough to remark that she could see he had the old-fashioned ideas—she regarded woman as the toy of man.

"Don't say the toy—say the joy!" Ransom exclaimed. "There's one statement I'll venture to advance: I am quite as fond of you as you are of each other!"

"Much he knows about that!" said Verena, with a sidelong smile at Olive Chancellor.

For Olive, it made her more beautiful than ever; still there was no trace of this mere personal elation in the splendid sententiousness with which, turning to Mr. Ransom, she remarked: "What women may be, or may not be, to each other, I won't attempt just now to say; but what *the truth* may be to a human soul, I think perhaps even a woman may faintly suspect!"

"The truth? My dear cousin, your truth is a most vain thing!"

"Gracious me!" cried Verena Tarrant; and the gay vibration of her voice as she uttered this simple ejaculation was the last that Ransom heard of her. Miss Chancellor swept her out of the room, leaving the young man to extract a relish from the ineffable irony with

which she uttered the words "even a woman." It was to be supposed, on general grounds, that she would reappear, but there was nothing in the glance she gave him, as she turned her back, that was an earnest of this. He stood there a moment, wondering; then his wonder spent itself on the page of a book which, according to his habit at such times, he had mechanically taken up, and in which he speedily became interested. He read it for five minutes in an uncomfortable-looking attitude, and quite forgot that he had been forsaken. He was recalled to this fact by the entrance of Mrs. Luna, arrayed as if for the street, and putting on her gloves again—she seemed always to be putting on her gloves. She wanted to know what in the world he was doing there alone—whether her sister had not been notified.

"Oh, yes," said Ransom, "she has just been with me, but she has gone downstairs with Miss Tarrant."

"And who in the world is Miss Tarrant?"

Ransom was surprised that Mrs. Luna shouldn't know of the intimacy of the two young ladies, in spite of the brevity of their acquaintance, being already so great. But, apparently, Miss Olive had not mentioned her new friend. "Well, she is an inspirational speaker—the most charming creature in the world!"

Mrs. Luna paused in her manipulations, gave an amazed, amused stare, then caused the room to ring with her laughter. "You don't mean to say you are converted—already?"

"Converted to Miss Tarrant, decidedly."

"You are not to belong to any Miss Tarrant; you are to belong to me," Mrs. Luna said, having thought over her Southern kinsman during the twenty-four hours, and made up her mind that he would be a good man for a lone woman to know. Then she added: "Did you come here to meet her—the inspirational speaker?"

"No; I came to bid your sister good-bye."

"Are you really going? I haven't made you promise half the things I want yet. But we'll settle that in New York. How do you get on with Olive Chancellor?" Mrs. Luna continued, making her points, as she always did, with eagerness, though her roundness and her dimples had hitherto prevented her from being accused of that vice. It was her practice to speak of her sister by her whole name, and you would have supposed, from her usual manner of alluding to her, that Olive was much the older, instead of having been born ten years later than Adeline. She had as many ways as possible of marking the gulf that divided them. But she bridged

it over lightly now by saying to Basil Ransom: "Isn't she a dear old thing?"

This bridge, he saw, would not bear his weight and her question seemed to him to have more audacity than sense. Why should she be so insincere? She might know that a man couldn't recognize Miss Chancellor in such a description as that. She was not old—she was sharply young; and it was inconceivable to him, though he had just seen the little prophetess kiss her, that she should ever become any one's "dear." Least of all was she a "thing"; she was intensely, fearfully a person. He hesitated a moment, and then he replied: "She's a very remarkable woman."

"Take care—don't be reckless!" cried Mrs. Luna. "Do you think she is very dreadful?"

"Don't say anything against my cousin," Basil answered; and at that moment Miss Chancellor reentered the room. She murmured some request that he would excuse her absence, but her sister interrupted her with an inquiry about Miss Tarrant.

"Mr. Ransom thinks she is wonderfully charming. Why didn't you show her to me? Do you want to keep her all to yourself?"

Olive rested her eyes for some moments upon Mrs. Luna, without speaking. Then she said: "Your veil is not put on straight, Adeline."

"I look like a monster—that, evidently, is what you mean!" Adeline exclaimed, going to the mirror to rearrange the peccant tissue.

Miss Chancellor did not again ask Ransom to be seated; she appeared to take it for granted that he would leave her now. But instead of this he returned to the subject of Verena; he asked her whether she supposed the girl would come out in public—would go about like Mrs. Farrinder?

"Come out in public!" Olive repeated; "in public? Why, you don't imagine that pure voice is to be hushed?"

"Oh, hushed, no! it's too sweet for that. But not raised to a scream; not forced and cracked and ruined. She oughtn't to become like the others. She ought to remain apart."

"Apart—*apart*?" said Miss Chancellor; "when we shall all be looking to her, gathering about her, praying for her!" There was an exceeding scorn in her voice. "If I can help her, she shall be an immense power for good."

"An immense power for quackery, my dear Miss Olive!" This broke from Basil Ransom's lips in spite of a vow he had just taken not to say anything that should "aggravate" his hostess, who was in a state of tension it was not difficult to detect. But he had lowered

his tone to friendly pleading, and the offensive word was mitigated by his smile.

She moved away from him, backwards, as if he had given her a push. "Ah, well, now you are reckless," Mrs. Luna remarked, drawing out her ribbons before the mirror.

"I don't think you would interfere if you knew how little you understand us," Miss Chancellor said to Ransom.

"Whom do you mean by 'us'—your whole delightful sex? I don't understand *you*, Miss Olive."

"Come away with me, and I'll explain her as we go," Mrs. Luna went on, having finished her toilet.

Ransom offered his hand in farewell to his hostess; but Olive found it impossible to do anything but ignore the gesture. She couldn't have let him touch her. "Well, then, if you must exhibit her to the multitude, bring her on to New York," he said, with the same attempt at a light treatment.

"You'll have *me* in New York—you don't want any one else!" Mrs. Luna ejaculated, coquettishly. "I have made up my mind to winter there now."

Olive Chancellor looked from one to the other of her two relatives, one near and the other distant, but each so little in sympathy with her, and it came over her that there might be a kind of protection for her in binding them together, entangling them with each other. She had never had an idea of that kind in her life before, and that this sudden subtlety should have gleamed upon her as a momentary talisman gives the measure of her present nervousness.

"If I could take her to New York, I would take her farther," she remarked, hoping she was enigmatical.

"You talk about 'taking' her, as if you were a lecture-agent. Are you going into that business?" Mrs. Luna asked.

Ransom could not help noticing that Miss Chancellor would not shake hands with him, and he felt, on the whole, rather injured. He paused a moment before leaving the room—standing there with his hand on the knob of the door. "Look here, Miss Olive, what did you write to me to come and see you for?" He made this inquiry with a countenance not destitute of gayety, but his eyes showed something of that yellow light—just momentarily lurid—of which mention has been made. Mrs. Luna was on her way downstairs, and her companions remained face to face.

"Ask my sister—I think she will tell you," said Olive, turning away from him and going to the window. She remained there, looking out; she heard the door of the house close, and saw the two cross the street together. As

they passed out of sight her fingers played, softly, a little air upon the pane; it seemed to her that she had had an inspiration.

Basil Ransom, meanwhile, put the question to Mrs. Luna. "If she wasn't going to like me, why in the world did she write to me?"

"Because she wanted you to know me—she thought *I* would like you!" And apparently she had not been wrong; for Mrs. Luna, when they reached Beacon street, would not hear of his leaving her to go her way alone, would not in the least admit his plea that he had only an hour or two more in Boston (he was to travel, economically, by the boat) and must devote the time to his business. She appealed to his Southern chivalry, and not in vain; practically, at least, he admitted the rights of women.

XIII.

Mrs. TARRANT was delighted, as may be imagined, with her daughter's account of Miss Chancellor's interior, and the reception the girl had found there; and Verena, for the next month, took her way very often to Charles street. "Just you be as nice to her as you know how," Mrs. Tarrant had said to her; and she reflected with some complacency that her daughter did know—she knew how to do everything of that sort. It was not that Verena had been taught; that branch of the education of young ladies which is known as "manners and deportment" had not figured, as a definite head, in Miss Tarrant's curriculum. She had been told, indeed, that she must not lie nor steal; but she had been told very little else about behavior; her only great advantage, in short, had been the parental example. But her mother liked to think that she was quick and graceful, and she questioned her exhaustively as to the progress of this interesting episode; she didn't see why, as she said, it shouldn't be a permanent "stand-by" for Verena. In Mrs. Tarrant's meditations upon the girl's future she had never thought of a fine marriage as a reward of effort; she would have deemed herself very immoral if she had endeavored to capture for her child a rich husband. She had not, in fact, a very vivid sense of the existence of such agents of fate; all the rich men she had seen already had wives, and the unmarried men, who were generally very young, were distinguished from each other not so much by the figure of their income, which came little into question, as by the degree of their interest in regenerating ideas. She supposed Verena would marry some one, some day, and she hoped the personage would be connected with public life—which meant, for Mrs. Tar-

rant, that his name would be visible, in the lamplight, on a colored poster, in the doorway of Tremont Temple. But she was not eager about this vision, for the implications of matrimony were for the most part wanting in brightness,—consisted of a tired woman holding a baby over a furnace-register that emitted lukewarm air. A real lovely friendship with a young woman who had, as Mrs. Tarrant expressed it, "prop'ty," would occupy agreeably such an interval as might occur before Verena should meet her sterner fate; it would be a great thing for her to have a place to run into when she wanted a change, and there was no knowing but what it might end in her having two homes. For the idea of the home, like most American women of her quality, Mrs. Tarrant had an extreme reverence; and it was her candid faith that in all the vicissitudes of the past twenty years she had preserved the spirit of this institution. If it should exist in duplicate for Verena, the girl would be favored indeed.

All this was as nothing, however, compared with the fact that Miss Chancellor seemed to think her young friend's gift *was* inspirational, or at any rate, as Selah had so often said, quite unique. She couldn't make out very exactly, by Verena, what she thought; but if the way Miss Chancellor had taken hold of her didn't show that she believed she could rouse the people, Mrs. Tarrant didn't know what it showed. It was a satisfaction to her that Verena evidently responded freely; she didn't think anything of what she spent in cartickets, and indeed she had told her that Miss Chancellor wanted to stuff her pockets with them. At first she went in because her mother liked to have her; but now, evidently, she went because she was so much drawn. She expressed the highest admiration of her new friend; she said it took her a little while to see into her, but now that she did, well, she was perfectly splendid. When Verena wanted to admire she went ahead of every one, and it was delightful to see how she was stimulated by the young lady in Charles street. They thought everything of each other—that was very plain; you could scarcely tell which thought most. Each thought the other so noble, and Mrs. Tarrant had a faith that between them they *would* rouse the people. What Verena wanted was some one who would know how to handle her (her father hadn't handled anything except the healing, up to this time, with real success), and perhaps Miss Chancellor would take hold better than some that made more of a profession.

"It's beautiful, the way she draws you out," Verena had said to her mother; "there's something so searching that the first time I

visited her it quite realized my idea of the Day of Judgment. But she seems to show all that's in herself at the same time, and then you see how lovely it is. She's just as pure as she can live; you see if she is not, when you know her. She's so noble herself that she makes you feel as if you wouldn't want to be less so. She doesn't care for anything but the elevation of our sex; if she can work a little toward that, it's all she asks. I can tell you, she kindles me; she does, mother, really. She doesn't care a speck what she wears—only to have an elegant parlor. Well, she *has* got that; it's a regular dream-like place to sit. She's going to have a tree in, next week; she says she wants to see me sitting under a tree. I believe it's some oriental idea; it has lately been introduced in Paris. She doesn't like French ideas as a general thing; but she says this has more nature than most. She has got so many of her own that I shouldn't think she would require to borrow any. I'd sit in a forest to hear her bring some of them out," Verena went on, with characteristic raciness. "She just quivers when she describes what our sex has been through. It's so interesting to me to hear what I have always felt. If she wasn't afraid of facing the public, she would go far ahead of me. But she doesn't want to speak herself; she only wants to call me out. Mother, if she doesn't attract attention to me there isn't any attention to be attracted. She says I have got the gift of expression—it doesn't matter where it comes from. She says it's a great advantage to a movement to be personified in a bright young figure. Well, of course I'm young, and I feel bright enough when once I get started. She says my serenity while exposed to the gaze of hundreds is in itself a qualification; in fact, she seems to think my serenity is quite God-given. She hasn't got much of it herself; she's the most emotional woman I have met, up to now. She wants to know how I can speak the way I do unless I *feel*; and of course I tell her I do feel, so far as I realize. She seems to be realizing all the time; I never saw any one that took so little rest. She says I ought to do something great, and she makes me feel as if I should. She says I ought to have a wide influence, if I can obtain the ear of the public; and I say to her that if I do it will be all *her* influence."

Selah Tarrant looked at all this from a higher stand-point than his wife; at least such an altitude on his part was to be inferred from his increased solemnity. He committed himself to no precipitate elation at the idea of his daughter's being taken up by a patroness of movements who happened to have money; he looked at his child only from the

point of view of the service she might render to humanity. To keep her ideal pointing in the right direction, to guide and animate her moral life—this was a duty more imperative for a parent so closely identified with revelations and panaceas than seeing that she formed profitable worldly connections. He was "off," moreover, so much of the time that he could keep little account of her comings and goings, and he had an air of being but vaguely aware of whom Miss Chancellor, the object now of his wife's perpetual reference, might be. Verena's initial appearance in Boston, as he called her performance at Miss Birdseye's, had been a great success; and this reflection added, as I say, to his habitually sacerdotal expression. He looked like the priest of a religion that was passing through the stage of miracles; he carried his responsibility in the general elongation of his person, of his gestures (his hands were now always in the air, as if he were being photographed in postures), of his words and sentences, as well as in his smile, as noiseless as a patent door, and in the folds of his eternal water-proof. He was incapable of giving an off-hand answer or opinion on the simplest occasion, and his tone of high deliberation increased in proportion as the subject was trivial or domestic. If his wife asked him at dinner if the potatoes were good, he replied that they were strikingly fine (he used to speak of the newspaper as "fine"—he applied this term to objects the most dissimilar), and embarked on a parallel worthy of Plutarch, in which he compared them with other specimens of the same vegetable. He produced, or would have liked to produce, the impression of looking above and beyond everything, of not caring for the immediate, of reckoning only with the long run. In reality he had one all-absorbing solicitude—the desire to get paragraphs put into the newspapers, paragraphs of which he had hitherto been the subject, but of which he was now to divide the glory with his daughter. The newspapers were his world, the richest expression, in his eyes, of human life; and, for him, if a diviner day was to come upon earth, it would be brought about by copious advertisement in the daily prints. He looked with longing for the moment when Verena should be advertised among the "personal items," and to his mind the supremely happy people were those (and there were a good many of them) of whom there was some journalistic mention every day in the year. Nothing less than this would really have satisfied Selah Tarrant; his ideal of bliss was to be as regularly and indispensably a component part of the newspaper as the title and date or the

became aware that a passionate appeal sat in Olive's eyes.

"You will just catch the Charles street car," that young woman murmured, with muffled sweetness.

Verena didn't understand further than to see that she ought already to have departed; and the simplest response was to kiss Miss Chancellor, an act which she briefly performed. Basil Ransom understood still less, and it was a melancholy commentary on his contention that men are not inferior, that this meeting could not come, however rapidly, to a close without his plunging into a blunder which necessarily aggravated those he had already made. He had been invited by the little prophetess, and yet he had not been invited; but he didn't take that up, because he must absolutely leave Boston on the morrow, and, besides, Miss Chancellor appeared to have something to say to it. But he put out his hand to Verena and said, "Good-bye, Miss Tarrant; are we not to have the pleasure of hearing you in New York? I am afraid we are sadly sunk."

"Certainly, I should like to raise my voice in the biggest city," the girl replied.

"Well, try to come on. I won't refute you. It would be a very stupid world, after all, if we always knew what women were going to say."

Verena was conscious of the approach of the Charles street car, as well as of the fact that Miss Chancellor was in pain; but she lingered long enough to remark that she could see he had the old-fashioned ideas—he regarded woman as the toy of man.

"Don't say the toy—say the joy!" Ransom exclaimed. "There's one statement I'll venture to advance: I am quite as fond of you as you are of each other!"

"Much he knows about that!" said Verena, with a sidelong smile at Olive Chancellor.

For Olive, it made her more beautiful than ever; still there was no trace of this mere personal elation in the splendid sententiousness with which, turning to Mr. Ransom, she remarked: "What women may be, or may not be, to each other, I won't attempt just now to say; but what *the truth* may be to a human soul, I think perhaps even a woman may faintly suspect!"

"The truth? My dear cousin, your truth is a most vain thing!"

"Gracious me!" cried Verena Tarrant; and the gay vibration of her voice as she uttered this simple ejaculation was the last that Ransom heard of her. Miss Chancellor swept her out of the room, leaving the young man to extract a relish from the ineffable irony with

which she uttered the words "even a woman." It was to be supposed, on general grounds, that she would reappear, but there was nothing in the glance she gave him, as she turned her back, that was an earnest of this. He stood there a moment, wondering; then his wonder spent itself on the page of a book which, according to his habit at such times, he had mechanically taken up, and in which he speedily became interested. He read it for five minutes in an uncomfortable-looking attitude, and quite forgot that he had been forsaken. He was recalled to this fact by the entrance of Mrs. Luna, arrayed as if for the street, and putting on her gloves again—she seemed always to be putting on her gloves. She wanted to know what in the world he was doing there alone—whether her sister had not been notified.

"Oh, yes," said Ransom, "she has just been with me, but she has gone downstairs with Miss Tarrant."

"And who in the world is Miss Tarrant?"

Ransom was surprised that Mrs. Luna shouldn't know of the intimacy of the two young ladies, in spite of the brevity of their acquaintance, being already so great. But, apparently, Miss Olive had not mentioned her new friend. "Well, she is an inspirational speaker—the most charming creature in the world!"

Mrs. Luna paused in her manipulations, gave an amazed, amused stare, then caused the room to ring with her laughter. "You don't mean to say you are converted—already?"

"Converted to Miss Tarrant, decidedly."

"You are not to belong to any Miss Tarrant; you are to belong to me," Mrs. Luna said, having thought over her Southern kinsman during the twenty-four hours, and made up her mind that he would be a good man for a lone woman to know. Then she added: "Did you come here to meet her—the inspirational speaker?"

"No; I came to bid your sister good-bye."

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"Because she wanted you to know me—she thought *I* would like you!" And apparently she had not been wrong; for Mrs. Luna, when they reached Beacon street, would not hear of his leaving her to go her way alone, would not in the least admit his plea that he had only an hour or two more in Boston (he was to travel, economically, by the boat) and must devote the time to his business. She appealed to his Southern chivalry, and not in vain; practically, at least, he admitted the rights of women.

XIII.

MRS. TARRANT was delighted, as may be imagined, with her daughter's account of Miss Chancellor's interior, and the reception the girl had found there; and Verena, for the next month, took her way very often to Charles street. "Just you be as nice to her as you know how," Mrs. Tarrant had said to her; and she reflected with some complacency that her daughter did know—she knew how to do everything of that sort. It was not that Verena had been taught; that branch of the education of young ladies which is known as "manners and deportment" had not figured, as a definite head, in Miss Tarrant's curriculum. She had been told, indeed, that she must not lie nor steal; but she had been told very little else about behavior; her only great advantage, in short, had been the parental example. But her mother liked to think that she was quick and graceful, and she questioned her exhaustively as to the progress of this interesting episode; she didn't see why, as she said, it shouldn't be a permanent "stand-by" for Verena. In Mrs. Tarrant's meditations upon the girl's future she had never thought of a fine marriage as a reward of effort; she would have deemed herself very immoral if she had endeavored to capture for her child a rich husband. She had not, in fact, a very vivid sense of the existence of such agents of fate; all the rich men she had seen already had wives, and the unmarried men, who were generally very young, were distinguished from each other not so much by the figure of their income, which came little into question, as by the degree of their interest in regenerating ideas. She supposed Verena would marry some one, some day, and she hoped the personage would be connected with public life—which meant, for Mrs. Tar-

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visited her it quite realized my idea of the Day of Judgment. But she seems to show all that's in herself at the same time, and then you see how lovely it is. She's just as pure as she can live; you see if she is not, when you know her. She's so noble herself that she makes you feel as if you wouldn't want to be less so. She doesn't care for anything but the elevation of our sex; if she can work a little toward that, it's all she asks. I can tell you, she kindles me; she does, mother, really. She doesn't care a speck what she wears—only to have an elegant parlor. Well, she *has* got that; it's a regular dream-like place to sit. She's going to have a tree in, next week; she says she wants to see me sitting under a tree. I believe it's some oriental idea; it has lately been introduced in Paris. She doesn't like French ideas as a general thing; but she says this has more nature than most. She has got so many of her own that I shouldn't think she would require to borrow any. I'd sit in a forest to hear her bring some of them out," Verena went on, with characteristic raciness. "She just quivers when she describes what our sex has been through. It's so interesting to me to hear what I have always felt. If she wasn't afraid of facing the public, she would go far ahead of me. But she doesn't want to speak herself; she only wants to call me out. Mother, if she doesn't attract attention to me there isn't any attention to be attracted. She says I have got the gift of expression—it doesn't matter where it comes from. She says it's a great advantage to a movement to be personified in a bright young figure. Well, of course I'm young, and I feel bright enough when once I get started. She says my serenity while exposed to the gaze of hundreds is in itself a qualification; in fact, she seems to think my serenity is quite God-given. She hasn't got much of it herself; she's the most emotional woman I have met, up to now. She wants to know how I can speak the way I do unless I *feel*; and of course I tell her I do feel, so far as I realize. She seems to be realizing all the time; I never saw any one that took so little rest. She says I ought to do something great, and she makes me feel as if I should. She says I ought to have a wide influence, if I can obtain the ear of the public; and I say to her that if I do it will be all *her* influence."

Selah Tarrant looked at all this from a higher stand-point than his wife; at least such an altitude on his part was to be inferred from his increased solemnity. He committed himself to no precipitate elation at the idea of his daughter's being taken up by a patroness of movements who happened to have money; he looked at his child only from the

point of view of the service she might render to humanity. To keep her ideal pointing in the right direction, to guide and animate her moral life—this was a duty more imperative for a parent so closely identified with revelations and panaceas than seeing that she formed profitable worldly connections. He was "off," moreover, so much of the time that he could keep little account of her comings and goings, and he had an air of being but vaguely aware of whom Miss Chancellor, the object now of his wife's perpetual reference, might be. Verena's initial appearance in Boston, as he called her performance at Miss Birdseye's, had been a great success; and this reflection added, as I say, to his habitually sacerdotal expression. He looked like the priest of a religion that was passing through the stage of miracles; he carried his responsibility in the general elongation of his person, of his gestures (his hands were now always in the air, as if he were being photographed in postures), of his words and sentences, as well as in his smile, as noiseless as a patent door, and in the folds of his eternal water-proof. He was incapable of giving an off-hand answer or opinion on the simplest occasion, and his tone of high deliberation increased in proportion as the subject was trivial or domestic. If his wife asked him at dinner if the potatoes were good, he replied that they were strikingly fine (he used to speak of the newspaper as "fine"—he applied this term to objects the most dissimilar), and embarked on a parallel worthy of Plutarch, in which he compared them with other specimens of the same vegetable. He produced, or would have liked to produce, the impression of looking above and beyond everything, of not caring for the immediate, of reckoning only with the long run. In reality he had one all-absorbing solicitude—the desire to get paragraphs put into the newspapers, paragraphs of which he had hitherto been the subject, but of which he was now to divide the glory with his daughter. The newspapers were his world, the richest expression, in his eyes, of human life; and, for him, if a diviner day was to come upon earth, it would be brought about by copious advertisement in the daily prints. He looked with longing for the moment when Verena should be advertised among the "personal items," and to his mind the supremely happy people were those (and there were a good many of them) of whom there was some journalistic mention every day in the year. Nothing less than this would really have satisfied Selah Tarrant; his ideal of bliss was to be as regularly and indispensably a component part of the newspaper as the title and date or the

column of Western jokes. The vision of that publicity haunted his dreams, and he would gladly have sacrificed to it the innermost sanctities of home. Human existence to him, indeed, was a huge publicity, in which the only fault was that it was sometimes not sufficiently effective. There had been a Spiritualist paper of old which he used to pervade; but he couldn't persuade himself that through this medium his personality had attracted general attention; and, moreover, the sheet, as he said, was played out anyway. Success was not success so long as his daughter's *physique*, the rumor of her engagement, were not included in the "Jottings," with the certainty of being extensively copied.

The account of her exploits in the West had not made their way to the seaboard with the promptitude that he had looked for; the reason of this being, he supposed, that the few addresses she had made had not been lectures, announced in advance, to which tickets had been sold, but incidents, of abrupt occurrence, of certain multitudinous meetings, where there had been other performers better known to fame. They had brought in no money; they had been delivered only for the good of the cause. If it could only be known that she spoke for nothing, that might deepen the reverberation; the only trouble was that her speaking for nothing was not the way to remind him that he had a remunerative daughter. It was not the way to stand out so very much either, Selah Tarrant felt; for there were plenty of others that knew how to make as little money as she would. To speak—that was the one thing that most people were willing to do for nothing. It was not a line in which it was easy to appear conspicuously disinterested. Disinterestedness, too, was incompatible with receipts; and receipts were what Selah Tarrant was, in his own parlance, after. He wished to bring about the day when they would flow in freely; the reader perhaps sees the gesture with which, in his colloquies with himself, he accompanied this mental image.

It seemed to him at present that the fruitful time was not far off; it had been brought appreciably nearer by that fortunate evening at Miss Birdseye's. If Mrs. Farrinder could be induced to write an "open letter" about Verena, that would do more than anything else. Selah was not remarkable for delicacy of perception, but he knew the world he lived in well enough to be aware that Mrs. Farrinder was liable to rear up, as they used to say down in Pennsylvania, where he lived before he began to peddle lead-pencils. She wouldn't always take things as you might expect, and if it didn't meet her views to pay

a public tribute to Verena, there wasn't any way known to Tarrant's ingenious mind of getting round her. If it was a question of a favor from Mrs. Farrinder, you just had to wait for it, as you would for a rise in the thermometer. He had told Miss Birdseye what he would like, and she seemed to think, from the way their celebrated friend had been affected, that the idea might take her some day of just letting the public know all she had felt. She was off somewhere now (since that evening), but Miss Birdseye had an idea that when she was back in Roxbury she would send for Verena and give her a few points. Meanwhile, at any rate, Selah was sure he had a card; he felt there was money in the air. It might already be said there were receipts from Charles street; that rich, peculiar young woman seemed to want to lavish herself. He pretended, as I have intimated, not to notice this; but he never saw so much as when he had his eyes fixed on the cornice. He had no doubt that if he should make up his mind to take a hall some night, she would tell him where the bill might be sent. That was what he was thinking of now, whether he had better take a hall right away, so that Verena might leap at a bound into renown, or wait till she had made a few more appearances in private, so that curiosity might be worked up.

These meditations accompanied him in his multifarious wanderings through the city and the suburbs of the New England capital. As I have also mentioned, he was absent for hours—long periods during which Mrs. Tarrant, sustaining nature with a hard-boiled egg and a doughnut, wondered how in the world he stayed his stomach. He never wanted anything but a piece of pie when he came in; the only thing about which he was particular was that it should be served up hot. She had a private conviction that he partook, at the houses of his lady patients, of little lunches; she applied this term to any episodic repast, at any hour of the twenty-four. It is but fair to add that once, when she betrayed her suspicion, Selah remarked that the only refreshment he ever wanted was the sense that he was doing some good. This effort with him had many forms; it involved, among other things, a perpetual perambulation of the streets, a haunting of horse-cars, railway stations, shops that were "selling off." But the places that knew him best were the offices of the newspapers and the vestibules of the hotels—the big marble-paved chambers of informal reunion which offer to the streets, through high glass plates, the sight of the American citizen suspended by his heels. Here, amid the piled-up luggage, the conven-

ient spittoons, the elbowing loungers, the disconsolate "guests," the truculent Irish porters, the rows of shaggy-backed men in strange hats, writing letters at a table inlaid with advertisements, Selah Tarrant made innumerable contemplative stations. He couldn't have told you, at any particular moment, what he was doing; he only had a general sense that such places were national nerve-centers, and that the more one looked in, the more one was "on the spot." The *penetralia* of the daily press were, however, still more fascinating, and the fact that they were less accessible, that here he found barriers in his path, only added to the zest of forcing an entrance. He abounded in pretexts; he even sometimes brought contributions; he was persistent and penetrating, he was known as the irrepressible Tarrant. He hung about, sat too long, took up the time of busy people, edged into the printing-rooms when he had been eliminated from the office, talked with the compositors till they set up his remarks by mistake, and to the newsboys when the compositors had turned their backs. He was always trying to find out what was "going in"; he would have liked to go in himself, bodily, and, failing in this, he hoped to get advertisements inserted gratis. The wish of his soul was that he might be interviewed; that made him hover at the editorial elbow. Once he thought he had been, and the headings, five or six deep, danced for days before his eyes; but the report never appeared. He expected his revenge for this the day after Verena should have burst forth; he saw the attitude in which he should receive the emissaries who would come after his daughter.

XIV.

"We ought to ask some one to meet her," Mrs. Tarrant said; "I presume she wouldn't care to come out just to see us." "She," between the mother and the daughter, at this period, could refer only to Olive Chancellor, who was discussed in the little house at Cambridge at all hours and from every possible point of view. It was never Verena now who began, for she had grown rather weary of the topic; she had her own ways of thinking of it, which were not her mother's, and if she lent herself to this lady's extensive considerations, it was because that was the best way of keeping her thoughts to herself.

Mrs. Tarrant had an idea that she (Mrs. Tarrant) liked to study people, and that she was now engaged in an analysis of Miss Chancellor. It carried her far, and she came out at unexpected times with her results. It was still

her purpose to interpret the world to the ingenuous mind of her daughter, and she translated Miss Chancellor with a confidence which made little account of the fact that she had seen her but once, while Verena had this advantage nearly every day. Verena felt that by this time she knew Olive very well, and her mother's most complicated versions of motive and temperament (Mrs. Tarrant, with the most imperfect idea of the meaning of the term, was always talking about people's temperament) rendered small justice to the phenomena it was now her privilege to observe in Charles street. Olive was much more remarkable than Mrs. Tarrant suspected, remarkable as Mrs. Tarrant believed her to be. She had opened Verena's eyes to extraordinary pictures, made the girl believe that she had a heavenly mission, given her, as we have seen, quite a new measure of the interest of life. These were larger consequences than the possibility of meeting the leaders of society at Olive's house. She had met no one, as yet, but Mrs. Luna; her new friend seemed to wish to keep her quite for herself. This was the only reproach that Mrs. Tarrant directed to the new friend as yet; she was disappointed that Verena had not obtained more insight into the world of fashion. It was one of the prime articles of her faith that the world of fashion was wicked and hollow, and, moreover, Verena told her that Miss Chancellor loathed and despised it. She couldn't have informed you wherein it would profit her daughter (for the way those ladies shrank from any new gospel was notorious); nevertheless she was vexed that Verena shouldn't come back to her with a little more of the fragrance of Beacon street. The girl herself would have been the most interested person in the world if she had not been the most resigned; she took all that was given her and was grateful, and missed nothing that was withheld; she was the most extraordinary mixture of eagerness and docility. Mrs. Tarrant theorized about temperaments and she loved her daughter; but she was only vaguely aware of the fact that she had at her side the sweetest flower of character (as one might say) that had ever bloomed on earth. She was proud of Verena's brightness, and of her special talent; but the commonness of her own surface was a non-conductor of the girl's quality. Therefore she thought that it would add to her success in life to know a few high-flyers, if only to put them to shame; as if anything could add to Verena's success, as if it were not supreme success simply to have been made as she was made.

Mrs. Tarrant had gone into town to call upon Miss Chancellor; she carried out this

resolve, on which she had bestowed infinite consideration, independently of Verena. She had decided that she had a pretext; her dignity required one, for she felt that at present the antique pride of the Greenstreets was terribly at the mercy of her curiosity. She wished to see Miss Chancellor again, and to see her among her charming appurtenances, which Verena had described to her with great minuteness. The pretext that she would have valued most was wanting—that of Olive's having come out to Cambridge to pay the visit that had been solicited from the first; so she had to take the next best—she had to say to herself that it was her duty to see what she should think of a place where her daughter spent so much time. To Miss Chancellor she would appear to have come to thank her for her hospitality; she knew, in advance, just the air she should take (or she fancied she knew it—Mrs. Tarrant's airs were not always what she supposed), just the *nuance* (she had also an impression she knew a little French) of her tone. Olive, after the lapse of weeks, still showed no symptoms of presenting herself, and Mrs. Tarrant rebuked Verena with some sternness for not having made her feel that this attention was due to the mother of her friend. Verena could scarcely say to her she guessed Miss Chancellor didn't think much of that personage, true as it was that the girl had discerned this angular fact, which she attributed to Olive's extraordinary comprehensiveness of view. Verena herself did not suppose that her mother occupied a very important place in the universe; and Miss Chancellor never looked at anything smaller than that. Nor was she free to report (she was certainly now less frank at home, and, moreover, the suspicion was only just becoming distinct to her) that Olive would like to detach her from her parents altogether, and was therefore not interested in appearing to cultivate relations with them. Mrs. Tarrant, I may mention, had a further motive: she was consumed with the desire to behold Mrs. Luna. This circumstance may operate as a proof that the aridity of her life was great, and if it should have that effect I shall not be able to gainsay it. She had seen all the people who went to lectures, but there were hours when she desired, for a change, to see some who didn't go; and Mrs. Luna, from Verena's description of her, summed up the characteristics of this eccentric class.

Verena had given great attention to Olive's brilliant sister; she had told her friend everything now—everything but one little secret, namely, that if she could have chosen at the beginning, she would have liked to resemble Mrs. Luna. This lady fascinated her, carried

off her imagination to strange lands; she should enjoy so much a long evening with her alone, when she might ask her ten thousand questions. But she never saw her alone, never saw her at all but in glimpses. Adeline flitted in and out, dressed for dinners and concerts, always saying something friendly to the young woman from Cambridge, and something to Olive that had a freedom which she herself would probably never arrive at (a failure of foresight on Verena's part). But Miss Chancellor never detained her, never gave Verena a chance to see her, never appeared to imagine that she could have the least interest in such a person; only took up the subject again after Adeline had left them—the subject, of course, which was always the same, the subject of what they should do together for their suffering sex. It was not that Verena was not interested in that—gracious, no; it opened up before her, in those wonderful colloquies with Olive, in the most inspiring way; but her fancy would make a dart to right or left when other game crossed their path, and her companion led her, intellectually, a dance in which her feet—that is, her head—failed her at times for weariness. Mrs. Tarrant found Miss Chancellor at home, but she was not gratified by even the most transient glimpse of Mrs. Luna; a fact which, in her heart, Verena regarded as fortunate, inasmuch as (she said to herself) if her mother, returning from Charles street, began to explain Miss Chancellor to her with fresh energy, and as if she (Verena) had never seen her, and up to this time they had had nothing to say about her, to what developments (of the same sort) would not an encounter with Adeline have given rise?

When Verena at last said to her friend that she thought she ought to come out to Cambridge,—she didn't understand why she didn't,—Olive expressed her reasons very frankly, admitted that she was jealous, that she didn't wish to think of the girl's belonging to any one but herself. Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant would have authority, opposed claims, and she didn't wish to see them, to remember that they existed. This was true, so far as it went; but Olive could not tell Verena everything—could not tell her that she hated that dreadful pair at Cambridge. As we know, she had forbidden herself this emotion as regards individuals; and she flattered herself that she considered the Tarrants as a type, a deplorable one, a class that, with the public at large, discredited the cause of the new truths. She had talked them over with Miss Birdseye (Olive was always looking after her now and giving her things,—the good lady appeared at this period in wonderful caps and shawls,—

for she felt she couldn't thank her enough), and even Doctor Prance's fellow-lodger, whose animosity to flourishing evils lived in the happiest (though the most illicit) union with the mania for finding excuses, even Miss Birdseye was obliged to confess that if you came to examine his record, poor Selah didn't amount to so very much. How little he amounted to, Olive perceived after she had made Verena talk, as the girl did immensely, about her father and mother—quite unconscious, meanwhile, of the conclusions she suggested to Miss Chancellor. Tarrant was a moralist without moral sense—that was very clear to Olive as she listened to the history of his daughter's childhood and youth, which Verena related with an extraordinary artless vividness. This narrative, tremendously fascinating to Miss Chancellor, made her feel in all sorts of ways—prompted her to ask herself whether the girl was also destitute of the perception of right and wrong. No, she was only supremely innocent; she didn't understand, she didn't interpret nor see the *portée* of what she described; she had no idea whatever of judging her parents. Olive had wished to "realize" the conditions in which her wonderful young friend (she thought her more wonderful every day) had developed, and to this end, as I have related, she prompted her to infinite discourse. But now she was satisfied, the realization was complete, and what she would have liked to impose on the girl was an effectual rupture with her past. That past she by no means absolutely deplored, for it had the merit of having initiated Verena (and her patroness, through her agency) into the miseries and mysteries of the People. It was her theory that Verena (in spite of the blood of the Greenstreets, and, after all, who were they?) was a flower of the great Democracy, and that it was impossible to have had an origin less distinguished than Tarrant himself. His birth, in some unheard-of place in Pennsylvania, was quite inexpressibly low, and Olive would have been much disappointed if it had been wanting in this defect. She liked to think that Verena, in her childhood, had known almost the extremity of poverty, and there was a kind of ferocity in the joy with which she reflected that there had been moments when this delicate creature came near (if the pinch had only lasted a little longer) to literally going without food. These things added to her value for Olive; they made that young lady feel that their common undertaking would, in consequence, be so much more serious. It is always supposed that revolutionists have been goaded, and the goading would have been rather deficient here were it not for such happy acci-

dents in Verena's past. When she conveyed from her mother a summons to Cambridge for a particular occasion, Olive perceived that the great effort must now be made. Great efforts were nothing new to her,—it was a great effort to live at all,—but this one appeared to her exceptionally cruel. She determined, however, to make it, promising herself that her first visit to Mrs. Tarrant should also be her last. Her only consolation was that she expected to suffer intensely; for the prospect of suffering was always, spiritually speaking, so much cash in her pocket. It was arranged that Olive should come to tea (the repast that Selah designated as his supper), when Mrs. Tarrant, as we have seen, desired to do her honor by inviting another guest. This guest, after much deliberation between that lady and Verena, was selected, and the first person Olive saw on entering the little parlor in Cambridge was a young man with hair prematurely, or, as one felt that one should say, precociously white, whom she had a vague impression she had encountered before, and who was introduced to her as Mr. Matthias Pardon.

She suffered less than she had hoped—she was so taken up with the consideration of Verena's interior. It was as bad as she could have desired; desired in order to feel that (to take her out of such a *milieu* as that) she should have a right to draw her altogether to herself. Olive wished more and more to extract some definite pledge from her; she could hardly say what it had best be as yet; she only felt that it must be something that would have an absolute sanctity for Verena and would bind them together for life. On this occasion it seemed to shape itself in her mind; she began to see what it ought to be, though she also saw that she would perhaps have to wait awhile. Mrs. Tarrant, too, in her own house, became now a complete figure; there was no manner of doubt left as to her being vulgar. Olive Chancellor despised vulgarity, had a scent for it which she followed up in her own family, so that often, with a rising flush, she detected the taint even in Adeline. There were times, indeed, when every one seemed to have it, every one but Miss Birdseye (who had nothing to do with it—she was an antique) and the poorest, humblest people. The toilers and spinners, the very obscure, these were the only persons who were safe from it. Miss Chancellor would have been much happier if the movements she was interested in could have been carried on only by the people she liked, and if revolutions, somehow, didn't always have to begin with one's self—with internal convulsions, sacrifices, executions. A common end, unfor-

tunately, however fine as regards a special result, does not make community impersonal.

Mrs. Tarrant, with her soft corpulence, looked to her guest very bleached and tumid; her complexion had a kind of withered glaze; her hair, very scanty, was drawn off her forehead *à la Chinoise*; she had no eyebrows, and her eyes seemed to stare, like those of a figure of wax. When she talked and wished to insist, and she was always insisting, she puckered and distorted her face, with an effort to express the inexpressible, which turned out, after all, to be nothing. She had a kind of doleful elegance, tried to be confidential, lowered her voice and looked as if she wished to establish a secret understanding, in order to ask her visitor if she would venture on an apple-fritter. She wore a flowing mantle, which resembled her husband's water-proof—a garment which,

when she turned to her daughter or talked about her, might have passed for the robe of a sort of priestess of maternity. She endeavored to keep the conversation in a channel which would enable her to ask sudden incoherent questions of Olive, mainly as to whether she knew the principal ladies (the expression was Mrs. Tarrant's, not only in Boston, but in the other cities which, in her nomadic course, she herself had visited). Olive knew some of them, and of some of them had never heard; but she was irritated, and pretended a universal ignorance (she was conscious that she had never told so many fibs), by which her hostess was much disconcerted, although her questions had apparently been questions pure and simple, leading nowhither and without bearings on any new truth.

(To be continued.)

Henry James.

IN WINTER.

BALLADE.

Oh, to go back to the days of June,
Just to be young and alive again,
Hearken again to the mad, sweet tune
Birds were singing with might and main:
South they flew at the summer's wane,
Leaving their nests for storms to harry,
Since time was coming for wind and rain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Wearily wander by dale and dune
Footsteps fettered with clanking chain—
Free they were in the days of June,
Free they never can be again:
Fetters of age and fetters of pain,
Joys that fly, and sorrows that tarry—
Youth is over, and hope were vain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Now we chant but a desolate rune—
"Oh, to be young and alive again!"—
But never December turns to June,
And length of living is length of pain:
Winds in the nestless trees complain,
Snows of winter about us tarry,
And never the birds come back again
Under the wintry skies to marry.

ENVOI.

Youths and maidens, blithesome and vain,
Time makes thrusts that you cannot parry,
Mate in season, for who is fain
Under the wintry skies to marry?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

IN PLAIN BLACK AND WHITE.

A REPLY TO MR. CABLE.*

It is strange that during the discussion of the negro question, which has been wide and pertinent, no one has stood up to speak the mind of the South. In this discussion there has been much of truth and more of error—something of perverseness, but more of misapprehension—not a little of injustice, but perhaps less of mean intention.

Amid it all, the South has been silent.

There has been, perhaps, good reason for this silence. The problem under debate is a tremendous one. Its right solution means peace, prosperity, and happiness to the South. A mistake, even in the temper in which it is approached or the theory upon which its solution is attempted, would mean detriment, that at best would be serious, and might easily be worse. Hence the South has pondered over this problem, earnestly seeking with all her might the honest and the safe way out of its entanglements, and saying little because there was but little to which she felt safe in committing herself. Indeed, there was another reason why she did not feel called upon to obtrude her opinions. The people of the North, proceeding by the right of victorious arms, had themselves undertaken to settle the negro question. From the Emancipation Proclamation to the Civil Rights Bill they hurried with little let or hindrance, holding the negro in the meanwhile under a sort of tutelage, from part in which his former masters were practically excluded. Under this state of things the South had little to do but watch and learn.

We have now passed fifteen years of experiment. Certain broad principles have been established as wise and just. The South has something to say which she can say with confidence. There is no longer impropriety in her speaking or lack of weight in her words. The people of the United States have, by their suffrages, remitted to the Southern people, temporarily at least, control of the race question. The decision of the Supreme Court on the Civil Rights Bill leaves practically to their adjustment important issues that were, until that decision was rendered, covered by straight and severe enactment. These things deepen the responsibility of the South, increase its concern, and confront it with a problem to which it must address itself promptly and frankly. Where it has been silent, it now should speak. The interest of every American in the honor-

able and equitable settlement of this question is second only to the interest of those specially—and fortunately, we believe—charged with its adjustment. "What will you do with it?" is a question any man may now ask the South, and to which the South should make frank and full reply.

It is important that this reply shall be plain and straightforward. Above all things it must carry the genuine convictions of the people it represents. On this subject and at this time the South cannot afford to be misunderstood. Upon the clear and general apprehension of her position and of her motives and purpose everything depends. She cannot let pass unchallenged a single utterance that, spoken in her name, misstates her case or her intention. It is to protest against just such injustice that this article is written.

In a lately printed article, Mr. George W. Cable, writing in the name of the Southern people, confesses judgment on points that they still defend, and commits them to a line of thought from which they must forever dissent. In this article, as in his works, the singular tenderness and beauty of which have justly made him famous, Mr. Cable is sentimental rather than practical. But the reader, enchained by the picturesque style and misled by the engaging candor with which the author admits the shortcomings of "We of the South," and the kindling enthusiasm with which he tells how "We of the South" must make reparation, is apt to assume that it is really the soul of the South that breathes through Mr. Cable's repentant sentences. It is not my purpose to discuss Mr. Cable's relations to the people for whom he claims to speak. Born in the South, of Northern parents, he appears to have had little sympathy with his Southern environment, as in 1882 he wrote, "To be in New England would be enough for me. I was there once,—a year ago,—and it seemed as if I had never been home till then." It will be suggested that a man so out of harmony with his neighbors as to say, even after he had fought side by side with them on the battle-field, that he never felt at home until he had left them, cannot speak understandingly of their views on so vital a subject as that under discussion. But it is with his statement rather than his personality that we have to deal. Does he truly represent the

* See "The Freedman's Case in Equity," by George W. Cable, in *THE CENTURY* for January, 1885. VOL. XXIX.—94.

South? We reply that he does not! There may be here and there in the South a dreaming theorist who subscribes to Mr. Cable's teachings. We have seen no signs of one. Among the thoughtful men of the South,—the men who felt that all brave men might quit fighting when General Lee surrendered,—who, enshrining in their hearts the heroic memories of the cause they had lost, in good faith accepted the arbitrament of the sword to which they had appealed,—who bestirred themselves cheerfully amid the ruins of their homes, and set about the work of rehabilitation,—who have patched and mended and builded anew, and fashioned out of pitiful resource a larger prosperity than they ever knew before,—who have set their homes on the old red hills, and staked their honor and prosperity and the peace and well-being of the children who shall come after them on the clear and equitable solution of every social, industrial, or political problem that concerns the South,—among these men, who control and will continue to control, I do know, there is general protest against Mr. Cable's statement of the case, and universal protest against his suggestions for the future. The mind of these men I shall attempt to speak, maintaining my right to speak for them with the pledge that, having exceptional means for knowing their views on this subject, and having spared no pains to keep fully informed thereof, I shall write down nothing in their name on which I have found even a fractional difference of opinion.

A careful reading of Mr. Cable's article discloses the following argument: The Southern people have deliberately and persistently evaded the laws forced on them for the protection of the freedman; this evasion has been the result of prejudices born of and surviving the institution of slavery, the only way to remove which is to break down every distinction between the races; and now the best thought of the South, alarmed at the withdrawal of the political machinery that forced the passage of the protective laws, which withdrawal tempts further and more intolerable evasions, is moving to forbid all further assortment of the races and insist on their intermingling in all places and in all relations. The first part of this argument is a matter of record, and, from the Southern stand-point, mainly a matter of reputation. It can bide its time. The suggestion held in its conclusion is so impossible, so mischievous, and, in certain aspects, so monstrous, that it must be met at once.

It is hard to think about the negro with exactness. His helplessness, his generations of enslavement, his unique position among the peoples of the earth, his distinctive color, his simple, lovable traits,—all these combine

to hasten opinion into conviction where he is the subject of discussion. Three times has this tendency brought about epochal results in his history. First, it abolished slavery. For this all men are thankful, even those who, because of the personal injustice and violence of the means by which it was brought about, opposed its accomplishment. Second, it made him a voter. This, done more in a sense of reparation than in judgment, is as final as the other. The North demanded it; the South expected it; all acquiesced in it, and, wise or unwise, it will stand. Third, it fixed by enactment his social and civil rights. And here for the first time the revolution faltered. Up to this point the way had been plain, the light clear, and the march at quick-step. Here the line halted. The way was lost; there was hesitation, division, and uncertainty. Knowing not which way to turn, and enveloped in doubt, the revolutionists heard the retreat sounded by the Supreme Court with small reluctance, and, to use Mr. Cable's words, "bewildered by complication, vexed by many a blunder," retired from the field. See, then, the progress of this work. The first step, right by universal agreement, would stand if the law that made it were withdrawn. The second step, though irrevocable, raises doubts as to its wisdom. The third, wrong in purpose, has failed in execution. It stands denounced as null by the highest court, as inoperative by general confession, and as unwise by popular verdict. Let us take advantage of this halt in the too rapid revolution, and see exactly where we stand and what is best for us to do. The situation is critical. The next moment may formulate the work of the next twenty years. The tremendous forces of the revolution, unspent and still terrible, are but held in arrest. Launch them mistakenly, chaos may come. Wrong-headedness may be as fatal now as wrong-heartedness. Clear views, clear statement, and clear understanding are the demands of the hour. Given these, the common sense and courage of the American people will make the rest easy.

Let it be understood in the beginning, then, that the South will never adopt Mr. Cable's suggestion of the social intermingling of the races. It can never be driven into accepting it. So far from there being a growing sentiment in the South in favor of the indiscriminate mixing of the races, the intelligence of both races is moving farther from that proposition day by day. It is more impossible (if I may shade a superlative) now than it was ten years ago; it will be less possible ten years hence. Neither race wants it. The interest, as the inclination, of both races is against it. Here the issue with Mr. Cable is made up.

He denounces any assortment of the races as unjust, and demands that white and black shall intermingle everywhere. The South replies that the assortment of the races is wise and proper, and stands on the platform of equal accommodation for each race, but separate.

The difference is an essential one. Deplore or defend it as we may, an antagonism is bred between the races when they are forced into mixed assemblages. This sinks out of sight, if not out of existence, when each race moves in its own sphere. Mr. Cable admits this feeling, but doubts that it is instinctive. In my opinion it is instinctive—deeper than prejudice or pride, and bred in the bone and blood. It would make itself felt even in sections where popular prejudice runs counter to its manifestation. If in any town in Wisconsin or Vermont there was equal population of whites and blacks, and schools, churches, hotels, and theaters were in common, this instinct would assuredly develop; the races would separate, and each race would hasten the separation. Let me give an example that touches this supposition closely. Bishop Gilbert Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, many years ago came to the South earnestly, and honestly, we may believe, devoted to breaking up the assortment of the races. He was backed by powerful influences in the North. He was welcomed by resident Northerners in the South (then in control of Southern affairs) as an able and eloquent exponent of their views. His first experiment toward mixing the races was made in the church—surely the most propitious field. Here the fraternal influence of religion emphasized his appeals for the brotherhood of the races. What was the result? After the first month his church was decimated. The Northern whites and the Southern blacks left it in squads. The dividing influences were mutual. The stout bishop contended with prayer and argument and threat against the inevitable, but finally succumbed. Two separate churches were established, and each race worshiped to itself. There had been no collision, no harsh words, no discussion even. Each race simply obeyed its instinct, that spoke above the appeal of the bishop and dominated the divine influences that pulsed from pew to pew. Time and again did the bishop force the experiment. Time and again he failed. At last he was driven to the confession that but one thing could effect what he had tried so hard to bring about, and that was miscegenation. A few years of experiment would force Mr. Cable to the same conclusion.

The same experiment was tried on a larger scale by the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) when it established its churches in the

South after the war. It essayed to bring the races together, and in its conferences and its churches there was no color line. Prejudice certainly did not operate to make a division here. On the contrary, the whites and blacks of this church were knit together by prejudice, pride, sentiment, political and even social policy. Underneath all this was a race instinct, obeying which, silently, they drifted swiftly apart. While white Methodists of the church North and of the church South, distant from each other in all but the kinship of race and worship, were struggling to effect once more a union of the churches that had been torn apart by a quarrel over slavery, so that in every white conference and every white church on all this continent white Methodists could stand in restored brotherhood, the Methodist Church (North) agreed, without serious protest, to a separation of its Southern branch into two conferences of whites and of blacks, and into separate congregations where the proportion of either race was considerable. Was it without reason—it certainly was not through prejudice—that this church, while seeking anew fusion with its late enemies, consented to separate from its new friends?

It was the race instinct that spoke there. It spoke not with prejudice, but against it. It spoke there as it speaks always and everywhere—as it has spoken for two thousand years. And it spoke to the reason of each race. Millaud, in voting in the French Convention for the beheading of Louis XVI., said: "If death did not exist, it would be necessary to-day to invent it." So of this instinct. It is the pledge of the integrity of each race, and of peace between the races. Without it, there might be a breaking down of all lines of division and a thorough intermingling of whites and blacks. This once accomplished, the lower and the weaker elements of the races would begin to fuse and the process of amalgamation would have begun. This would mean the disorganization of society. An internecine war would be precipitated. The whites, at any cost and at any hazard, would maintain the clear integrity and dominance of the Anglo-Saxon blood. They understand perfectly that the debasement of their own race would not profit the humble and sincere race with which their lot is cast, and that the hybrid would not gain what either race lost. Even if the vigor and the volume of the Anglo-Saxon blood would enable it to absorb the African current, and after many generations recover its own strength and purity, not all the powers of earth could control the unspeakable horrors that would wait upon the slow process of clarification. Easier far it would be to take

the population of central New York, intermingle with it an equal percentage of Indians, and force amalgamation between the two. Let us review the argument. If Mr. Cable is correct in assuming that there is no instinct that keeps the two races separate in the South, then there is no reason for doubting that if intermingled they would fuse. Mere prejudice would not long survive perfect equality and social intermingling; and the prejudice once gone, intermarrying would begin. Then, if there is a race instinct in either race that resents intimate association with the other, it would be unwise to force such association when there are easy and just alternatives. If there is no such instinct, the mixing of the races would mean amalgamation, to which the whites will never submit, and to which neither race should submit. So that in either case, whether the race feeling is instinct or prejudice, we come to but one conclusion: The white and black races in the South must walk apart. Concurrent their courses may go — ought to go — will go — but separate. If instinct did not make this plain in a flash, reason would spell it out letter by letter.

Now, let us see. We hold that there is an instinct, ineradicable and positive, that will keep the races apart, that would keep the races apart if the problem were transferred to Illinois or to Maine, and that will resist every effort of appeal, argument, or force to bring them together. We add in perfect frankness, however, that if no such instinct existed, or if the South had reasonable doubt of its existence, it would, by every means in its power, so strengthen the race prejudice that it would do the work and hold the stubbornness and strength of instinct. The question that confronts us at this point is: Admitted this instinct, that gathers each race to itself. Then, do you believe it possible to carry forward on the same soil and under the same laws two races equally free, practically equal in numbers, and yet entirely distinct and separate? This is a momentous question. It involves a problem that, all things considered, is without a precedent or parallel. Can the South carry this problem in honor and in peace to an equitable solution? We reply that for ten years the South has been doing this very thing, and with at least apparent success. No impartial and observant man can say that in the present aspect of things there is cause for alarm, or even for doubt. In the experience of the past few years there is assuredly reason for encouragement. There may be those who discern danger in the distant future. We do not. Beyond the apprehensions which must for a long time attend a matter so serious, we see nothing but cause for congratulation. In the

common sense and the sincerity of the negro, no less than in the intelligence and earnestness of the whites, we find the problem simplifying. So far from the future bringing trouble, we feel confident that another decade or so, confirming the experience of the past ten years, will furnish the solution to be accepted of all men.

Let us examine briefly what the South has been doing, and study the attitude of the races towards each other. Let us do this, not so much to vindicate the past as to clear the way for the future. Let us see what the situation teaches. There must be in the experience of fifteen years something definite and suggestive. We begin with the schools and school management, as the basis of the rest.

Every Southern State has a common-school system, and in every State separate schools are provided for the races. Almost every city of more than five thousand inhabitants has a public-school system, and in every city the schools for whites and blacks are separate. There is no exception to this rule that I can find. In many cases the law creating this system requires that separate schools shall be provided for the races. This plan works admirably. There is no friction in the administration of the schools, and no suspicion as to the ultimate tendency of the system. The road to school is clear, and both races walk therein with confidence. The whites, assured that the school will not be made the hot-bed of false and pernicious ideas, or the scene of unwise associations, support the system cordially, and insist on perfect equality in grade and efficiency. The blacks, asking no more than this, fill the schools with alert and eager children. So far from feeling debased by the separate-school system, they insist that the separation shall be carried further, and the few white teachers yet presiding over negro schools supplanted by negro teachers. The appropriations for public schools are increased year after year, and free education grows constantly in strength and popularity. Cities that were afraid to commit themselves to free schools while mixed schools were a possibility commenced building school-houses as soon as separate schools were assured. In 1870 the late Benjamin H. Hill found his matchless eloquence unable to carry the suggestion of negro education into popular tolerance. Ten years later nearly one million black children attended free schools, supported by general taxation. Though the whites pay nineteen-twentieths of the tax, they insist that the blacks shall share its advantages equally. The schools for each race are opened on the same day and closed on the same day. Neither is run a single day at the expense of the other. The negroes are satisfied with the situa-

tion. I am aware that some of the Northern teachers of negro high-schools and universities will controvert this. Touching their opinion, I have only to say that it can hardly be considered fair or conservative. Under the forcing influence of social ostracism, they have reasoned impatiently and have been helped to conclusions by quick sympathies or resentments. Driven back upon themselves and hedged in by suspicion or hostility, their service has become a sort of martyrdom, which has swiftly stimulated opinion into conviction and conviction into fanaticism. I read in a late issue of "Zion's Herald" a letter from one of these teachers, who declined, on the conductor's request, to leave the car in which she was riding, and which was set apart exclusively for negroes. The conductor, therefore, presumed she was a quadroon, and stated his presumption in answer to inquiry of a young negro man who was with her. She says of this:

"Truly, a glad thrill went through my heart—a thrill of pride. This great autocrat had pronounced me as not only in sympathy, but also one in blood, with the truest, tenderest, and noblest race that dwells on earth."

If this quotation, which is now before me over the writer's name, suggests that she and those of her colleagues who agree with her have narrowed within their narrowing environment, and acquired artificial enthusiasm under their unnatural conditions, so that they must be unsafe as advisers and unfair as witnesses, the sole purpose for which it is introduced will have been served. This suggestion does not reach all Northern teachers of negro schools. Some have taken broader counsels, awakened wider sympathies, and, as a natural result, hold more moderate views. The influence of the extremer faction is steadily diminishing. Set apart, as small and curious communities are set here and there in populous States, stubborn and stiff for a while, but overwhelmed at last and lost in the mingling currents, these dissenting spots will be ere long blotted out and forgotten. The educational problem, which is their special care, has already been settled, and the settlement accepted with a heartiness that precludes the possibility of its disturbance. From the stand-point of either race the experiment of distinct but equal schools for the white and black children of the South has demonstrated its wisdom, its policy, and its justice, if any experiment ever made plain its wisdom in the hands of finite man.

I quote on this subject Gustavus J. Orr, one of the wisest and best of men, and lately elected, by spontaneous movement, president of the National Educational Association. He says: "The race question in the schools is already settled. We give the negroes equal

advantages, but separate schools. This plan meets the reason and satisfies the instinct of both races. Under it we have spent over five million dollars in Georgia, and the system grows in strength constantly." I asked if the negroes wanted mixed schools. His reply was prompt: "They do not. I have questioned them carefully on this point, and they make but one reply: They want their children in their own schools and under their own teachers." I asked what would be the effect of mixed schools. "I could not maintain the Georgia system one year. Both races would protest against it. My record as a public-school man is known. I have devoted my life to the work of education. But I am so sure of the evils that would come from mixed schools that, even if they were possible, I would see the whole educational system swept away before I would see them established. There is an instinct that gathers each race about itself. It is as strong in the blacks as in the whites, though it has not asserted itself so strongly. It is making itself manifest, since the blacks are organizing a social system of their own. It has long controlled them in their churches, and it is now doing so in their schools."

In churches, as in schools, the separation is perfect. The negroes, in all denominations in which their membership is an appreciable percentage of the whole, have their own churches, congregations, pastors, conferences, and bishops, their own missionaries. There is not the slightest antagonism between them and the white churches of the same denomination. On the contrary, there is sympathetic interest and the utmost friendliness. The separation is recognized as not only instinctive but wise. There is no disposition to disturb it, and least of all on the part of the negro. The church is with him the center of social life, and there he wants to find his own people and no others. Let me quote just here a few sentences from a speech delivered by a genuine black negro at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1880. He is himself a pastor of the African Methodist Church, and came as a fraternal delegate. This extract from a speech largely extempore is a fair specimen of negro eloquence, as it is a fair evidence of the feeling of that people toward their white neighbors. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, Bishops, and Brethren in Christ: Let me here state a circumstance which has just now occurred. When in the vestry there we were consulting your committee, among whom is your illustrious Christian governor, the Honorable A. H. Colquitt [applause], feeling an unusual thirst, and expecting in a few moments to appear before you, thoughtlessly I asked him if there was water to drink. He, looking about the room, answered, 'There is none; I will get you some.' I insisted not; but presently it was

brought by a brother minister, and handed me by the governor. I said: 'Governor, you must allow me to deny myself this distinguished favor, as it recalls so vividly the episode of the warrior king of Israel, when with parched lips he cried from the rocky cave of Adullam, "Oh! that one would give me drink of water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate." And when three of his valiant captains broke through the host of the enemy, and returned to him with the water for which his soul was longing, regarding it as the water of life, he would not drink it, but poured it out to the Lord.' [Applause.] So may this transcendent emblem of purity and love, from the hand of your most honored co-laborer and friend of the human race, ever remain as a memorial unto the Lord of the friendship existing between the Methodist Episcopal Church South and the African Methodist Episcopal Church upon this the first exchange of formal fraternal greeting. [Applause.]

"In the name of the African Methodist Episcopal Church,—and I declare the true sentiments of thousands,—I say, that for your church and your race we cherish the kindest feelings that ever found a lodgment in the human breast. [Applause.] Of this you need not be told. Let speak your former missionaries among us, who now hold seats upon this floor, and whose hearts have so often burned within them as they have seen the word sown by them in such humble soil burst forth into abundant prosperity. Ask the hundred thousand of your laymen who still survive the dead, how we conducted ourselves as tillers of the soil, as servants about the dwelling, and as common worshippers in the temple of God! Ask your battle-scarred veterans, who left their all to the mercy of relentless circumstances, and went, in answer to the clarion call of the trumpet, to the gigantic and unnatural strife of the second revolution! Ask them who looked at their interests at home [great cheering]; who raised their earthworks upon the field; who buried the young hero so far away from his home, or returned his ashes to the stricken hearts which hung breathless upon the hour; who protected their wives and little ones from the ravages of wild beasts, and the worse ravages of famine! And the answer is returned from a million heaving bosoms, as a monument of everlasting remembrance to the benevolence of the colored race in America. [Immense applause.] And these are they who greet you to-day, through their chief organization, the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. [Loud and continued applause.]

"And now, though the yoke which bound the master and the slave together in such close and mutual responsibility has been shivered by the rude shock of war, we find ourselves still standing by your side as natural allies against an unfriendly world. [Applause.]"

In their social institutions, as in their churches and schools, the negroes have obeyed their instinct and kept apart from the whites. They have their own social and benevolent societies, their own military companies, their own orders of Masons and Odd-fellows. They rally about these organizations with the greatest enthusiasm and support them with the greatest liberality. If it were proposed to merge them with white organizations of the same character, with equal rights guaranteed in all, the negroes would interpose the stoutest objection. Their tastes, associations, and inclinations—their instincts—lead them to gather their race about social centers of its

own. I am tempted into trying to explain here what I have never yet seen a stranger to the South able to understand. The feeling that, by mutual action, separates whites and blacks when they are thrown together in social intercourse is not a repellent influence in the harsh sense of that word. It is centripetal rather than centrifugal. It is attractive about separate centers rather than expulsive from a common center. There is no antagonism, for example, between white and black military companies. On occasions they parade in the same street, and have none of the feeling that exists between Orangemen and Catholics. Of course the good sense of each race and the mutual recognition of the possible dangers of the situation have much to do with maintaining the good-will between the distinct races. The fact that in his own church or society the negro has more freedom, more chance for leadership and for individual development, than he could have in association with the whites, has more to do with it. But beyond all this is the fact that, in the segregation of the races, blacks as well as whites obey a natural instinct, which, always granting that they get equal justice and equal advantages, they obey without the slightest ill-nature or without any sense of disgrace. They meet the white people in all the avenues of business. They work side by side with the white brick-layer or carpenter in perfect accord and friendliness. When the trowel or the hammer is laid aside, the laborers part, each going his own way. Any attempt to carry the comradeship of the day into private life would be sternly resisted by both parties in interest.

We have seen that in churches, schools, and social organizations the whites and blacks are moving along separately but harmoniously, and that the "assortment of the races," which has been described as shameful and unjust, is in most part made by the instinct of each race, and commands the hearty assent of both. Let us now consider the question of public carriers. On this point the South has been sharply criticised, and not always without reason. It is manifestly wrong to make a negro pay as much for a railroad ticket as a white man pays, and then force him to accept inferior accommodations. It is equally wrong to force a decent negro into an indecent car, when there is room for him or for her elsewhere. Public sentiment in the South has long recognized this, and has persistently demanded that the railroad managers should provide cars for the negroes equal in every respect to those set apart for the whites, and that these cars should be kept clean and orderly. In Georgia a State law requires all public roads or carriers to provide equal ac-

commodation for each race, and failure to do so is made a penal offense. In Tennessee a negro woman lately gained damages by proving that she had been forced to take inferior accommodation on a train. The railroads have, with few exceptions, come up to the requirements of the law. Where they fail, they quickly feel the weight of public opinion, and shock the sense of public justice. This very discussion, I am bound to say, will lessen such failures in the future. On four roads, in my knowledge, even better has been done than the law requires. The car set apart for the negroes is made exclusive. No whites are permitted to occupy it. A white man who strays into this car is politely told that it is reserved for the negroes. He has the information repeated two or three times, smiles, and retreats. This rule works admirably and will win general favor. There are a few roads that make no separate provision for the races, but announce that any passenger can ride on any car. Here the "assortment" of the races is done away with, and here it is that most of the outrages of which we hear occur. On these roads the negro has no place set apart for him. As a rule, he is shy about asserting himself, and he usually finds himself in the meanest corners of the train. If he forces himself into the ladies' car, he is apt to provoke a collision. It is on just one of these trains where the assortment of the passengers is left to chance that a respectable negro woman is apt to be forced to ride in a car crowded with negro convicts. Such a thing would be impossible where the issue is fairly met, and a car, clean, orderly, and exclusive, is provided for each race. The case could not be met by grading the tickets and the accommodations. Such a plan would bring together in the second or third class car just the element of both races between whom prejudice runs highest, and from whom the least of tact or restraint might be expected. On the railroads, as elsewhere, the solution of the race problem is, equal advantages for the same money,—equal in comfort, safety, and exclusiveness,—but separate.

There remains but one thing further to consider—the negro in the jury-box. It is assumed generally that the negro has no representation in the courts. This is a false assumption. In the United States courts he usually makes more than half the jury. As to the State courts, I can speak particularly as to Georgia. I assume that she does not materially differ from the other States. In Georgia the law requires that commissioners shall prepare the jury-list for each county by selection from the upright, intelligent, and experienced citizens of the county. This provision was put

into the Constitution by the negro convention of reconstruction days. Under its terms no reasonable man would have expected to see the list made up of equal percentage of the races. Indeed, the fewest number of negroes were qualified under the law. Consequently, but few appeared on the lists. The number, as was to be expected, is steadily increasing. In Fulton County there are seventy-four negroes whose names are on the lists, and the commissioners, I am informed, have about doubled this number for the present year. These negroes make good jurymen, and are rarely struck by attorneys, no matter what the client or cause may be. About the worst that can be charged against the jury system in Georgia is that the commissioners have made jurors of negroes only when they had qualified themselves to intelligently discharge a juror's duties. In few quarters of the South, however, is the negro unable to get full and exact justice in the courts, whether the jury be white or black. Immediately after the war, when there was general alarm and irritation, there may have been undue severity in sentences and extreme rigor of prosecution. But the charge that the people of the South have, in their deliberate and later moments, prostituted justice to the oppression of this dependent people, is as false as it is infamous. There is abundant belief that the very helplessness of the negro in court has touched the heart and conscience of many a jury, when the facts should have held them impervious. In the city in which this is written a negro, at midnight, on an unfrequented street, murdered a popular young fellow, over whose grave a monument was placed by popular subscription. The only witnesses of the killing were the friends of the murdered boy. Had the murderer been a white man, it is believed he would have been convicted. He was acquitted by the white jury, and has since been convicted of a murderous assault on a person of his own color. Similarly, a young white man, belonging to one of the leading families of the State, was hung for the murder of a negro. Insanity was pleaded in his defense, and so plausibly that it is believed he would have escaped had his victim been a white man.

I quote on this point Mr. Benjamin H. Hill, who has been prosecuting attorney of the Atlanta, Ga., circuit for twelve years. He says: "In cities and towns the negro gets equal and exact justice before the courts. It is possible that, in remote counties, where the question is one of a fight between a white man and a negro, there may be a lingering prejudice that causes occasional injustice. The judge, however, may be relied on to correct this. As to negro jurors, I have never known

a negro to allow his lawyer to accept a negro juror. For the State I have accepted a black juror fifty times, to have him rejected by the opposing lawyer by order of his negro client. This has occurred so invariably that I have accepted it as a rule. Irrespective of that, the negro gets justice in the courts, and the last remaining prejudice against him in the jury-box has passed away. I convicted a white man for voluntary manslaughter under peculiar circumstances. A negro met him on the street and cursed him. The white man ordered him off and started home. The negro followed him to his house and cursed him until he entered the door. When he came out, the negro was still waiting. He renewed the abuse, followed him to his store, and there struck him with his fist. In the struggle that followed, the negro was shot and killed. The jury promptly convicted the slayer."

So much for the relation between the races in the South, in churches, schools, social organizations, on the railroad, and in theaters. Everything is placed on the basis of equal accommodations, but separate. In the courts the blacks are admitted to the jury-box as they lift themselves into the limit of qualification. Mistakes have been made and injustice has been worked here and there. This was to have been expected, and it has been less than might have been expected. But there can be no mistake about the progress the South is making in the equitable adjustment of the relations between the races. Ten years ago nothing was settled. There were frequent collisions and constant apprehensions. The whites were suspicious and the blacks were restless. So simple a thing as a negro taking an hour's ride on the cars, or going to see a play, was fraught with possible danger. The larger affairs — school, church, and court — were held in abeyance. Now all this is changed. The era of doubt and mistrust is succeeded by the era of confidence and good-will. The races meet in the exchange of labor in perfect amity and understanding. Together they carry on the concerns of the day, knowing little or nothing of the fierce hostility that divides labor and capital in other sections. When they turn to social life they separate. Each race obeys its instinct and congregates about its own centers. At the theater they sit in opposite sections of the same gallery. On the trains they ride each in his own car. Each worships in his own church, and educates his children in his schools. Each has his place and fills it, and is satisfied. Each gets the same accommodation for the same money. There is no collision. There is no irritation or suspicion. Nowhere on earth is there kindlier feeling, closer sympathy, or less friction between

two classes of society than between the whites and blacks of the South to-day. This is due to the fact that in the adjustment of their relations they have been practical and sensible. They have wisely recognized what was essential, and have not sought to change what was unchangeable. They have yielded neither to the fanatic nor the demagogue, refusing to be misled by the one or misused by the other. While the world has been clamoring over their differences they have been quietly taking counsel with each other, in the field, the shop, the street and cabin, and settling things for themselves. That the result has not astonished the world in the speediness and the facility with which it has been reached, and the beneficence that has come with it, is due to the fact that the result has not been freely proclaimed. It has been a deplorable condition of our politics that the North has been misinformed as to the true condition of things in the South. Political greed and passion conjured pestilential mists to becloud what the lifting smoke of battle left clear. It has exaggerated where there was a grain of fact, and invented where there was none. It has sought to establish the most casual occurrences as the settled habit of the section, and has sprung endless jeremiads from one single disorder, as Jenkins filled the courts of Christendom with lamentations over his dis-severed ear. These misrepresentations will pass away with the occasion that provoked them, and when the truth is known it will come with the force of a revelation to vindicate those who have bespoken for the South a fair trial, and to confound those who have borne false witness against her.

One thing further need be said, in perfect frankness. The South must be allowed to settle the social relations of the races according to her own views of what is right and best. There has never been a moment when she could have submitted to have the social status of her citizens fixed by an outside power. She accepted the emancipation and the enfranchisement of her slaves as the legitimate results of war that had been fought to a conclusion. These once accomplished, nothing more was possible. "Thus far and no farther," she said to her neighbors, in no spirit of defiance, but with quiet determination. In her weakest moments, when her helpless people were hedged about by the unthinking bayonets of her conquerors, she gathered them for resistance at this point. Here she defended everything that a people should hold dear. There was little proclamation of her purpose. Barely did the whispered word that bespoke her resolution catch the listening ears of her sons; but, for all this, the victorious armies of the North, had they been rallied again from their homes,

could not have enforced and maintained among this disarmed people the policy indicated in the Civil Rights bill. Had she found herself unable to defend her social integrity against the arms that were invincible on the fields where she staked the sovereignty of her States, her people would have abandoned their homes and betaken themselves into exile. Now, as then, the South is determined that, come what may, she must control the social relations of the two races whose lots are cast within her limits. It is right that she should have this control. The problem is hers, whether or not of her seeking, and her very existence depends on its proper solution. Her responsibility is greater, her knowledge of the case more thorough than that of others can be. The question touches her at every point; it presses on her from every side; it commands her constant attention. Every consideration of policy, of honor, of pride, of common sense impels her to the exactest justice and the fullest equity. She lacks the ignorance or misapprehension that might lead others into mistakes; all others lack the appalling alternative that, all else failing, would force her to use her knowledge wisely. For these reasons she has reserved to herself the right to settle the still unsettled element of the race problem, and this right she can never yield.

As a matter of course, this implies the clear and unmistakable domination of the white race in the South. The assertion of that is simply the assertion of the right of character, intelligence, and property to rule. It is simply saying that the responsible and steadfast element in the community shall control, rather than the irresponsible and the migratory. It is the reassertion of the moral power that overthrew the scandalous reconstruction governments, even though, to the shame of the republic be it said, they were supported by the bayonets of the General Government. Even the race issue is lost at this point. If the blacks of the South wore white skins, and were leagued together in the same ignorance and irresponsibility under any other distinctive mark than their color, they would progress not one step farther toward the control of affairs. Or if they were transported as they are to Ohio, and there placed in numerical majority of two to one, they would find the white minority there asserting and maintaining control, with less patience, perhaps, than many a Southern State has shown. Everywhere, with such temporary exceptions as afford demonstration of the rule, intelligence, character, and property will dominate in spite of numerical differences. These qualities are lodged with the white race

in the South, and will assuredly remain there for many generations at least; so that the white race will continue to dominate the colored, even if the percentages of race increase deduced from the comparison of a lame census with a perfect one, and the omission of other considerations, should hold good and the present race majority be reversed.

Let no one imagine, from what is here said, that the South is careless of the opinion or regardless of the counsel of the outside world. On the contrary, while maintaining firmly a position she believes to be essential, she appreciates heartily the value of general sympathy and confidence. With an earnestness that is little less than pathetic she bespeaks the patience and the impartial judgment of all concerned. Surely her situation should command this, rather than indifference or antagonism. In poverty and defeat,—with her cities destroyed, her fields desolated, her labor disorganized, her homes in ruins, her families scattered, and the ranks of her sons decimated,—in the face of universal prejudice, fanned by the storm of war into hostility and hatred,—under the shadow of this sorrow and this disadvantage, she turned bravely to confront a problem that would have taxed to the utmost every resource of a rich and powerful and victorious people. Every inch of her progress has been beset with sore difficulties; and if the way is now clearing, it only reveals more clearly the tremendous import of the work to which her hands are given. It must be understood that she desires to silence no criticism, evade no issue, and lessen no responsibility. She recognizes that the negro is here to stay. She knows that her honor, her dear name, and her fame, no less than her prosperity, will be measured by the fullness of the justice she gives and guarantees to this kindly and dependent race. She knows that every mistake made and every error fallen into, no matter how innocently, endanger her peace and her reputation. In this full knowledge she accepts the issue without fear or evasion. She says, not boldly, but conscious of the honesty and the wisdom of her convictions: "Leave this problem to my working out. I will solve it in calmness and deliberation, without passion or prejudice, and with full regard for the unspeakable equities it holds. Judge me rigidly, but judge me by my works." And with the South the matter may be left—must be left. There it can be left with the fullest confidence that the honor of the republic will be maintained, the rights of humanity guarded, and the problem worked out in such exact justice as the finite mind can measure or finite agencies administer.

NEW ORLEANS BEFORE THE CAPTURE.

IN the spring of 1862 we boys of Race, Orange, Magazine, Camp, Constance, Annunciation, Prytania, and other streets had no game. Nothing was "in"; none of the old playground sports that commonly fill the school-boy's calendar. We were even tired of drilling. Not one of us between seven and seventeen but could beat the drum, knew every bugle-call, and could go through the manual of arms and the facings like a drill-sergeant. We were *blasé* old soldiers—military critics.

Who could tell us anything? I recall but one trivial admission of ignorance on the part of any lad. On a certain day of grand review, when the city's entire defensive force was marching through Canal street, there came along among the endless variety of good and bad uniforms a stately body of tall, stalwart Germans, clad from head to foot in velvetreen of a peculiarly vociferous fragrance, and a boy, spelling out their name upon their banner, said:

"H-u-s-s-a-r-s; what's them?"

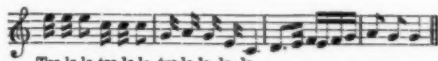
"Aw, you fool!" cried a dozen urchins at once, "them's the Hoosiers; don't you smell 'em?"

But that was earlier. The day of grand reviews was past. Hussars, Zouaves, and numberless other bodies of outlandish name had gone to the front in Tennessee and Virginia. Our cultivated eyes were satisfied now with one uniform that we saw daily. Every afternoon found us around in Coliseum Place, standing or lying on the grass watching the dress parade of the "Confederate Guards." Most of us had fathers or uncles in the long, spotless, gray, white-gloved ranks that stretched in such faultless alignment down the hard, harsh turf of our old ball-ground.

This was the flower of the home guard. The merchants, bankers, underwriters, judges, real-estate owners, and capitalists of the Anglo-American part of the city were "all present or accounted for" in that long line. Gray heads, hoar heads, high heads, bald heads. Hands flashed to breast and waist with a martinet's precision at the command of "Present arms,"—hands that had ruled by the pen—the pen and the dollar—since long before any of us young spectators was born, and had done no harder muscular work than carve roasts and turkeys these twenty, thirty, forty years. Here and there among them were individuals who, unaided, had clothed and

armed companies, squadrons, battalions, and sent them to the Cumberland and the Poto-mac. A good three-fourths of them had sons on distant battle-fields, some living, some dead.

We boys saw nothing pathetic in this array of old men. To us there was only rich enjoyment in the scene. If there was anything solemn about it, why did the band play polkas? Why was the strain every day the same gay



Away down to the far end of the line and back again, the short, stout German drum-major—holding his gaudy office in this case by virtue of his girth, not height (as he had himself explained)—flourished his big stick majestically, bursting with rage at us for casually reiterating at short intervals in his hearing that "he kot it mit his size."

In those beautiful spring afternoons there was scarcely a man to be found, anywhere, out of uniform. Down on the steamboat landing, our famous Levee, a superb body of Creoles drilled and paraded in dark-blue uniform. The orders were given in French; the manual was French; the movements were quick, short, nery. Their "about march" was four sharp stamps of their neatly shod feet—*un, deux, trois, quatre*—that brought them face about and sent them back, tramp, tramp, over the smooth white pavement of powdered oyster-shells. Ah! the nakedness of that once crowded and roaring mart.

And there was a "Foreign Legion." Of course, the city had always been full of foreigners; but now it was a subject of amazement, not unmixed with satire, to see how many whom every one had supposed to be Americans or "citizens of Louisiana" bloomed out as British, or French, or Spanish subjects. But even so, the tremendous pressure of popular sentiment crowded them into the ranks and forced them to make every show of readiness to "hurl back the foe," as we used to call it. And they really served for much. Merely as a gendarmerie they relieved just as many Confederate soldiers of police duty in a city under martial law, and enabled them to man forts and breastworks at short notice, whenever that call should come.

That call, the gray heads knew, was coming. They confessed the conviction softly to

one another in the counting-rooms and idle store-fronts when they thought no one was listening. I used to hear them—standing with my back turned, pretending to be looking at something down street, but with both ears turned backward and stretched wide. They said under their breath that there was not a single measure of defense that was not behindhand. And they spoke truly. In family councils a new domestic art began to be studied and discussed—the art of hiding valuables.

There had come a great silence upon trade. Long ago the custom warehouses had first begun to show a growing roominess, then emptiness, and then had remained shut, and the iron bolts and cross-bars of their doors were gray with cobwebs. One of them, where I had earned my first wages as a self-supporting lad, had been turned into a sword-bayonet factory, and I had been turned out. For some time later the Levee had kept busy; but its stir and noise had gradually declined, faltered, turned into the commerce of war and the clatter of calkers and ship-carpenters, and faded out. Both receipts and orders from the interior country had shrunk and shrunk, and the brave, steady fellows, who at entry and shipping and cash and account desks could no longer keep up a show of occupation, had laid down the pen, taken up the sword and musket, and followed after the earlier and more eager volunteers. There had been one new, tremendous sport for moneyed men for a while, with spoils to make it interesting. The seagoing tow-boats of New Orleans were long, slender side-wheelers, all naked power and speed, without either freight or passenger room, each with a single, tall, slim chimney and hurrying walking-beam, their low, taper hulls trailing behind scarcely above the water, and perpetually drenched with the yeast of the wheels. Some merchants of the more audacious sort, restless under the strange new quiet of Tchoupitoulas street, had got letters of mark and reprisal, and let slip these sharp-nosed deerhounds upon the tardy, unsuspecting ships that came sailing up to the Passes unaware of any declaration of war. But that game too was up. The blockade had closed in like a prison gate; the lighter tow-boats, draped with tarpaulins, were huddled together under Slaughterhouse Point, with their cold boilers and motionless machinery yielding to rust; the more powerful ones had been moored at the long wharf vacated by Morgan's Texas steamships; there had been a great hammering, and making of chips, and clatter of railroad iron, turning these tow-boats into iron-clad cotton gun-boats, and these had crawled away, some up and some down the river, to be seen

in that harbor no more. At length only the foundries, the dry-docks across the river, and the ship-yard in suburb Jefferson, where the great ram *Mississippi* was being too slowly built, were active, and the queen of Southern commerce, the city that had once believed it was to be the greatest in the world, was absolutely out of employment.

There was, true, some movement of the sugar and rice crops into the hands of merchants who had advanced the money to grow them; and the cotton-presses and cotton-yards were full of cotton, but there it all stuck; and when one counts in a feeble exchange of city for country supplies, there was nothing more. Except—yes—that the merchants had turned upon each other, and were now engaged in a mere passing back and forth among themselves in speculation the daily diminishing supply of goods and food. Some were too noble to take part in this, and dealt only with consumers. I remember one odd little old man, an extensive wholesale grocer, who used to get tipsy all by himself every day, and go home so, but who would not speculate on the food of a distressed city. He had not got down to that.

Gold and silver had long ago disappeared. Confederate money was the currency; and not merely was the price of food and raiment rising, the value of the money was going down. The State, too, had a paper issue, and the city had another. Yet with all these there was first a famine of small change, and then a deluge of "shinplasters." Pah! What a mess it was! The boss butchers and the keepers of drinking-houses actually took the lead in issuing "money." The current joke was that you could pass the label of an olive-oil bottle, because it was greasy, smelt bad, and bore an autograph—Plagniol Frères, if I remember rightly. I did my first work as a cashier in those days, and I can remember the smell of my cash drawer yet. Instead of five-cent pieces we had car-tickets. How the grimy little things used to stick together! They would pass and pass until they were so soft and illegible with grocers' and butchers' handling that you could tell only by some faint show of their original color what company had issued them. Rogues did a lively business in "split tickets," literally splitting them and making one ticket serve for two.

Decay had come in. In that warm, moist climate it is always hungry, and, wherever it is allowed to feed, eats with a greed that is strange to see. With the wharves, always expensive and difficult to maintain, it made havoc. The occasional idle, weather-stained

ship moored beside them, and resting on the water almost as light and void as an empty peascod, could hardly find a place to fasten to. The streets fell into sad neglect, but the litter of commerce was not in them, and some of their round-stone pavements after a shower would have the melancholy cleanness of weather-bleached bones. How quiet and lonely the harbor grew! The big dry-docks against the farther shore were all empty. Now and then a tug fussed about, with the yellow river all to itself; and one or two steamboats came and went each day, but they moved drowsily, and, across on the other side of the river, a whole fleet of their dingy white sisters lay tied up to the bank, *sine die*. My favorite of all the sea-steamers, the little *Habana*, that had been wont to arrive twice a month from Cuba, disgorge her Spanish-American cargo, and bustle away again, and that I had watched the shipwrights, at their very elbows, razee and fit with three big, raking masts in place of her two small ones, had long ago slipped down the river and through the blockaders, and was now no longer the *Habana*, but the far-famed and dreaded *Sumter*.

The movements of military and naval defense lent some stir. The old revenue-cutter *Washington*, a graceful craft, all wings, no steam, came and went from the foot of Canal. She was lying there the morning Farragut's topmasts hove in sight across the low land at English Turn. Near by, on her starboard side, lay a gun-boat, moored near the spot where the "lower coast" packet landed daily; to which spot the crowd used to rush sometimes to see the commanding officer, Major-General Mansfield Lovell, ride aboard, bound down the river to the forts. Lovell was a lithe, brown-haired man of forty-odd, a very attractive figure, giving the eye, at first glance, a promise of much activity. He was a showy horseman, visibly fond of his horse. He rode with so long a stirrup-leather that he simply stood astride the saddle, as straight as a spear; and the idlers of the landing loved to see him keep the saddle and pass from the wharf to the steamboat's deck on her long, narrow stage-plank without dismounting.

Such petty breaks in the dreariness got to be scarce and precious toward the last. Not that the town seemed so desolate then as it does now, as one tells of it; but the times were grim. Opposite the rear of the store where I was now employed—for it fronted in Common street and stretched through to Canal—the huge, unfinished custom-house reared its lofty granite walls, and I used to go to its top now and then to cast my eye over the broad city and harbor below. When

I did so, I looked down upon a town that had never been really glad again after the awful day of Shiloh. She had sent so many gallant fellows to help Beauregard, and some of them so young,—her last gleanings,—that when, on the day of their departure, they marched with solid column and firm-set, unsmiling mouths down the long gray lane made by the open ranks of those old Confederate guards, and their escort broke into cheers and tears and waved their gray shakoes on the tops of their bayonets and seized the dear lads' hands as they passed in mute self-devotion and steady tread, while the trumpets sang "Listen to the Mocking-bird," that was the last time; the town never cheered with elation afterward; and when the people next uncovered it was in silence, to let the body of Albert Sidney Johnston, their great chevalier, pass slowly up St. Charles street behind the muffled drums, while on their quivering hearts was written with a knife the death-roll of that lost battle. One of those who had brought that precious body—a former school-mate of mine—walked beside the bier, with the stains of camp and battle on him from head to foot. The war was coming very near.

Many of the town's old forms and habits of peace held fast. The city, I have said, was under martial law; yet the city management still went through its old routines. The volunteer fire department was as voluntary and as redundantly riotous as ever. The police courts, too, were as cheerful as of old. The public schools had merely substituted "Dixie," the "Marseillaise," and the "Bonnie Blue Flag", for "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," and were running straight along. There was one thing besides, of which many of us knew nothing at the time,—a system of espionage, secret, diligent, and fierce, that marked down every man suspected of sympathy with the enemy in a book whose name was too vile to find place on any page. This was not the military secret service,—that is to be expected wherever there is war,—nor any authorized police, but the scheme of some of the worst of the villains who had ruled New Orleans with the rod of terror for many years—the "Thugs."

But the public mind was at a transparent heat. Everybody wanted to know of everybody else, "Why don't you go to the front?" Even the gentle maidens demanded tartly, one of another, why each other's brothers or lovers had not gone long ago. Whereas, in truth, the laggards were few indeed. The very children were fierce. For now even we, the uninformed, the lads and women, knew the enemy was closing down upon us. Of course we confronted the fact very valorously,



CAPTAIN THEODORUS BAILEY AND LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. PERKINS ON THEIR WAY TO DEMAND THE SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

we boys and mothers and sisters—and the newspapers. Had we not inspected the fortifications ourselves? Was not every man in town ready to rush into them at the twelve taps of the fire-alarm bells? Were we not ready to man them if the men gave out? Nothing afloat could pass the forts. Nothing that walked could get through our swamps. The *Mississippi*—and, in fact, she was a majestically terrible structure, only let us *complete* her—would sweep the river clean!

But there was little laughter. Food was dear; the destitute poor were multiplying terribly; the market men and women, mainly

Germans, Gascon-French, and Sicilians, had lately refused to take the shinplaster currency, and the city authority had forced them to accept it. There was little to laugh at. The Mississippi was gnawing its levees and threatening to plunge in upon us. The city was believed to be full of spies.

I shall not try to describe the day the alarm-bells told us the city was in danger and called every man to his mustering-point. The children poured out from the school gates and ran crying to their homes, meeting their sobbing mothers at their thresholds. The men fell into ranks. I was left entirely alone in

charge of the store where I was employed. Late in the afternoon, receiving orders to close it, I did so, and went home. But I did not stay. I went to the river-side. There until far into the night I saw hundreds of drays carrying cotton out of the presses and yards to the wharves, where it was fired. The glare of those sinuous miles of flame set men and women weeping and wailing thirty miles away on the farther shore of Lake Pontchartrain. But the next day was the day of terrors. During the night fear, wrath, and sense of betrayal had run through the people as the fire had run through the cotton. You have seen, perhaps, a family fleeing with lamentations and wringing of hands out of a burning house; multiply it by thousands upon thousands: that was New Orleans, though the houses were not burning. The firemen were out; but they cast fire on the waters, putting the torch to the empty ships and cutting them loose to float down the river.

Whoever could go was going. The great mass, that had no place to go to or means to go with, was beside itself. "Betrayed! betrayed!" it cried, and ran in throngs from street to street, seeking some vent, some victim for its wrath. I saw a crowd catch a poor fellow at the corner of Magazine and Common streets, whose crime was that he looked like a stranger and might be a spy. He was the palest living man I ever saw. They swung him to a neighboring lamp-post, but the Foreign Legion was patrolling the town in strong squads, and one of its lieutenants, all green and gold, leaped with drawn sword, cut the rope, and saved the man. This was one occurrence; there were many like it. I stood in the rear door of our store, Canal street, soon after reopening it. The junior of the firm was within. I called him to look toward the river. The masts of the cutter *Washington* were slowly tipping, declining, sinking—down she went. The gun-boat moored next her began to smoke all over and then to blaze. My employers lifted up their heels and left the city—left their goods and their affairs in the hands of one mere lad—no stranger would have thought I had reached fourteen—and one big German porter. I closed the doors, sent the porter to his place in the Foreign Legion, and ran to the levee to see the sights.

What a gathering! The riff-raff of the wharves, the town, the gutters. Such women—such wrecks of women! And all the juvenile rag-tag. The lower steamboat landing, well covered with sugar, rice, and molasses, was being rifled. The men smashed; the women scooped up the smashings. The river was overflowing the top of the levee. A rain-storm began to threaten. "Are the Yankee ships in sight?" I asked of an idler. He

pointed out the tops of their naked masts as they showed up across the huge bend of the river. They were engaging the batteries at Camp Chalmette—the old field of Jackson's renown. Presently that was over. Ah, me! I see them now as they come slowly round Slaughterhouse Point into full view, silent, so grim, and terrible; black with men, heavy with deadly portent; the long-banished Stars and Stripes flying against the frowning sky. Oh, for the *Mississippi*! the *Mississippi*! Just then here she came down upon them. But how? Drifting helplessly, a mass of flames.

The crowds on the levee howled and screamed with rage. The swarming decks answered never a word; but one old tar on the *Hartford*, standing with lanyard in hand beside a great pivot-gun, so plain to view that you could see him smile, silently patted its big black breech and blandly grinned.

And now the rain came down in sheets. About one or two o'clock in the afternoon (as I remember), I being again in the store with but one door ajar, came a roar of shoutings and imprecations and crowding feet down Common street. "Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Shoot them! Kill them! Hang them!" I locked the door on the outside and ran to the front of the mob, bawling with the rest, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" About every third man there had a weapon out. Two officers of the United States Navy were walking abreast, unguarded and alone, looking not to right or left, never frowning, never flinching, while the mob screamed in their ears, shook cocked pistols in their faces, cursed and crowded and gnashed upon them. So through the gates of death those two men walked to the City Hall to demand the town's surrender. It was one of the bravest deeds I ever saw done.

Later events, except one, I leave to other pens. An officer from the fleet stood on the City Hall roof about to lower the flag of Louisiana. In the street beneath gleamed the bayonets of a body of marines. A howitzer pointed up and another down the street. All around swarmed the mob. Just then Mayor Monroe—lest the officer above should be fired upon and the howitzers open upon the crowd—came out alone and stood just before one of the howitzers, tall, slender, with folded arms, eying the gunner. Down sank the flag. Captain Bell, tall and stiff, marched off with the flag rolled under his arm and the howitzers clanking behind. Then cheer after cheer rang out for Monroe. And now, I daresay, every one is well pleased that, after all, New Orleans never lowered her colors with her own hands.

George W. Cable.

THE OPENING OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

APRIL, 1862.



THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT
HAUL DOWN THE UNION
FLAG AT THE PENSACOLA
NAVY-YARD. (FROM A
SKETCH FROM LIFE BY
WILLIAM WAUD.)

THE most important event of the War of the Rebellion, with the exception of the fall of Richmond, was the capture of New Orleans and the forts Jackson and St. Philip, guarding the approach to that city. To appreciate the nature of this victory, it is necessary to have been an actor in it, and to be able to comprehend not only the immediate results to

the Union cause, but the whole bearing of the fall of New Orleans on the Civil War, which at that time had attained its most formidable proportions.

Previous to fitting out the expedition against New Orleans, there were eleven Southern States in open rebellion against the Government of the United States, or, as it was termed by the Southern people, in a state of secession. Their harbors were all more or less closed against our ships-of-war, either by the heavy forts built originally by the General Government for their protection, or by torpedoes and sunken vessels. Through four of these seceding States ran the great river Mississippi, and both of its banks, from Memphis to its mouth, were lined with powerful batteries. On the west side of the river were three important States, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, with their great tributaries to the Mississippi, — the White, the Arkansas, and the Red, — which were in a great measure secure from the attacks of the Union forces. These States could not only raise half a million soldiers, but could furnish the Confederacy with provisions of all kinds, and cotton enough to supply the Rebel Government with the sinews of war. New Orleans was the largest Southern city, and contained all the resources of modern warfare, having great workshops where machinery of the most powerful kind could be built, and having artisans capable of building ships in wood or iron, casting heavy guns, or making small arms. The people of

the city were in no way behind the most zealous secessionists in energy of purpose and in hostility to the Government of the United States.

The Mississippi is thus seen to have been the backbone of the Rebellion, which it should have been the first duty of the Federal Government to break. At the very outset of the war it should have been attacked at both ends at the same time, before the Confederates had time to fortify its banks or to turn the guns in the Government forts against the Union forces. A dozen improvised gun-boats would have held the entire length of the river if they had been sent there in time. The efficient fleet with which Dupont, in November, 1861, attacked and captured the works at Port Royal could at that time have steamed up to New Orleans and captured the city without difficulty. Any three vessels could have passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip a month after the commencement of the war, and could have gone on to Cairo, if necessary, without any trouble. But the Federal Government neglected to approach the mouth of the Mississippi until a year after hostilities had commenced, except to blockade. The Confederates made good use of this interval, putting forth all their resources and fortifying not only the approaches to New Orleans, but both banks of the river as far north as Memphis.

WHILE in command of the *Probatan*, engaged in the blockade of the South-west Pass of the Mississippi, — a period of seventy-six days, — I took pains to obtain all possible information concerning the defenses of the river. I learned from the fishermen who supplied the city with oysters and fish that very little progress had been made in strengthening the forts, and that no vessel of any importance was being built except the ram *Manassas*, which had not much strength and but a single gun. The only Confederate vessel then in commission was a small river-boat, the *Jay*, mounting one four-pounder rifled gun. Had I been able to cross the bar with my ship, I would have felt justified in going up to the city and calling on the authorities to surrender. I could easily have passed the forts under cover of the night without the aid of a pilot, as I had been up and

* For a description of the "Operations of the Western Flotilla" (including the opening of the Mississippi from Cairo to Memphis), see the paper by Rear-Admiral Walke in *THE CENTURY* for January, 1885.

down the river some thirty times in a large mail steamer. But the *Powhatan* drew three feet too much water, and there was no use thinking about such an adventure.

This was the position of affairs on May 31, 1861, only forty-five days after Fort Sumter had been fired on.

On the 9th of November, 1861, I arrived at New York with the *Powhatan* and was ordered to report to the Navy Department at Washington, which I did on the 12th. In those days it was not an easy matter for an officer, except one of high rank, to obtain access to the Secretary of the Navy, and I had been waiting nearly all the morning at the door of his office when Senators Grimes and Hale came along and entered into conversation with me concerning my service on the Gulf coast. During this interview I told the senators of a plan I had formed for the capture of New Orleans, and when I had explained to them how easily it could be accomplished, they expressed surprise that no action had been taken in the matter, and took me in with them at once to see Secretary Welles. I then gave the Secretary, in as few words as possible, my opinion on the importance of capturing New Orleans, and my plan for doing so. Mr. Welles listened to me attentively, and when I had finished what I had to say he remarked that the matter should be laid before the President at once; and we all went forthwith to the Executive Mansion, where we were received by Mr. Lincoln.

My plan, which I then stated, was as follows: To fit out a fleet of vessels-of-war with which to attack the city, fast steamers drawing not more than eighteen feet of water, and carrying about two hundred and fifty heavy guns; also a flotilla of mortar-vessels, to be used in case it should be necessary to bombard Forts Jackson and St. Philip before the fleet should attempt to pass them. I also proposed that a body of troops should be sent along in transports to take possession of the city after it had been surrendered to the navy. When I had outlined the proposed movement the President remarked:

"This should have been done sooner. The Mississippi is the backbone of the Rebellion; it is the key to the whole situation. While the Confederates hold it they can obtain supplies of all kinds, and it is a barrier against our forces. Come, let us go and see General McClellan."

At that time General McClellan commanded the Army of the Potomac, and was in the zenith of his power. He held the confidence of the President and the country, and was engaged in organizing a large army with which to guarantee the safety of the

Federal seat of Government, and to march upon Richmond.

Our party was now joined by Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, and we proceeded to McClellan's headquarters, where we found that officer diligently engaged in the duties of his responsible position. He came to meet the President with that cheery manner which always distinguished him, and, seeing me, shook me warmly by the hand. We had known each other for some years, and I always had the highest opinion of his military abilities.

"Oh," said the President, "you two know each other! Then half the work is done."

He then explained to the general the object of his calling at that time, saying:

"This is a most important expedition. What troops can you spare to accompany it and take possession of New Orleans after the navy has effected its capture? It is not only necessary to have troops enough to hold New Orleans, but we must be able to proceed at once towards Vicksburg, which is the key to all that country watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries. If the Confederates once fortify the neighboring hills, they will be able to hold that point for an indefinite time, and it will require a large force to dislodge them."

In all his remarks the President showed a remarkable familiarity with the state of affairs. Before leaving us, he said:

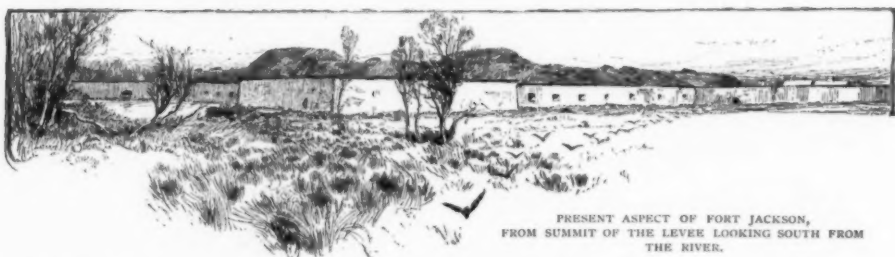
"We will leave this matter in the hands of you two gentlemen. Make your plans, and let me have your report as soon as possible."

General McClellan and myself were then left to talk the matter over and draw up the plan of operations. With a man of McClellan's energy, it did not take long to come to a conclusion; and, although he had some difficulty in finding a sufficient number of troops without interfering with other important projects, he settled the matter in two days, and reported that his men would be ready to embark on the 15th of January, 1862.

The plan of the campaign submitted to the President was as follows: A naval expedition was to be fitted out, composed of vessels mounting not fewer than two hundred guns, with a powerful mortar-flotilla, and with steam transports to keep the fleet supplied. The army was to furnish twenty thousand troops, not only for the purpose of occupying New Orleans after its capture, but to fortify and hold the heights about Vicksburg. The navy and army were to push on up the river as soon as New Orleans was occupied by our troops, and call upon the authorities of Vicksburg to surrender. Orders were to be issued to Flag-officer Davis, who commanded the iron-clad fleet on the Upper



D. T. Farragut



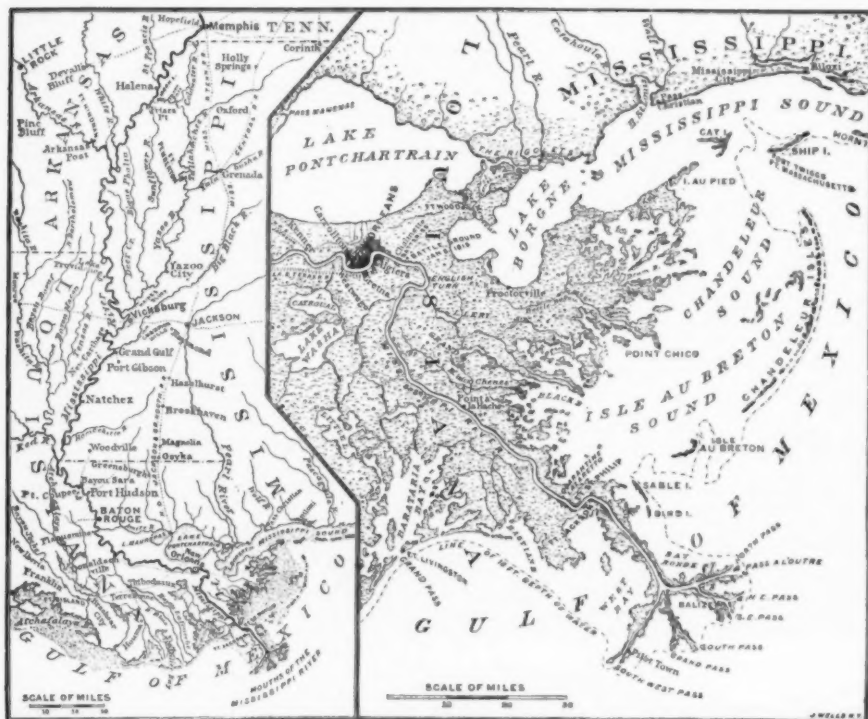
PRESENT ASPECT OF FORT JACKSON,
FROM SUMMIT OF THE LEVEE LOOKING SOUTH FROM
THE RIVER.

Mississippi, to join the fleet above Vicksburg with his vessels and mortar-boats.

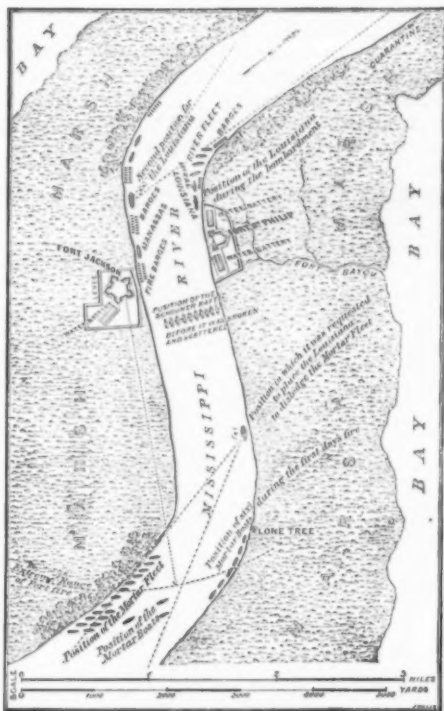
The above plans were all approved by the President, and the Navy Department immediately set to work to prepare the naval part of the expedition, while General McClellan prepared the military part. The officer selected to command the troops was General B. F. Butler, a man supposed to be of high administrative ability, and at that time one of the most zealous of the Union commanders.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. G. V. Fox, selected the vessels for this expedition, and to me was assigned the duty of

purchasing and fitting out a mortar flotilla, to be composed of twenty large schooners, each mounting one heavy thirteen-inch mortar and at least two long thirty-two-pounders. It was not until December, 1861, that the Navy Department got seriously to work at fitting out the expedition. Some of the mortar-vessels had to be purchased, the twenty mortars, with their thirty thousand bombshells, had to be cast at Pittsburgh and transported to New York and Philadelphia, and the mortar-carriages made in New York. It was also necessary to recall ships from stations on the coast and fit them out; also to select officers from the few



MAPS OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.



MAP SHOWING THE DEFENSES OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE POSITIONS OF THE MORTAR-FLEET AT THE OPENING OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

NOTE. The top of the map is west.

available at that time to fill the various positions where efficiency was required—especially for the mortar flotilla, the operation of which imposed unfamiliar duties.

By the latter part of January the mortar flotilla got off. In addition to the schooners, it included seven steamers (which were necessary to move the vessels about in the Mississippi River) and a store-ship. Seven hundred picked men were enlisted, and twenty-one officers were selected from the merchant marine to command the mortar-schooners.

An important duty now devolved on the Secretary of the Navy, viz., the selection of an officer to command the whole expedition. Mr. Fox and myself had often discussed the matter. He had had in his mind several officers of high standing and unimpeachable loyalty; but, as I knew the officers of the navy better than he did, my advice was listened to, and the selection fell upon Captain David Glasgow Farragut.

* It is worthy of note in this connection that in 1833, during the nullification troubles, Farragut was sent by Andrew Jackson to South Carolina to support his mandate that "the Union must and shall be preserved."—ED.

I had known Farragut ever since I was five years old. He stood high in the navy as an officer and seaman, and possessed such undoubted courage and energy that no possible objection could be made to him. On the first sign of war Farragut, though a Southerner by birth and residence, had shown his loyalty in an outspoken manner. The Southern officers had used every argument to induce him to desert his flag, even going so far as to threaten to detain him by force. His answer to them has become historical: "Mind what I tell you: You fellows will catch the devil before you get through with this business."* Having thus expressed himself in a manner not to be misunderstood, he left Norfolk with his family and took a house on the Hudson River, whence he reported to the Navy Department as ready for duty. I knew Farragut better than most other officers of the navy knew him; and as he is here to appear as the central figure of the greatest naval achievement of our war, I will give a brief sketch of his early naval life.

Farragut was born in Tennessee, from which State his family moved to New Orleans. His father was not a man of affluence, and had a large family to support. In 1807 Captain David Porter, United States Navy, was appointed to the command of the New Orleans station. His father, David Porter, senior (who had been appointed by General Washington a sailing-master in the navy, for services performed during the Revolution), accompanied him to this post and served under his command. Being eighty-four years of age, his services were nominal, and he only lived in New Orleans for the sake of being near his son. One day, while fishing on Lake Pontchartrain, the old gentleman fell over with a sunstroke, and Farragut's father took him to his house near by, and treated him with the most assiduous attention. Mr. Porter died at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Farragut, it being considered dangerous to move



ENTRANCE TO FORT ST. PHILIP. (PRESENT ASPECT.)

him. Captain Porter then, in order to show his gratitude to the Farraguts for their kindness to his father, offered to adopt their son Glasgow. This offer was gladly accepted, and from that time young Farragut became a member of Captain Porter's family, and was recognized as his adoptive son. The boy was

placed, Farragut maintained his reputation as a fine officer, and genial, cheery companion. He was esteemed by all who knew him, and no one in the navy had more personal friends or fewer enemies. At the time of his appointment to the command of the New Orleans expedition, he was over sixty years of



MORTAR-SCHOONERS ENGAGED AGAINST FORT JACKSON.*

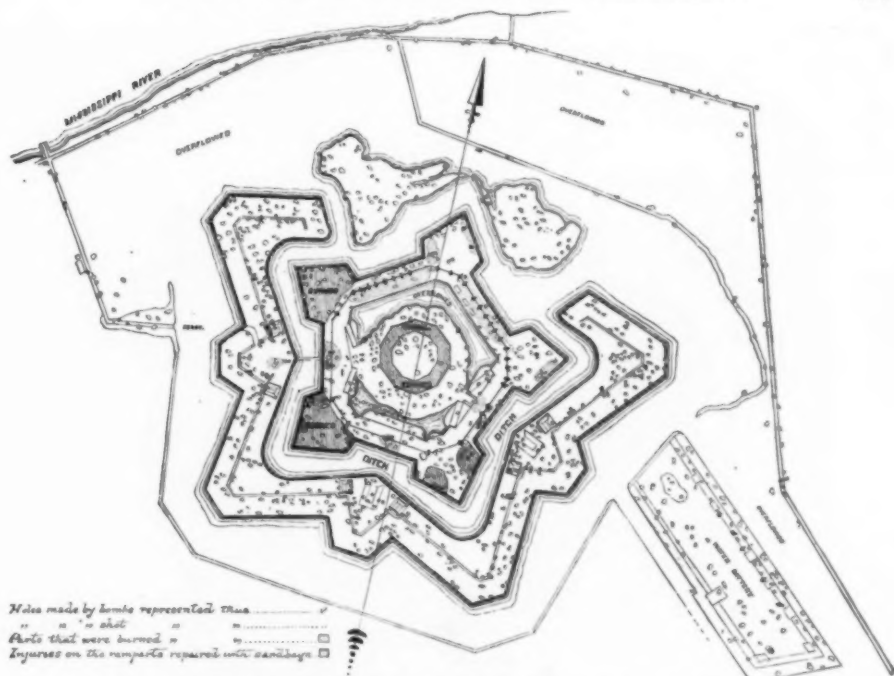
(Distance of leading schooner from the fort, 2850 yards. Duration of fire, six days. Total number of shells fired, 16,800.)

placed at school when he was eight years old, and on the 17th of December, 1810, he was appointed an acting midshipman in the navy. He accompanied Captain Porter in the cruise of the *Essex* around Cape Horn, and was with him at the memorable capture of that frigate, on which occasion he showed the spirit of a brave boy. He remained with his adopted father some years, and served under him in the "mosquito fleet" of the West India squadron. In whatever position he was

age; but he was as active as a man of fifty, with an unimpaired constitution, and a mind as bright as ever.

On his return to the North with his family, he had been assigned to duty by the Department as president of a board for the examination of officers, and he accepted it as an acknowledgment on the part of the Government that he was a loyal man. The Department hesitated for some time, however, when his name was proposed as commander of the im-

* The drawings of vessels in action printed with this article, except the general view, are from sketches by Admiral Porter, and all have received his criticism and final approval.—ED.



PLAN OF FORT JACKSON, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE BOMBARDMENT, APRIL 18TH TO 24TH. (FROM THE GOVERNMENT MAP SURVEYED BY J. S. HARRIS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF F. H. GERDES, U. S. COAST SURVEY.)

("All the scows and boats near the fort except three small ones were sunk. The drawbridge, hot-shot furnaces, and fresh-water cisterns were destroyed. The floors of the casemates were flooded, the levee having been broken. All the platforms for pitching tents on were destroyed by fire or shells. All the casemates were cracked (the roof in some places being entirely broken through) and masses of brick dislodged in numerous instances. The outer walls of the fort were cracked from top to bottom, admitting daylight freely."—Inscription on the original plan.)

portant expedition against New Orleans. A widespread feeling prevailed at that time that Southern officers should not be given active duty afloat; for, although their loyalty was not doubted, it was naturally thought that they would find no duty congenial that would compel them to act offensively against their friends and relations. It was afterwards proved that this opinion was unjust, for among the officers who hailed from the South were some of the most zealous and energetic defenders of the Union flag—men who did their duty faithfully. When Farragut came North he simply reported himself to the Department as ready for duty, without applying for active service against the enemy. It was owing to this fact that the Department was so long in coming to a conclusion, and this explains why the commander of the expedition was not (as he ought to have been) the very first man selected.

I continually urged Farragut's appointment, and finally the Department directed me to go on to New York, and ascertain in a personal interview whether he would accept the command and enter warmly into the views of the

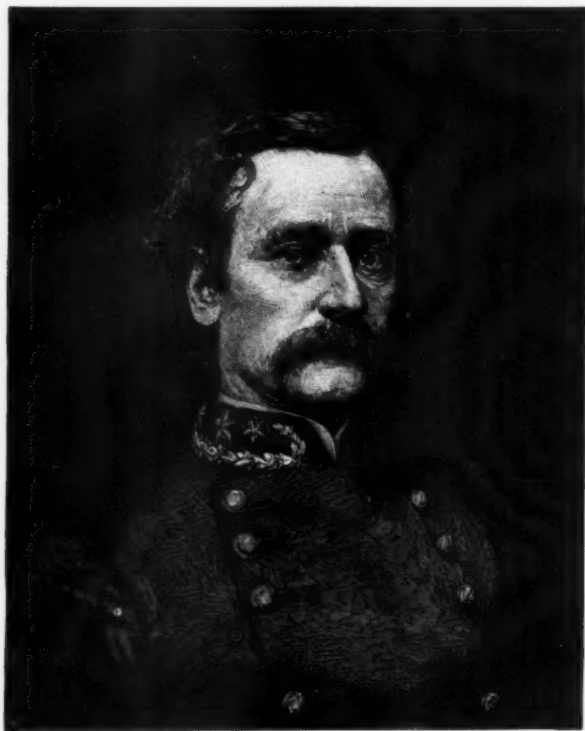
Government. I found him, as I had expected, loyal to the utmost extent; and, although he did not at that time know the destination of the expedition, he authorized me to accept for him the Secretary's offer, and I telegraphed the Department: "Farragut accepts the command, as I was sure he would."

In consequence of this answer he was called to Washington, and on the 20th of January, 1862, he received orders to command the expedition against New Orleans. In the orders are included these passages: "There will be attached to your squadron a fleet of bomb-vessels, and armed steamers enough to manage them, all under command of Commander D. D. Porter, who will be directed to report to you. As fast as these vessels are got ready they will be sent to Key West to await the arrival of all, and the commanding officers will be permitted to organize and practice with them at that port. When these formidable mortars arrive, and you are completely ready, you will collect such vessels as can be spared from the blockade, and proceed up the Mississippi River, and reduce the defenses which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will

appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron, and hoist the American flag therein, keeping possession until troops can be sent to you. If the Mississippi expedition from Cairo shall not have descended the river, you will take advantage of the panic to push a strong

Orleans, which were expected to sweep the whole Southern coast clear of Union vessels. An iron-clad ram, the *Arkansas*, was building at Yazoo City, and several other iron-clad vessels were under construction at different points on the tributaries.

This energy and forethought displayed by



MAJOR-GENERAL MANSFIELD LOVELL, COMMANDER OF CONFEDERATE DEPARTMENT NO. 1, WITH HEADQUARTERS AT NEW ORLEANS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

force up the river to take all their defenses in the rear."

As soon as possible Farragut proceeded to his station and took command of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron. In the mean time the Confederates had not been idle. They had early been made acquainted with the destination of the expedition, and had put forth all their energies in strengthening Forts Jackson and St. Philip, obstructing the river, and preparing a naval force with which to meet the invaders. The ram *Manassas* was finished and placed in commission, and the iron-clad *Louisiana*, mounting sixteen heavy guns and heavily armored, was hurried toward completion. Besides these vessels there were two other powerful iron-clads building at New

the South will seem marvelous when compared with what was done by the North during the same period of time; for among all the ships that were sent to Farragut there was not one whose sides could resist a twelve-pound shot. Considering the great resources of the Northern States, this supineness of the Government seems inexcusable. Up to the time of the sailing of the expedition, only one small iron-clad, the *Monitor*, had been commenced; and it was only after her encounter with the *Merimac* that it was seen how useful vessels of this class would be for the attack on New Orleans, particularly in contending with the forts on the banks of the Mississippi.

Flag-officer Farragut did not arrive at Ship Island with the *Hartford* until the 20th of

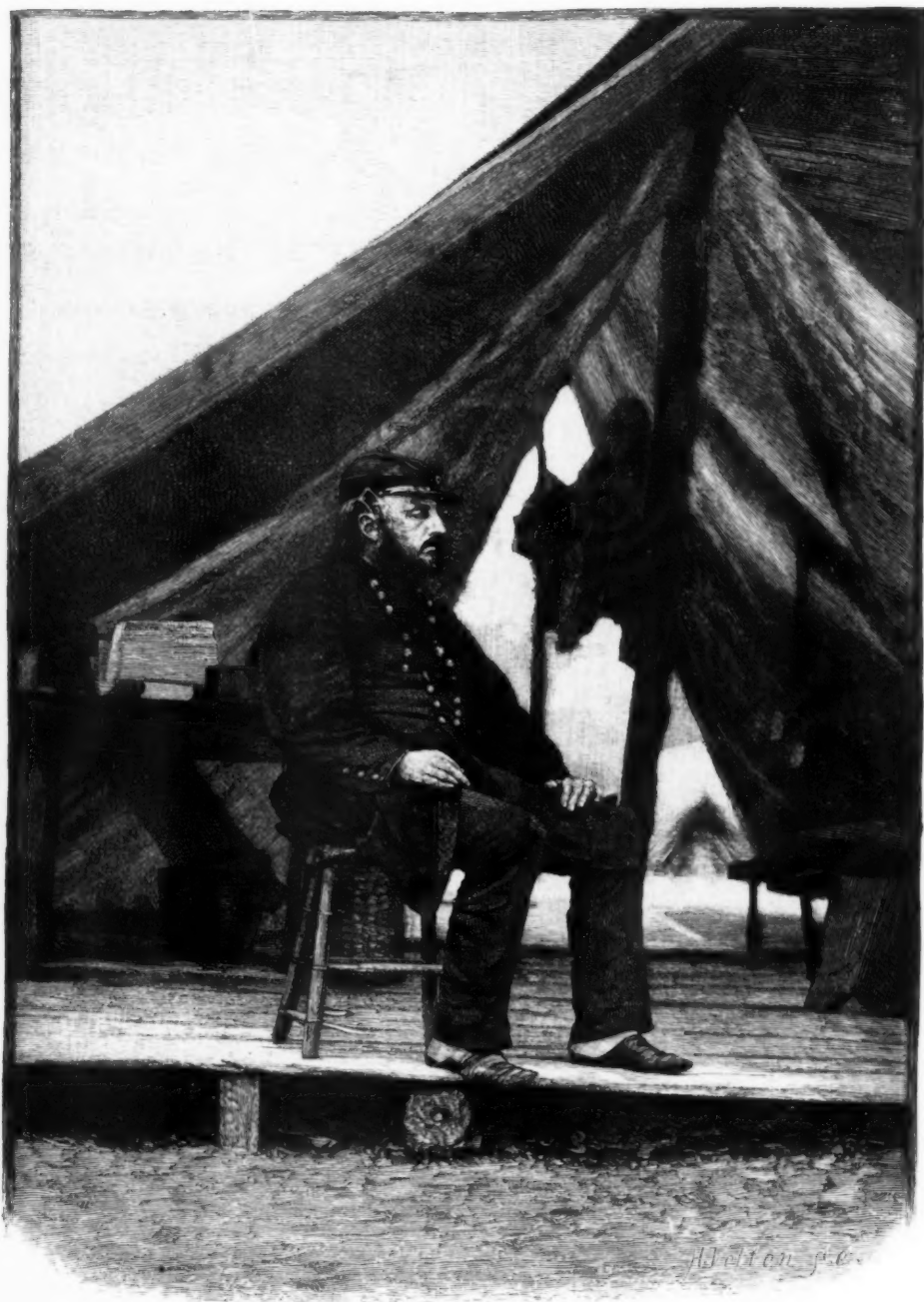


COMMANDER DAVID D. PORTER (NOW ADMIRAL U. S. N.),—IN COMMAND OF THE MORTAR-FLEET AT FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP.

February, 1862, he having been detained for some time at Key West, where he commenced arranging his squadron for the difficult task that lay before him.

The vessels which had been assigned to his command soon began to arrive, and by the middle of March the following ships and gun-boats had reported: *Hartford*, 25 guns, Commander Richard Wainwright; *Brooklyn*, 24 guns, Captain T. T. Craven; *Richmond*, 26 guns, Commander James Alden; *Mississippi*, 12 guns, Commander Melancton Smith; *Pensacola*, 24 guns, Captain H. W. Morris; *Cayu-*

ga, 6 guns, Lieutenant-com'g N. B. Harrison; *Oneida*, 9 guns, Commander S. P. Lee; *Varuna*, 10 guns, Commander Charles S. Boggs; *Katahdin*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g George H. Preble; *Kineo*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g George M. Ransom; *Wissahickon*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g A. N. Smith; *Winona*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g E. T. Nichols; *Itasca*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g C. H. B. Caldwell; *Pinola*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g Pierce Crosby; *Kennebec*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g John H. Russell; *Iroquois*, 9 guns, Commander John De Camp; *Sciota*, 4 guns,



MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, IN COMMAND OF THE MILITARY FORCES OF THE NEW ORLEANS EXPEDITION.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN VIRGINIA IN 1864.)

Lieutenant-com'g Edward Donaldson. Total guns, 177. Also the following steamers belonging to the mortar flotilla: *Harriet Lane*, *Owasco*, *Clifton*, *Westfield*, *Miami*, *Jackson*; besides the mortar-schooners, the names of which will be given farther on. The frigate *Colorado*, mounting fifty guns, had arrived, but Admiral Farragut and Captain Bailey both came to the conclusion that she could not be lightened sufficiently to cross the bar.

On the 18th of March all the mortar-schooners crossed the bar at Pass à l'Ouvre, towed by the steamers *Harriet Lane*, *Owasco*, *Westfield*, and *Clifton*. They were ordered by Farragut to proceed to South-west Pass.

As yet the only vessels that had crossed the bar were the *Hartford* and *Brooklyn*. The Navy Department had made a mistake in sending vessels of too great draught of water, such as the *Colorado*, *Pensacola*, and *Mississippi*. The two latter vessels succeeded in crossing with great difficulty, but the whole fleet was delayed at least twelve days.

The first act of Farragut was to send Captain Henry H. Bell, his chief-of-staff, up the river with the steamers *Kennebec* and *Wissahickon*, to ascertain, if possible, what preparations had been made by the enemy to prevent the passage of the forts. This officer reported that "the obstructions seemed formidable. Eight hulks were moored in line across the river, with heavy chains extending from one to the other. Rafts of logs were also used, and the passage between the forts was thus entirely closed."

The Confederates had lost no time in strengthening their defenses. They had been working night and day ever since the expedition was planned by the Federal Government. Forts Jackson and St. Philip were two strong defenses on each side of the river, the former on the west bank and the latter on the east. As they are to hold an important place in the following narration of events, it will be well to give a description of them.

Fort Jackson was built in the shape of a star, of stone and mortar, with heavy bombproofs. (See page 929.) It set back about one hundred yards from the levee, with its casemates just rising above it. I am told that the masonry had settled somewhat since it was first built, but it was still in a good state of preservation. Its armament consisted of forty-three heavy guns in barbette, and twenty in casemates; also two pieces of light artillery and three mortars; also seven guns in water battery—in all, seventy-five guns, distributed as follows: On main parapet, thirty-three thirty-two-pounders, two ten-inch columbiads, one six-inch rifle; in second bastion, one nine-inch mortar, two ten-inch columbiads; in third bastion, one columbiad, two eight-inch

mortars; in north-west casemate, eight thirty-two-pounders; in north-east casemate, six thirty-two-pounders; in bastion casemates, ten short guns, two brass field-pieces. Extending from the fort down the river was a water battery, containing two large rifled guns, one ten-inch and one nine-inch columbiad, and three thirty-two-pounders on the outer curtain. This was a very formidable part of the defenses, its heavy guns having a commanding range down the river. The main works had been strengthened by covering its bombproofs and vulnerable parts with bags of sand piled five or six feet deep, making it proof against the projectiles of ordinary guns carried by ships-of-war in those days. The fort was also well supplied with provisions and munitions of war, which were stowed away in a heavily built citadel of masonry situated in the center of the works. Altogether, it was in very good condition to withstand either attack or siege. Fort Jackson was under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Higgins, formerly an officer of the United States Navy, and a very gallant and intelligent man.

Fort St. Philip was situated on the other side of the river, about half a mile above Fort Jackson, and, in my opinion, was the more formidable of the two works. It covered a large extent of ground, and although it was open, without casemates, its walls were strongly built of brick and stone, covered with sod. The guns were all mounted in barbette, and could be brought to bear on any vessel going up or down the river. There were in all 53 pieces of ordnance, as follows: Forty-three guns (mostly thirty-two-pounders), one thirteen-inch mortar, four ten-inch sea-coast mortars, one ten-inch siege mortar, one eight-inch siege mortar, three pieces of light artillery. One heavy rifled gun bore on the position of the mortar-fleet, and caused us considerable disturbance until the second or third day after the bombardment commenced, when it burst.

Each of the forts held a garrison of about seven hundred men, some of whom were from the Northern States, besides many foreigners (Germans or Irish). The Northern men had applied for duty in the forts to avoid suspicion, and in the hope that they would not be called upon to fight against the Federal Government. In this hope they had been encouraged by their officers, all of whom, including the colonel in command, were of the opinion that no naval officer would have the hardihood to attack such strong positions.

All of the land defenses were under Brigadier-General Johnson K. Duncan, who

showed himself to be an able and gallant commander.

The best passage up the river was near the west bank close under the guns of Fort Jackson, where the current was not very rapid and few eddies existed. Across this channel the Confederates had placed a raft of logs, extending from the shore to the commencement of a line of hulks which reached to the other side of the river. These hulks were anchored and connected to each other by chains. The raft was so arranged that it could be hauled out of the way of passing vessels, and closed when danger threatened. Although this plan of blocking the river was better than the first one tried by the Confederates, viz., to float a heavy chain across on rafts, it was not very formidable or ingenious.

In addition to the defenses at the forts, the Confederates worked with great diligence to improvise a fleet of men-of-war, using for this purpose a number of heavy tugs, that had been employed in towing vessels up and down the river, and some merchant steamers. These, with the ram *Manassas* and the iron-clad *Louisiana*, made in all twelve vessels. The whole naval force was nominally under the control of Commander John K. Mitchell, C. S. N.

In order that we may come to a full understanding of the composition of this fleet, it will be necessary to give a detailed account of each vessel, stating the authority which directed her movements. The following vessels belonged to the regular navy, and were, from the first, under the exclusive control of Commander Mitchell:

The iron-clad *Louisiana*, mounting sixteen heavy guns, with a crew of two hundred men. She was a powerful vessel, almost impervious to shot, and was fitted with a shot-proof gallery from which her sharp-shooters could fire at an enemy with great effect. Her machinery was not completed, however, and during the passage of the Union fleet she was secured to the river-bank and could only use one broadside and four of her stern guns. At this time she was under the immediate command of Lieutenant Charles F. McIntosh, formerly of the United States Navy. (See page 938.) Also the *McRae*, Lieutenant Thomas B. Huger, a sea-going steamer mounting six thirty-two-pounders and one nine-inch shell gun; steamer *Jackson*, Lieutenant F. B. Renshaw, mounting two thirty-two-pounders; iron-clad ram *Manassas*, Lieutenant A. F. Warley, mounting one thirty-two-pounder (in the bow); and two launches, mounting each one howitzer. Also the following converted sea-steamers into Louisiana State gun-boats, with pine and cot-

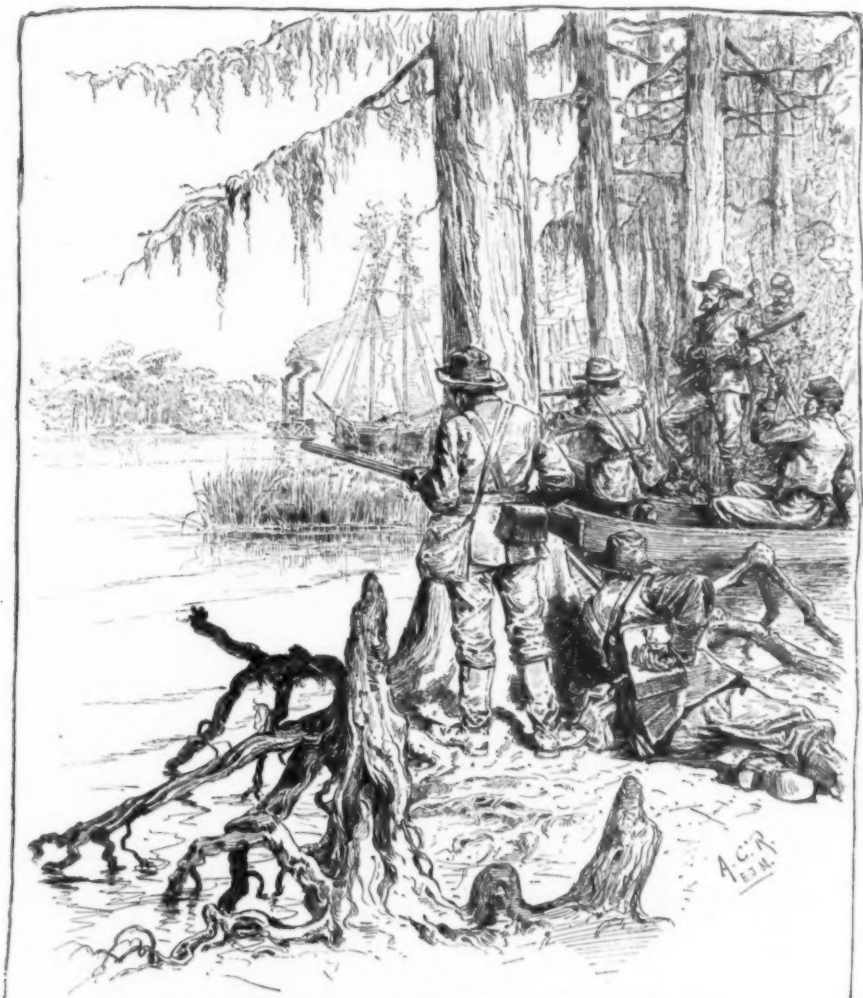
ton barricades to protect the machinery and boilers: The *Governor Moore*, Commander Beverly Kennon, two thirty-two-pounder rifled guns, and the *General Quitman*, Captain Grant, two thirty-two-pounders. "All the above steamers, being converted vessels," says Commander Mitchell, "were too slightly built for war purposes." The following unarmed steamers belonged to his command, viz.: The *Phoenix*, *W. Burton*, and *Landis*. The following named steamers, chartered by the army, were placed under his orders, viz.: The *Mosher*, *Belle Algerine*, *Star*, and *Music* (small tugs).

The River Defense gun-boats, under the command of a merchant captain named Stephenson, were also ordered to report to Commander Mitchell; but they proved of little assistance to him owing to the insubordination of their commander. This fleet consisted of the following converted tow-boats, viz.: The *Warrior*, *Stonewall Jackson*, *Resolute*, *Defiance*, *General Lovell*, *R. J. Breckinridge*. "All of the above vessels," says Commander Mitchell, "mounted from one to two pivot thirty-two-pounders each, some of them rifled. Their boilers and machinery were all more or less protected by thick, double pine barricades, filled in with compressed cotton." They were also prepared for ramming by flat bar-iron casings around their bows.

The Confederate fleet mounted, all told, thirty-nine guns, all but two of them being thirty-two-pounders, and one-fourth of them rifled.

It is thus seen that our wooden vessels, which passed the forts carrying 177 guns, had arrayed against them 128 guns in strongly built works, and 39 guns on board of partly armored vessels.

In addition to the above-mentioned defenses, Commodore Mitchell had at his command a number of fire-rafts (long flat-boats filled with pine-knots, etc.), which were expected to do good service, either by throwing the Union fleet into confusion or by furnishing light to the gunners in the forts. On comparing the Confederate defenses with the attacking force of the Union fleet, it will be seen that the odds were strongly in favor of the former. It is generally conceded by military men that one gun in a fort is about equal to five on board of a wooden ship, especially when, as in this case, the forces afloat are obliged to contend against a three-and-a-half-knot current in a channel obstructed by chains and fire-rafts. Our enemies were well aware of their strength, and although they hardly expected us to make so hazardous an attack, they waited impatiently for Farragut to "come on," resting in the assurance that he would



CONFEDERATE SHARP-SHOOTERS AND SWAMP HUNTERS ATTACKING MORTAR-BOATS.

meet with a disastrous defeat. They did not neglect, however, to add daily to the strength of their works during the time that our ships were delayed in crossing the bar and ascending the river.

Having now described the state of the Confederate defenses, we will continue our narrative of the doings of the Union fleet.

Farragut experienced great difficulty in getting the larger vessels over the bar. The *Hartford* and *Brooklyn* were the only two that could pass without lightening. The *Richmond* stuck fast in the mud every time she attempted to cross. The *Mississippi* drew two

feet too much water, and the *Pensacola*, after trying several times to get over, ran on a wreck a hundred yards away from the channel. There she lay, with her propeller half out of water, thumping on the wreck as she was driven in by the wind and sea. Pilots had been procured at Pilot Town, near by; but they were either treacherous or nervous, and all their attempts to get the heavy ships over the bar were failures. Farragut felt extremely uncomfortable at the prospect before him, but I convinced him that I could get the vessels over if he would place them under my control, and he consented to do

so. I first tried with the *Richmond* (Captain Alden), and, although she had grounded seven times when in charge of a pilot, I succeeded at the first attempt, crossed the bar, and anchored off Pilot Town. The next trial was with the frigate *Mississippi*. The vessel was lightened as much as possible by taking out her spars, sails, guns, provisions, and coal. All the steamers of the mortar-fleet were then sent to her assistance, and after eight days' hard work they succeeded in pulling her through. To get the *Pensacola* over looked even more difficult. I asked Captain Bailey to lend me the *Colorado* for a short time, and with this vessel I went as close as possible to the *Pensacola*, ran out a stream-cable to her stern, and, by backing hard on the *Colorado*, soon released her from her disagreeable position. The next day at twelve o'clock I passed her over the bar and anchored her off Pilot Town. All the available vessels were now safely over, and Farragut was at liberty to proceed up the river as soon as he pleased.

The U. S. Coast Survey steamer *Sachem*, commanded by a very competent officer, Mr. F. H. Gerdes, had been added to the expedition for the purpose of sounding the bar and river channel, and also to establish points and distances which should serve as guides to the commander of the mortar flotilla. Mr. Gerdes and his assistants selected the positions of the bomb-vessels, furnished all the commanders of vessels with reliable charts, triangulated the river for eight miles below the forts, and planted small poles with white flags on the banks opposite the positions of the different vessels, each flag marked with the name of a vessel and the distance from the mouth of its mortar to the center of the fort. The boats of the surveyors were frequently attacked by sharpshooters, who fired from concealed positions among the bushes of the river bank. During the bombardment the Coast Survey officers were employed day and night in watching that the vessels did not move an inch from their places, and the good effect of all this care was shown in the final result of the mortar practice.

Having finished the preliminary work, on the 16th of April Farragut moved up with his fleet to within three miles of the forts, and informed me that I could commence the bombardment as soon as I was ready. The ships all anchored as they came up, but not in very good order, which led to some complications.

The place which I had selected for the first and third divisions of the mortar-vessels was under the lee of a thick wood on the right bank of the river, which presented in the direction of the fort an almost impenetrable mass. The forts could be plainly seen from the mastheads of the mortar-schooners, which had

been so covered with brush that the Confederate gunners could not distinguish them from the trees.

The leading vessel of the first division, under Lieutenant-commanding Watson Smith, was placed at a point distant 2850 yards from Fort Jackson and 3680 yards from Fort St. Philip. This division was composed of the following seven vessels: *Norfolk Packet*, Lieutenant Smith; *O. H. Lee*, Acting Master Godfrey; *Para*, Acting Master Furber; *C. P. Williams*, Acting Master Langthorne; *Arletta*, Acting Master Smith; *Bacon*, Acting Master Rogers; *Sophonria*, Acting Master Bartholomew.

The third division, commanded by Lieutenant Breeze, came next in order, as follows: *John Griffiths*, Acting Master Henry Brown; *Sarah Bruen*, Acting Master Christian; *Racer*, Acting Master Phinney; *Sea Foam*, Acting Master Williams; *Henry James*, Acting Master Pennington; *Dan Smith*, Acting Master George Brown.

The following six vessels, composing the second division, under Lieutenant Queen, I placed on the east side of the river, the head of the line being 3680 yards from Fort Jackson: *T. A. Ward*, Lieutenant Queen; *M. J. Carlton*, Acting Master Jack; *Matthew Vassar*, Acting Master Savage; *George Mangham*, Acting Master Collins; *Orvetta*, Acting Master Blanchard; *Sydney C. Jones*, Acting Master Graham.

The curious nomenclature of this flotilla is accounted for by the fact that the schooners retained the names which they bore when purchased by the Government.

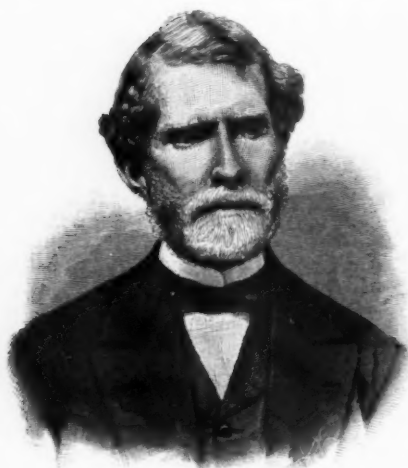
The vessels now being in position, the signal was given to open fire; and on the morning of the 18th of April the bombardment fairly commenced, each mortar-vessel having orders to fire once in ten minutes.

The moment that the mortars belched forth their shells, both Jackson and St. Philip replied with great fury; but it was some time before they could obtain our range, as we were well concealed behind our natural rampart. Their fire was rapid, and, finding that it was becoming rather hot, I sent Lieutenant-commanding Guest up to the head of the line to open fire on the forts with his eleven-inch pivot. This position he maintained for one hour and fifty minutes, and only abandoned it to fill up with ammunition. In the mean time the mortars on the left bank (Queen's division) were doing splendid work, though suffering considerably from the enemy's fire.

I went on board the vessels of this division to see how they were getting on, and found them so cut up that I considered it necessary to remove them, with Farragut's permission, to



Wrecks of Confederate River Fleet.
 Fort St. Philip and Confederate Iron-clad *Louisiana*.
 Mortar Fleet (in the distance).
 Fort Jackson, after Battery, Fort Jackson.
 Farragut's Division of the Fleet, led by the *Hartford*.
 BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PASSAGE OF THE FORTS BELOW NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 24, 1862. THE SECOND DIVISION IN ACTION, 4:15 A. M.



COMMANDER JOHN K. MITCHELL, C. S. N., IN COMMAND OF THE
NAVAL FORCES AGAINST FARRAGUT.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.)

the opposite shore, under cover of the trees, near the other vessels, which had suffered but little. They held their position, however, until sundown, when the enemy ceased firing.

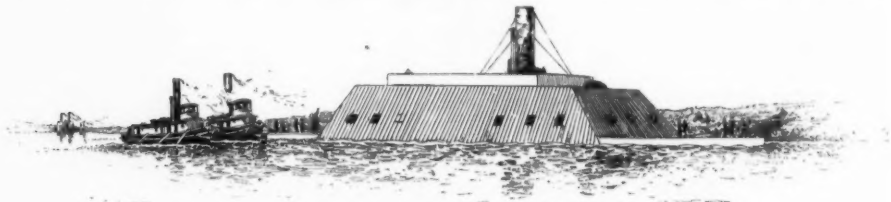
At five o'clock in the evening Fort Jackson was seen to be on fire, and, as the flames spread rapidly, the Confederates soon left their guns. There were many conjectures among the officers of the fleet as to what was burning. Some thought that it was a fire-raft, and I was inclined to that opinion myself until I had pulled up the river in a boat and, by the aid of a night-glass, convinced myself

that the fort itself was in flames. This fact I at once reported to Farragut.

At nightfall the crews of the mortar-vessels were completely exhausted; but when it became known that every shell was falling inside of the fort, they redoubled their exertions and increased the rapidity of their fire to a shell every five minutes, or in all two hundred and forty shells an hour. During the night, in order to allow the men to rest, we slackened our fire, and only sent a shell once every half hour. Thus ended the first day's bombardment, which was more effective than that of any other day during the siege. Had the fleet been ready to move, it could have passed up at this time with little or no difficulty.

Next morning the bombardment was renewed and continued night and day until the end, with a result that is thus described in an unpublished letter from Colonel Edward Higgins, dated April 4, 1872, which I received in answer to my inquiry on the subject:

"Your mortar-vessels were placed in position on the afternoon of the 17th of April, 1862, and opened fire at once upon Fort Jackson, where my headquarters were established. The practice was excellent from the commencement of the fire to the end, and continued without intermission until the morning of the 24th of April, when the fleet passed at about four o'clock. Nearly every shell of the many thousand fired at the fort lodged inside of the works. On the first night of the attack the citadel and all buildings in rear of the fort were fired by bursting shell, and also the sand-bag walls that had been thrown around the magazine doors. The fire, as you are aware, raged with great fury, and no effort of ours could subdue it. At this time, and nearly all this night, Fort Jackson was helpless; its magazines were inaccessible, and we could have offered no resistance to a passing fleet. The next morning a terrible scene of destruction pre-



THE CONFEDERATE IRON-CLAD "LOUISIANA" ON THE WAY TO FORT ST. PHILIP.

Mr. Wm. C. Whittle, who was third lieutenant on the *Louisiana* during the contest against Farragut's fleet in the Mississippi, has sent to the Editor the following statement concerning her armament:—

"The hull of the *Louisiana* was almost entirely submerged. Upon this were built her heavy upper works, intended to contain her battery, machinery, etc. This extended to within about twenty-five feet of her stem and stern, leaving a little deck forward and aft, nearly even with the water, and surrounded by a slight bulwark. The structure on the hull had its ends and sides inclined inward and upward from the hull, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and covered with T railroad iron, the lower layer being firmly bolted to the wood-work, and the upper layer driven into it from the end so as to form a nearly solid plate and a somewhat smooth surface. This plating resisted the projectiles of Farragut's fleet (none of which perforated our side), although one of his largest ships lay across and touching our stem, and in that position fired her heavy guns. Above this structure was an open deck which was surrounded by a sheet-iron bulwark about four feet high, which was intended as a protection against sharpshooters and small arms, but was entirely inefficient, as the death of our gallant commander, McIntosh, and those who fell around him, goes to prove.

"The plan for propelling the *Louisiana* was novel and abortive. She had two propellers aft, which we never had an opportunity of testing. The novel conception, which proved entirely inefficient, was that right in the center section of the vessel there was a large well in which worked the two wheels, one immediately forward of the other. I suppose they were so placed to be protected from the enemy's fire.

"The machinery of these two wheels was in order when my father, Commodore W. C. Whittle, the naval commanding officer at New Orleans, against his better judgment, was compelled to send the vessel down to the forts. The vessel left New Orleans on the 20th of April, I think. The work on the propellers was incomplete, the machinists and mechanics being still on board, and most of the guns were not mounted. The center wheels were started, but were entirely inefficient, and, as we were drifting helplessly down the stream, tow-boats had to be called to take us down to the point about half a mile above Fort St. Philip, on the left side of the river, where we tied up to the bank with our bow down-stream. Thus, as Farragut's fleet came up and passed, we could only use our bow-guns and the starboard broadside.

"Moreover, the port-locks for our guns were entirely faulty, not allowing room to train the guns either laterally or in elevation. I had practical experience of this fact, for I had immediate charge of the bow division when a vessel of Admiral Farragut's fleet got across our stem, and I could only fire through and through her at point blank instead of depressing my guns and sinking her."



CHARLES F. MCINTOSH, COMMANDER OF THE "LOUISIANA."
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BENDANN BROS.)



LIEUTENANT JOHN WILKINSON OF THE "LOUISIANA,"
AFTERWARD IN COMMAND OF THE "R. E. LEE."
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY S. W. GAULT.)

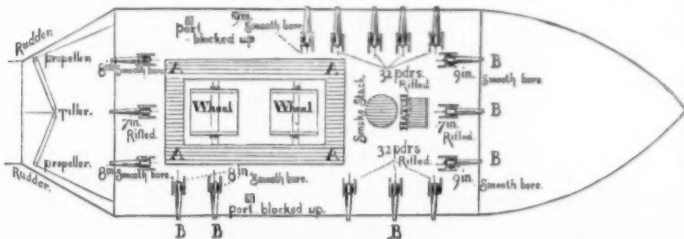
sented itself. The wood-work of the citadel being all destroyed, and the crumbling walls being knocked about by the bursting shells, made matters still worse for the garrison. The work of destruction from now until the morning of the 24th, when the fleet passed, was incessant.

"I was obliged to confine the men most rigidly to the casemates, or we should have lost the best part of the garrison. A shell, striking the parapet over one of the magazines, the wall of which was seven feet thick, penetrated five feet and failed to burst. If that shell had exploded, your work would have ended. Another burst near the magazine door, opening the earth and burying the sentinel and another man five feet in the same grave. The parapets and interior of the fort were completely honeycombed, and the large number of sand-bags with which we were supplied alone saved us from being blown to pieces a hundred times, our magazine doors being much exposed.

"On the morning of the 24th, when the fleet passed, the terrible precision with which your formidable vessels hailed down their tons of bursting shell upon the devoted fort made it impossible for us to obtain either rapidity or accuracy of fire, and thus rendered the passage comparatively easy. There was no very considerable damage done to our batteries, but few of the guns being dismounted by your fire; everything else in and around the fort was destroyed."

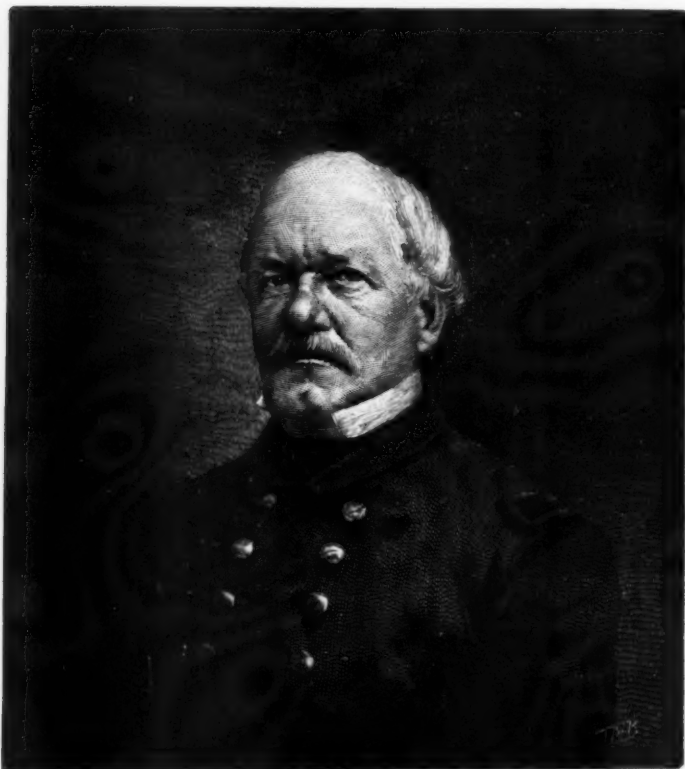
I was not ignorant of the state of affairs in the fort; for, on the third day of the bombardment, a deserter presented himself and gave me such an account of the havoc created by our shells that I had great doubts of the truth of his statements. He represented that hundreds of shells had fallen into the fort, breaking in the bomb-proofs, setting fire to the citadel, and flooding the interior by cutting the levees. He also stated that the soldiers were in a desperate and demoralized condition. This was all very encouraging to us, and so stimulated the crews of the mortar-boats that they worked with unflagging zeal and energy. I took the deserter to Farragut, who, although impressed by his statement, was not quite prepared to take advantage of the opportunity; for at this time the line of hulks across the river was considered an insurmountable obstruction, and it was determined to examine and, if possible, remove it before the advance of the fleet.

On the night of the 20th an expedition was fitted out for the purpose of breaking the chain which was supposed to extend from one shore to the other. Two steamers, the *Pinola*, Lieutenant Crosby, and *Iusca*, Lieutenant Caldwell, were detailed for



PLAN OF THE "LOUISIANA." (AFTER SKETCH MADE BY COMMANDER J. K. MITCHELL ABOUT THE TIME OF THE ENGAGEMENT.)

A. Bulkhead around wheels. B. Guns used in action.



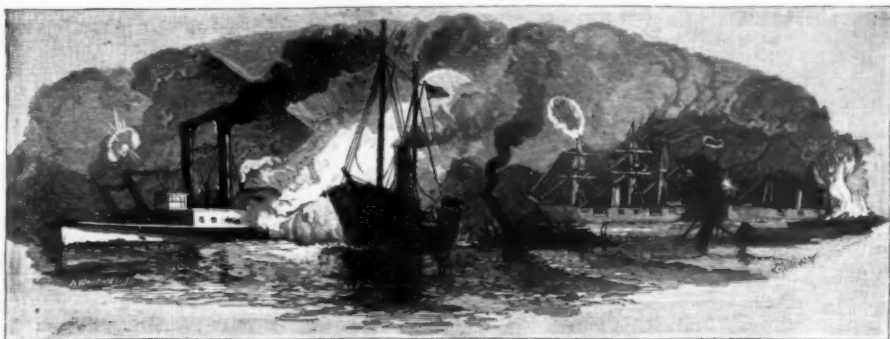
CAPTAIN (AFTERWARD REAR-ADMIRAL) THEODORUS BAILEY, IN COMMAND OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE FLEET.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

this purpose and placed under the direction of Captain Bell, chief-of-staff. Although the attempt was made under cover of darkness, the sharp eyes of the Confederate gunners soon discovered their enemies, and the whole fire of Fort Jackson was concentrated upon them. I had been informed of the intended movement by Farragut, so was ready to redouble the fire of the mortars at the proper time with good effect. In Farragut's words: "Commander Porter, however, kept up such a tremendous fire on them from the mortars that the enemy's shot did the gun-boats no injury, and the cable was separated and their connection broken sufficiently to pass through on the left bank of the river."

The work of the mortar-fleet was now nearly over. We had kept up a heavy fire night and day for nearly five days—about 2800 shells every twenty-four hours; in all about 16,800 shells. The men were nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest. The ammuni-

tion was giving out, one of the schooners was sunk, and although the rest had received little actual damage from the enemy's shot, they were badly shaken up by the concussion of the mortars.

On the 23d instant I represented the state of affairs to the flag-officer, and he concluded to move on past the works, which I felt sure he could do with but little loss to his squadron. He recognized the importance of making an immediate attack, and called a council of the commanders of vessels, which resulted in a determination to pass the forts that night. The movement was postponed, however, until the next morning, for the reason that the carpenters of one of the larger ships were at work down the river, and the commander did not wish to proceed without them. The iron-clad *Louisiana* had now made her appearance, and her commander was being strongly urged by General Duncan to drop down below the forts (see the map on page 927) and open fire



CAPTAIN BAILEY, IN THE "CAYUGA," BREAKING THROUGH THE CONFEDERATE FLEET.

upon the fleet with his heavy rifle-guns. On the 22d General Duncan wrote to Commander Mitchell from Fort Jackson :

"It is of vital importance that the present fire of the enemy should be withdrawn from us, which you alone can do. This can be done in the manner suggested this morning under the cover of our guns, while your work on the boat can be carried on in safety and security. Our position is a critical one, dependent entirely on the powers of endurance of our casemates, many of which have been completely shattered, and are crumbling away by repeated shocks; and, therefore, I respectfully but earnestly again urge my suggestion of this morning on your notice. Our magazines are also in danger."

Fortunately for us, Commander Mitchell was not equal to the occasion, and the *Louisiana* remained tied up to the bank, where she could not obstruct the river or throw the Union fleet into confusion while passing the forts.

While Farragut was making his preparations, the enemy left no means untried to drive the mortar-boats from their position. A couple of heavy rifled guns in Fort St. Philip

kept up a continual fire on the head of the mortar column, and the Confederates used their mortars at intervals, but only succeeded in sinking one mortar-schooner and damaging a few others. A body of riflemen was once sent out against us from the forts, but it was met by a heavy fire and soon repulsed.

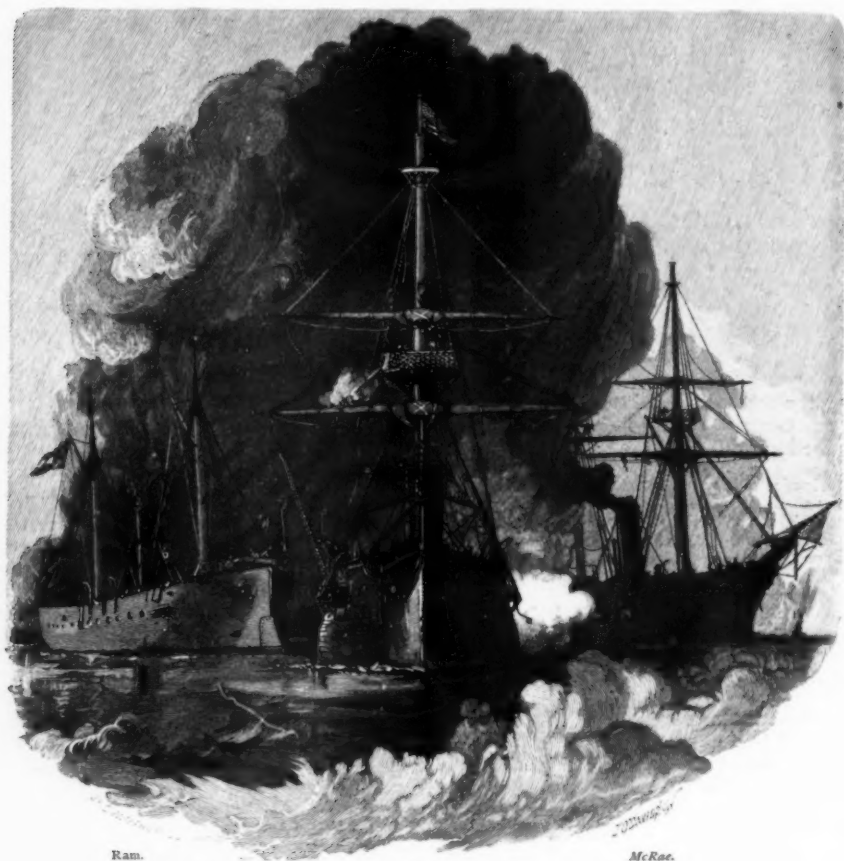
Two o'clock on the morning of the 24th instant was fixed upon as the time for the fleet to start, and Flag-Officer Farragut had previously given the necessary orders to the commanders of vessels, instructing them to prepare their ships for action by sending down their light spars, painting their hulls mud-color, etc.; also to hang their chain-cables over the sides abreast the engines, as a protection against the enemy's shot. He issued the following

GENERAL ORDER.
UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP *Hartford*,
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, April 20, 1862.

The flag-officer, having heard all the opinions expressed by the different commanders, is of the opin-



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE U. S. GUN-BOAT "VARUNA" AND THE CONFEDERATE RAMS "GOVERNOR MOORE" AND "STONEWALL JACKSON."



Ram.

Iroquois.

McRae.

FIGHT BETWEEN UNION CORVETTE "IROQUOIS" AND CONFEDERATE VESSELS.

[Commander De Camp, of the *Iroquois*, in his official report says: "At 4 A. M. we were hotly engaged with the forts, and shortly after a ram and the Rebel gun-boat *McRae* came upon our quarter and astern of us, and poured into the *Iroquois* a most destructive fire of grape-shot and langrage, part of which was copper slugs; a great many of them were found on our decks after the action. We succeeded in getting one 11-inch shell into the *McRae* and one stand of canister, which drove her from us."—Ed.]

ion that whatever is to be done will have to be done quickly, or we shall be again reduced to a blockading squadron, without the means of carrying on the bombardment, as we have nearly expended all the shells and fuses, and material for making cartridges. He has always entertained the same opinions which are expressed by Commander Porter; that is, there are three modes of attack, and the question is, which is the one to be adopted? His own opinion is that a combination of two should be made, viz.: the forts should be run, and when a force is once above the forts, to protect the troops, they should be landed at quarantine from the gulf side by bringing them through the bayou, and then our forces should move up the river, mutually aiding each other as it can be done to advantage.

When, in the opinion of the flag-officer, the propitious time has arrived, the signal will be made to

weigh and advance to the conflict. If, in his opinion, at the time of arriving at the respective positions of the different divisions of the fleet, we have the advantage, he will make the signal for close action, No. 8, and abide the result, conquer or to be conquered, drop anchor or keep under way, as in his opinion is best.

Unless the signal above mentioned is made, it will be understood that the first order of sailing will be formed after leaving Fort St. Philip, and we will proceed up the river in accordance with the original opinion expressed. The programme of the order of sailing accompanies this general order, and the commanders will hold themselves in readiness for the service as indicated.*

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Flag-Officer West Gulf Blockading Squadron.

* The order of battle for the fleet was inclosed with this, but as it was not adopted and contained errors afterward officially corrected by Farragut, it is here omitted.—Ed.



COMMANDER (NOW REAR-ADMIRAL) CHARLES S. BOGGS, OF THE
"VARUNA." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Farragut's first plan was to lead the fleet with his flag-ship, the *Hartford*, to be closely followed by the *Brooklyn*, *Richmond*, *Pensacola*, and *Mississippi*, thinking it well to have his heavy vessels in the van, where they could immediately crush any naval force that might appear against them. This plan was a better one than that afterwards adopted; but he was induced to change the order of his column by the senior commanders of the fleet, who represented to him that it was unwise for the commander-in-chief to take the brunt of the battle. They finally obtained his reluctant consent to an arrangement by which Captain Bailey was to lead in the gun-boat *Cayuga*, commanded by Lieutenant N. B. Harrison,—a good selection, as it afterwards proved, for these officers were gallant and competent men, well qualified for the position. Captain Bailey had volunteered for the service, and left nothing undone to overcome Farragut's reluctance to give up what was then considered the post of danger, though it turned out to be less hazardous than the places in the rear.

The mortar-flotilla steamers under my command were directed to move up before the fleet weighed anchor, and to be ready to engage the water batteries of Fort Jackson as the fleet passed. These batteries mounted some of the heaviest guns in the Confederate defenses, and were depended upon to do efficient work.

The commanders of vessels were informed of the change of plan and instructed to follow in line in the following

ORDER OF ATTACK.

First Division,
CAPT. BAILEY.

† *Cayuga*.
† *Pensacola*.
† *Mississippi*.
† *Oncida*.
† *Varuna*.
† *Katahdin*.
† *Kinco*.
† *Wissahickon*.

Center Division,
FLAG-OFFICER FARRAGUT.

† *Hartford*.
† *Brooklyn*.
† *Richmond*.

Third Division,
CAPT. H. H. BELL.

† *Sciota*.
† *Iroquois*.
† *Kennebec*.
† *Pinola*.
† *Itasca*.
† *Winona*.

At two o'clock on the morning of April 24th all of the Union vessels began to heave up their anchors. It was a still, clear night, and the click of the capstans, with the grating of the chain-cables as they passed through the hawse-holes, made a great noise, which we feared would serve as a warning to our enemies. This conjecture proved to be correct, for the Confederates were on the alert in both forts and steamers, and were prepared, as far as circumstances would admit, to meet the invaders. One fact only was in our favor, and that was the division of their forces under three different heads, which prevented



SECTION OF FORT ST. PHILIP DURING THE ENGAGEMENT.
(THE FORT IS DRAWN FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)



LIEUTENANT THOMAS B. HUGER, C. S. N., IN COMMAND OF THE "MCRÆ." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JACOBS.)

unanimity of action. In every other respect the odds were against us.

Before Farragut ascended the river, the

French admiral and Captain Preedy, of the English frigate *Mersey*, had both been up as far as the forts and had communicated with the military commanders. On their return, they gave discouraging accounts of the defenses, and pronounced it impossible for our fleet to pass them. This, of course, did not tend to cheer our sailors. There were some in the fleet who were doubtful of success, and there was not that confidence on our side that should have existed on such an occasion; but when it was seen that the river obstructions and rafts had been washed away by the currents, and that there appeared to be an open way up the river, every one became more hopeful.

The entire fleet did not get fully under way until half-past two A. M. The current was strong, and although the ships proceeded as rapidly as their steam-power would permit, our leading vessel, the *Cayuga*, did not get under fire until a quarter of three o'clock, when both Jackson and St. Philip opened on her at the same moment. Five steamers of the mortar flotilla took their position below the water battery of Fort Jackson, at a distance of less than two hundred yards, and, pouring in grape, canister, and shrapnel, kept down the



FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" ATTACKED BY A FIRE-RAFT, PUSHED BY THE CONFEDERATE TUG-BOAT "MOSHER."

Commander Albert Kautz, who was at this time lieutenant on the *Hartford*, in a letter to the Editor thus describes this memorable scene: "No sooner had Farragut given the order 'Hard-a-port,' than the current gave the ship a broad sheer, and her bows went hard up on a mud bank. As the fire-raft came against the port side of the ship, it became enveloped in flames. We were so near to the shore that from the bowsprit we could reach the tops of the bushes, and such a short distance above Fort St. Philip that we could distinctly hear the gunners in the casemates give their orders; and as they saw Farragut's flag at the mizzen, by the bright light, they fired with frightful rapidity. Fortunately they did not make sufficient allowance for our close proximity, and the iron hail passed over our bulwarks, doing but little damage. On the deck of the ship it was bright as noonday, but out over the majestic river, where the smoke of many guns was intensified by that of the pine knots of the fire-rafts, it was dark as the blackest midnight. For a moment it looked as though the flag-ship was indeed doomed, but the firemen were called away, and with the energy of despair rushed aft to the quarter-deck. The flames, like so many forked tongues of hissing serpents, were piercing the air in a frightful manner, that struck terror to all hearts. As I crossed from the starboard to the port side of the deck, I passed close to Farragut, who, as he looked forward and took in the situation, clasped his hands high in air, and exclaimed, 'My God, is it to end in this way!' Fortunately it was not to end as it at that instant seemed, for just then Master's Mate Allen, with the hose in his hand, jumped into the mizzen rigging, and the sheet of flame succumbed to a sheet of water. It was but the dry point on the ship's side that made the threatening flame, and it went down before the fierce attack of the firemen as rapidly as it had sprung up. As the flames died away the engines were backed 'hard,' and, as if providentially, the ram *Manassas* struck the ship a blow under the counter, which shoved her stern in against the bank, causing her bow to slip off. The ship was again free; and a loud, spontaneous cheer rent the air, as the crew rushed to their guns with renewed energy."

fire of that battery. The mortars opened at the same moment with great fury, and the action commenced in earnest.

Captain Bailey, in the *Cayuga*, followed by the other vessels of his division in compact order, passed the line of obstructions without

effect and passed safely above. He was here met by the enemy's gun-boats, and, although he was beset by several large steamers at the same time, he succeeded in driving them off. The *Oneida* and *Varuna* came to the support of their leader, and by the rapid fire



U. S. S. "BROOKLYN" ATTACKED BY CONFEDERATE RAM "MANASSAS."

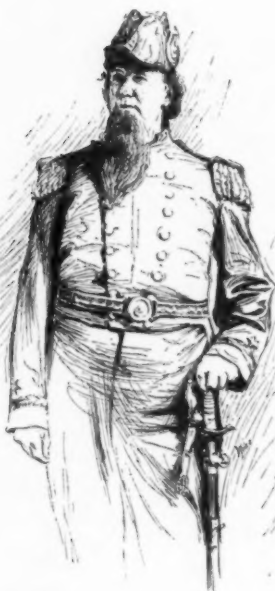
[The *Manassas* was described by her commander, Lieutenant Warley, as "a tug-boat that had been converted into a ram, covered with half-inch iron, and had a thirty-two-pounder carronade; her crew consisted of thirty-five persons, officers and men. She was perforated in the fight by shot and shell as if she had been made of paper."

Admiral Melancton Smith thus describes his encounter with the ram (see page 926):

"Having discovered the *Manassas* stealing up along the St. Philip side of the river behind me, I signaled Farragut for permission to attack, which was given. The *Mississippi* turned in mid-stream and tried to run down the ram, barely missing her, but driving her ashore, when her crew escaped, fired at by the *Albatross*, which had not yet anchored. The ram's engines were found to be still in motion, but the approach of a burning wreck compelled me to abandon the idea of attaching a hawser. Her machinery was destroyed by my boats, and after receiving a broadside or two from the *Mississippi*, she floated down the river in flames and blew up."—ED.]

difficulty. He had no sooner attained this point, however, than he was obliged to face the guns of Fort St. Philip, which did him some damage before he was able to fire a shot in return. He kept steadily on, however, and, as soon as his guns could be brought to bear, poured in grape and canister with good ef-

fect and passed safely above. He was here met by the enemy's gun-boats, and, although he was beset by several large steamers at the same time, he succeeded in driving them off. The *Oneida* and *Varuna* came to the support of their leader, and by the rapid fire of their heavy guns soon dispersed the enemy's flotilla. This was more congenial work for our men and officers than that through which they had just passed, and it was soon evident that the coolness and discipline of our navy gave it a great advantage over the fleet of the enemy. Bailey dashed on up the river,

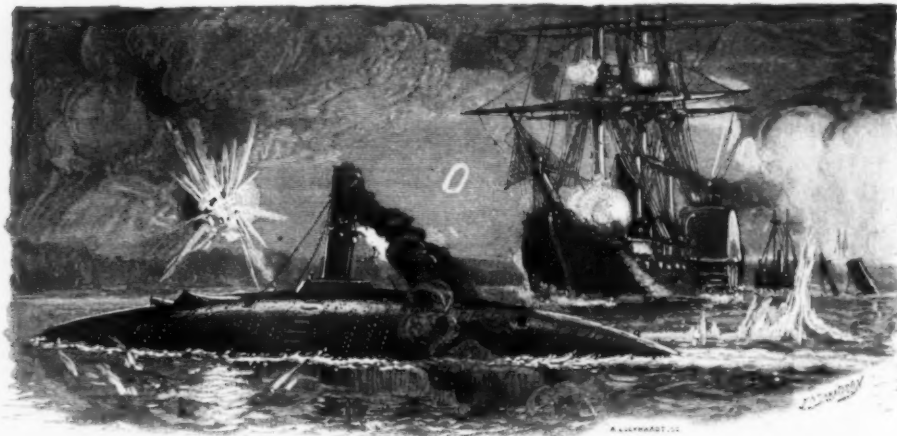


COMMANDER (NOW REAR-ADMIRAL) MELANCTON SMITH, U. S. N.,
OF THE "MISSISSIPPI." (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

followed by his division, firing into everything they met; and soon after the head of the flag-officer's division had passed the forts, most of the river craft were disabled, and the battle was virtually won. This was evident even to Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins, who, when he saw our large ships pass by, exclaimed, "Better go to cover, boys; our cake is all dough!"

In the mean time the *Varuna* (Commander

Boggs), being a swift vessel, passed ahead of the other ships in the division, and pushed on up the river after the fleeing enemy, until he found himself right in the midst of them. The Confederates, supposing in the dark that the *Varuna* was one of their own vessels, did not attack her until Commander Boggs made himself known by delivering his fire right and left. One shot exploded the boiler of a large steamer crowded with troops, and she drifted ashore; three other vessels were driven ashore in flames. At daylight the *Varuna* was attacked by the *Governor Moore*, a powerful steamer, fitted as a ram, and commanded by Lieutenant Beverly Kennon, late of the U. S. Navy. This vessel raked the *Varuna* with her bow-gun along the port gangway, killing five or six men; and while the Union vessel was gallantly returning this fire, her side was pierced below the water-line by the iron prow of the ram *Stonewall Jackson*. The Confederate backed off and struck again in the same place; the *Varuna* at the same moment punished her severely with grape and canister from her eight-inch guns, and finally drove her out of action in a disabled condition and in flames. But the career of the *Varuna* was ended; she began to fill rapidly, and her gallant commander was obliged to run her into shoal water, where she soon went to the bottom. Captain Lee, of the *Oneida*, seeing that his companion needed assistance, went to his relief, and rescued the officers and men of the *Varuna*. The two Confederate rams were set on fire by their crews and abandoned. Great gallantry was displayed on both sides during the conflict of these smaller steamers, which really bore the brunt of the battle, and the Union



U. S. STEAMER "MISSISSIPPI" ATTEMPTING TO RUN DOWN CONFEDERATE RAM "MANASSAS."

commanders showed great skill in managing their vessels.

Bailey's division may be said to have swept everything before it. The *Pensacola*, with her heavy batteries, drove the men from the guns at Fort St. Philip, and made it easier for the ships astern to get by. Fort St. Philip had not been at all damaged by the mortars, as it was virtually beyond their reach, and it was from the guns of that work that our ships received the greatest injury.

As most of the vessels of Bailey's division swept past the turn above the forts, Farragut came upon the scene with the *Hartford* and *Brooklyn*. The other ship of Farragut's division, the *Richmond*, Commander John Alden, got out of the line and passed up on the west side of the river, near where I was engaged with the mortar-steamers in silencing the water batteries of Fort Jackson. At this moment the Confederates in Fort Jackson had nearly all been driven from their guns by bombs from the mortar-boats and the grape and canister from the steamers. I hailed Alden, and told him to pass close to the fort and in the eddy, and he would receive little damage. He followed this advice, and passed by very comfortably.

By this time the river had been illuminated by two fire-rafts, and everything could be seen as by the light of day. I could see every ship and gun-boat as she passed up as plainly as possible, and noted all their positions.

It would be a difficult undertaking at any time to keep a long line of vessels in compact order when ascending a crooked channel against a three-and-a-half-knot current, and our commanders found it to be especially so under the present trying circumstances. One of them, the *Iroquois*, Commander De Camp, as gallant an officer as ever lived, got out of line and passed up ahead of her consorts; but De Camp made good use of his opportunity by engaging and driving off a ram and the gun-boat *McRae*, which attacked him as soon as he had passed Fort Jackson. The *McRae* was disabled and her commander (Huger) mortally wounded. The *Iroquois* was much cut up by Fort St. Philip and the gun-boats, but did not receive a single shot from Fort Jackson, although passing within fifty yards of it.

While the events above mentioned were taking place, Farragut had engaged Fort St. Philip at close quarters with his heavy ships, and driven the men away from their guns. He was passing on up the river, when his flag-ship was threatened by a new and formidable adversary. A fire-raft in full blaze was seen coming down the river, guided towards the *Hartford* by a tug-boat, the *Mosher*. It

seemed impossible to avoid this danger, and as the helm was put to port in the attempt to do so, the flag-ship ran upon a shoal. While in this position the fire-raft was pushed against her, and in a minute she was enveloped in flames half-way up to her tops, and was in a condition of great peril. The fire department was at once called away, and while the *Hartford's* batteries kept up the fight with Fort St. Philip, the flames were extinguished and the vessel backed off the shoal into deep water,—a result due to the coolness of her commander and the good discipline of the officers and men. While the *Hartford* was in this perilous position, and her entire destruction threatened, Farragut showed all the qualities of a great commander. He walked up and down the poop as coolly as though on dress-parade, while Commander Wainwright directed the firemen in putting out the flames. At times the fire would rush through the ports and almost drive the men from the guns.

"Don't flinch from that fire, boys," sang out Farragut; "there's a hotter fire than that for those who don't do their duty! Give that rascally little tug a shot, and don't let her go off with a whole coat!" But she did get off, after all.

While passing the forts the *Hartford* was struck thirty-two times in hull and rigging, and had three men killed and ten wounded.

The *Brooklyn*, Captain Thomas T. Craven, followed as close after the flag-ship as the blinding smoke from guns and fire-rafts would admit, and the garrison of the fort was again driven to cover by the fire of her heavy battery. She passed on with severe punishment, and was immediately attacked by the most powerful vessel in the Confederate fleet, excepting the *Louisiana*—the ram *Manassas*, commanded by Lieutenant Warley, a gallant young officer, of the old service. The first blow that the *Manassas* struck the *Brooklyn* did but little apparent injury, and the ram backed off and struck her again in the same place; but the chain armor on the *Brooklyn's* side received the blow, and her adversary slid off in the dark to seek other prey. (It must be remembered that these scenes were being enacted on a dark night, and in an atmosphere filled with dense smoke, through which our commanders had to grope their way, guided only by the flashes of the guns in the forts and the fitful light of burning vessels and rafts.) The *Brooklyn* was next attacked by a large steamer, which received her broadside at the distance of twenty yards, and drifted out of action in flames. Notwithstanding the heavy fire which the *Brooklyn* had gone through, she was only struck seventeen times

in the hull. She lost nine men killed and twenty-six wounded.

When our large ships had passed the forts, the affair was virtually over. Had they all been near the head of the column, the enemy would have been crushed at once, and the flag-ship would have passed up almost unhurt. As it was, the *Hartford* was more exposed and imperiled than any of her consorts, and that at a time when, if anything had happened to the commander-in-chief, the fleet would have been thrown into confusion.

The forts had been so thoroughly silenced by the ships' guns and mortars that when Captain Bell came along in the little *Sciota*, at the head of the third division, he passed by nearly unharmed. All the other vessels succeeded in getting by, except the *Iasca*, Lieutenant Caldwell; the *Winona*, Lieutenant Nichols; and the *Kennebec*, Lieutenant Russell. The first two vessels, having kept in line, were caught at daylight below the forts without support, and, as the current was swift and they were slow steamers, they became mere targets for the Confederates, who now turned all that was left of their fighting power upon them. Seeing their helpless condition, I signaled them to retire, which they did after being seriously cut up. The *Iasca* had a shot through her boiler, and was so completely riddled that her commander was obliged to run her ashore just below the mortar-fleet in order to prevent her sinking. She had received fourteen shot and shell through her hull, but her list of killed and wounded was small. Had not the people in the forts been completely demoralized, they would have sunk these two vessels in ten minutes.

While these events were taking place, the mortar-steamers had driven the men from the water batteries and had kept up a steady fire on the walls of Fort Jackson. Although at first sight my position in front of these batteries, which mounted seven of the heaviest guns in the Confederate works (one ten-inch and one nine-inch columbiad, two six-inch rifles, and three thirty-two-pounders), seemed a very perilous one, it was not at all so. I ran the steamers close alongside of the levee just below the water batteries, and thus protected their hulls below the firing-decks. I got in my first broadside just as the middle of Bailey's column was opened upon by Fort Jackson. The enemy responded quickly, but our fire was so rapid and accurate that in ten minutes the water battery was deserted. I had twenty-five eight-inch and thirty-two-pounders on one side and two eleven-inch pivot-guns. During the remainder of the action I devoted most of my attention to the battlements of the main fort, firing an occa-

sional shot at the water battery. The *Harriet Lane* had two men killed, but the only damage done to the vessels was to their masts and rigging, their hulls having been well protected by the levees.

While engaged on this duty I had an excellent opportunity of witnessing the movements of Farragut's fleet, and, by the aid of powerful night-glasses, I could almost distinguish persons on the vessels. The whole scene looked like a beautiful panorama. From almost perfect silence—the steamers moving slowly through the water like phantom ships—one incessant roar of heavy cannon commenced, the Confederate forts and gun-boats opening together on the head of our line as it came within range. The Union vessels returned the fire as they came up, and soon the hundred and seventy guns of our fleet joined in the thunder, which seemed to shake the very earth. A lurid glare was thrown over the scene by the burning rafts, and, as the bombshells crossed each other and exploded in the air, it seemed as if a battle were taking place in the heavens as well as on the earth. It all ended as suddenly as it had commenced. In one hour and ten minutes after the vessels of the fleet had weighed anchor, the affair was virtually over, and Farragut was pushing on towards New Orleans, where he was soon to crush the last hope of Rebellion in that quarter by opening the way for the advance of the Union army.

From what I had seen of the conflict I did not greatly fear for the safety of our ships. Now and then a wreck came floating by, all charred and disabled, but I noted with my night-glass that these were side-wheel vessels, and none of ours.

I must refer here to a gallant affair which took place between the *Mississippi* and the ram *Manassas*. The latter vessel proved the most troublesome of the Confederate fleet. She had rammed the *Brooklyn*, the *Hartford*, and the *Mississippi* at different times during the action.

At early daylight, as the vessels approached the quarantine above the forts, the *Manassas* was seen coming up the river as rapidly as her steam would allow.

As she approached the fleet, Flag-Officer Farragut directed Commander Smith in the *Mississippi* to turn and run her down. The order was instantly obeyed by the *Mississippi* turning and going at the ram at full speed; but when it was expected to see the *Manassas* annihilated, the vessels being within fifty yards of each other, the ram put her helm hard-a-port, dodged the *Mississippi*, and ran ashore, where her crew deserted her. Commander Smith set fire to her, and then so



Clifton and Westfield (altered New York City ferry-boats). Owassa.

Harriet Lane.

MORTAR-STEAMERS ATTACKING THE WATER BATTERY OF FORT JACKSON.

riddled her with shot that she was dislodged from the bank and drifted below the forts, where she blew up and sank.

Previous to this a kind of guerrilla warfare had been carried on, and ten of the enemy's river boats had been run ashore or otherwise destroyed, while the *Varuna* lay sunk at the bank with two of her adversaries wrecked beside her, a monument to the gallantry of Commander Boggs.

When the fleet had passed the forts, and there was no longer any necessity for me to hold my position, I dropped down the river with the steamers to where the mortar-boats were anchored, and gave the signal to cease firing. I knew that our squadron had failed to destroy all of the enemy's fleet. The iron-clad *Louisiana* lay at the bank apparently uninjured, the *McRae* was at anchor close to Fort Jackson, and three other vessels whose character I could not make out were moving back and forth from one shore to the other. This looked serious, for such a force, if properly handled, was superior to mine; and I had to provide immediately against contingencies. There were now seven efficient gun-boats under my command, and I at once prepared them to meet the enemy. My plan was to get as many of my vessels as possible alongside of the *Louisiana*, each one to make fast to her, let go two anchors, and then "fight it out on that line."

Meantime Farragut was speeding on his way up the river with all his fleet except the

Mississippi and one or two small gun-boats, which were left to guard the lazaretto. On his way up the flag-officer encountered more Confederate batteries at Chalmette, the place made famous by the battle of January 8th, 1815.

The Chalmette batteries on both sides of the river mounted twenty heavy guns, and were all ready to meet our fleet, which was advancing towards them in two lines as rapidly as the swift current would permit. Farragut made short work of them, however, and our fleet, meeting with no further resistance, passed on and anchored before New Orleans. The Queen City of the South lay at the conqueror's feet, unable to do anything in the way of defense, as the Confederate General Lovell had retreated, leaving the city in the hands of the civil authorities.

At noon of the 25th instant I sent Lieutenant-com'g Guest with a flag of truce to Fort Jackson, to call on the commanding officer to surrender the two forts and what was left of the Confederate navy into the possession of the United States, telling him that it was useless to have any more bloodshed, as Farragut had passed up the river with very little damage to his fleet, and was now probably in possession of New Orleans. I also took advantage of the occasion to compliment the enemy on his gallant resistance, and further to inform him that, if his answer was unfavorable, I would renew the bombardment. General Duncan sent me a very civil

reply, but declined to surrender until he should hear from New Orleans; whereupon I immediately opened a very rapid fire on Fort Jackson with all the mortars, and with such good effect that a mutiny soon broke out among the Confederate gunners, many of whom, refusing to stay in the fort and be slaughtered uselessly, left their posts and went up the bank out of range of our shell. Those who remained declined to fight any longer. They had borne without flinching a terrible bombardment, and their officers had exposed themselves throughout the trying ordeal with great courage; but it was now the opinion of all that the fort should be surrendered without further loss of life. The mortars kept up their fire until late in the evening, when their bombshells were all expended. On the 26th instant I ordered the schooners to get under way, proceed to Pilot Town, and fill up with ammunition. Six of them were ordered to cross the bar and proceed to the rear of Fort Jackson, and be ready to open fire when signaled.

In the mean time we kept a lookout on the *Louisiana* and the Confederate gun-boats. On the 27th instant five mortar-vessels appeared in the rear of Fort Jackson, and the U. S. steamer *Miami* commenced landing troops close to Fort St. Philip. The garrison of Jackson was still mutinous, refusing to do duty, and General Duncan at midnight of the 28th sent an officer on board the *Harriet Lane* to inform me of his readiness to capitulate. On the following day I proceeded with nine gun-boats up to Fort Jackson, under a flag of truce, and upon arrival sent a boat for the commanding officer of the river defenses, and such others as he might think proper to bring with him.

I received these officers at the gangway, and treated them as brave men who had defended their trusts with a courage worthy of all praise; and though I knew that they felt mortified at having to surrender to what they must have known was in some respects an inferior force, their bearing was that of men who had gained a victory, instead of undergoing defeat.

I knew nothing of the mutiny in the forts, or the inconvenience to which the people there were subjected; I was in total ignorance of what was happening up the river, whether Farragut had sustained much damage in passing the forts, or whether he had been able to get by the formidable batteries at English Turn. In any case I knew that it was important to obtain possession of the forts as quickly as possible, and had prepared terms of capitulation, which were accepted by General Duncan and Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins.

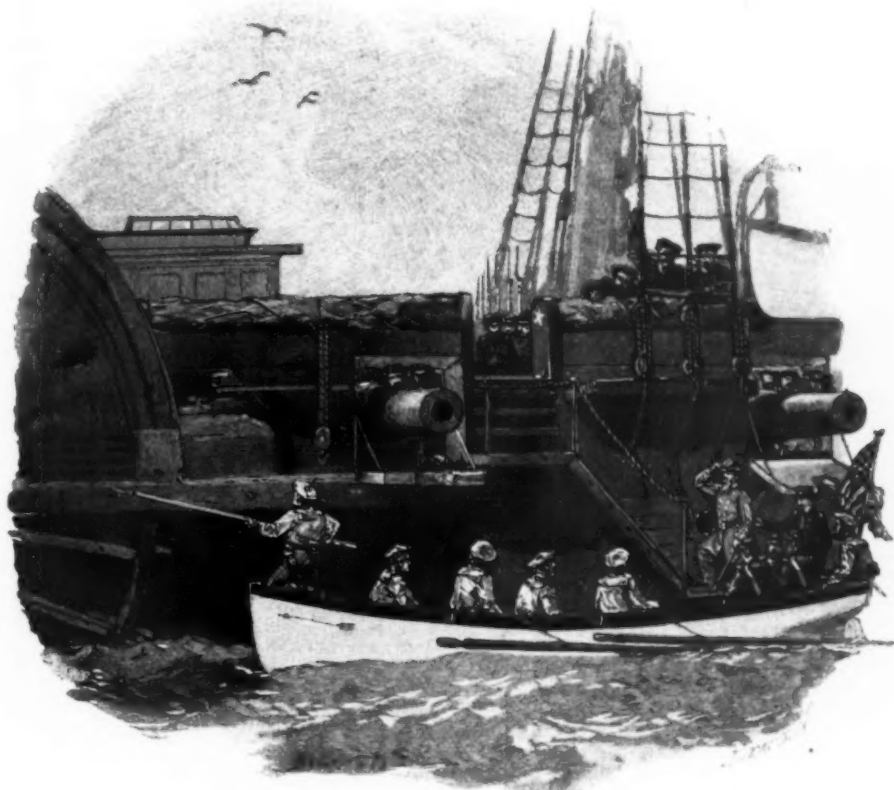
As we were about to sign the terms, I was quite surprised to find that it was not expected that the vessels of war were to be included in the terms agreed to by the Confederate officers. General Duncan told me that he had no authority whatever over the naval vessels, and that, in fact, Commander Mitchell, of the regular naval forces, had set the military authorities at defiance. So I waived the point, being determined in my own mind what I would do when the forts were in our possession.

We were all sitting at the table on board the *Harriet Lane*, with the terms of capitulation before us; I had signed it, as had also Commander Renshaw, of the *Westfield*; and Lieutenant-commanding Wainwright, of the *Harriet Lane*, was about to follow our example, when he was suddenly called on deck by one of his officers. He returned immediately, and informed me that the iron-clad *Louisiana* was in flames and drifting down the river towards the mortar flotilla (steamers), through which there was not room for her to pass, as our vessels were anchored within thirty yards of each other.

"This is sharp practice," I said to the Confederate officers, "but if *you* can stand the explosion when it comes, we can. We will go on and finish the capitulation." At the same time I gave Lieutenant Wainwright orders to hail the vessel next to him and pass the word to each of the others to veer to the end of their chains and be ready, by using steam, to sheer out of the way of the *Louisiana* if necessary, but not to leave their anchorage. Then I handed the pen to General Duncan and Colonel Higgins, who coolly signed their names in as bold a hand as if they were not momentarily in danger of being blown up. Then we all sat quietly awaiting the result. In a few moments an explosion took place that fairly shook us all out of our seats and threw the *Harriet Lane* over on her side, but we finished with the terms of capitulation. The *Louisiana* had blown up just before reaching the flotilla. The Confederate officers severely condemned this performance, and assured us that they did not feel responsible for anything that the navy did, as it was entirely under Commander Mitchell's control.

When I went on deck the *Louisiana* was nowhere to be seen, and not even a ripple showed where she had gone down. Thus we lost a powerful vessel, which would have been of much use to us in our future operations.

General Duncan and his companions now left the *Harriet Lane* and went on shore. In less than ten minutes afterwards the Confederate flags were hauled down, and both forts delivered over to the officers appointed to



COMMANDER PORTER RECEIVING CONFEDERATE OFFICERS ON THE "HARRIET LANE."

take possession of them. Our victory was not yet complete, however, for the enemy's flag still floated on the river, and my next duty lay in this direction. When Commander Mitchell set fire to the *Louisiana*, he transferred his officers and men to a river steamer and ran over to the opposite shore, a mile above the forts. His movements had been reported to me, and as soon as General Duncan had left the ship I gave orders for the *Harriet Lane* to weigh anchor and beat to quarters. We steered directly for the vessel carrying Mitchell's flag, and the order was given to fire at the flag-pole; but the smoke was not out of the gun before the Confederate flag was hauled down. Lieutenant Wainwright was sent on board the enemy to take possession, and was met by Commander Mitchell, who demanded the same terms as the officers of the forts had received. Wainwright informed him that no terms would be granted him or his officers, that he

and they would be held as close prisoners to answer for violating the sanctity of a flag of truce, and that they would all be sent to the North. Mitchell at once wrote me a letter relieving all the officers (except three or four) from the odium of having set fire to the *Louisiana*, and thus endangering the Union vessels while under a flag of truce.

I sent all the prisoners up to Flag-Officer Farragut, to be disposed of as he thought best, and that was the end of the affair. The forts were ours, the city was ours, and the river was open and free all the way up to New Orleans.

After the battle the officers of the Confederate army complained greatly of Commander Mitchell's behavior, saying, first, that he had failed to coöperate heartily with the land forces; secondly, that he had not made good use of the *Louisiana* (as far as I can learn she was not ready for action when the fleet passed up, and I am of the opinion that had she been properly managed, she might have

thrown our fleet into confusion); thirdly, that he had failed to ignite and send down all the fire-rafts that were under his charge, at the proper time to meet our fleet as it came up the river. He had quite a number of these tied up to the bank, and it can well be imagined what the effect of millions of burning pine-knots on thirty or forty rafts would have been, when it is remembered how seriously the *Hartford* was endangered by one of those which were actually sent.*

After all the defenses were in our power, I sent a steamer down to the bar and brought up one of General Butler's ships, on board of which was General Phelps with one or two regiments of infantry, who took possession of the forts.

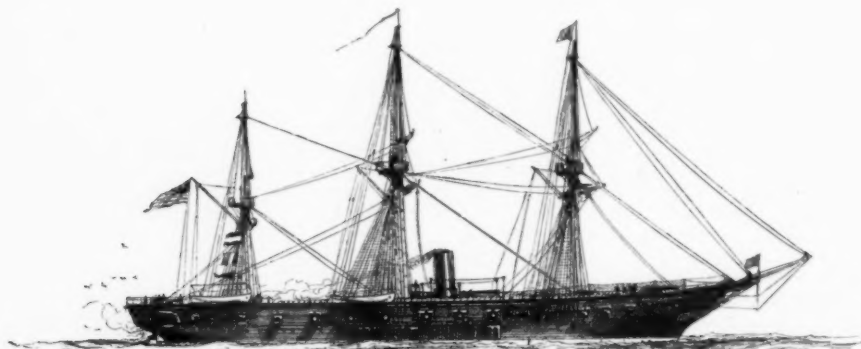
Farragut's vessels were only struck twenty-three times in their hulls by shots from Fort Jackson, while they received their great damage from Fort St. Philip, as appears from the official reports. This shows how difficult it was for the Confederate gunners in the former work

to fight while enduring the terrible pounding of the mortars. There can be no doubt that its fire prevented a greater loss of life in the Federal fleet and materially assisted towards the final result. Our total loss in the fleet was—killed, 35; wounded, 128. The ships which suffered most were the *Pensacola*, 37; *Brooklyn*, 35; and *Iroquois*, 28.

When the sun rose on the Federal fleet the morning after the fight, it shone on smiling faces, even among those who were suffering from their wounds. Farragut received the congratulations of his officers with the same imperturbability that he had exhibited all through the eventful battle; and while he showed great feeling for those of his men who had been killed or wounded, he did not waste time in vain regrets, but made the signal, "Push on to New Orleans." The fact that he had won imperishable fame did not seem to occur to him, so intent were his thoughts on following up his great victory to the end.

David D. Porter.

* It is but just to say that Commander Mitchell and the other Confederate naval officers denied that they had any intention of endangering the Union vessels, or that they were guilty of any "sharp practice" in destroying the *Louisiana*. They were put in close confinement at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor; but on making the above representations to the Secretary of the Navy they were treated as ordinary prisoners of war. A Confederate naval court of inquiry afterward investigated and approved the conduct of Commander Mitchell. The following extract from the letter from Lieutenant Whittle quoted on page 938, bears on the point in question: "On the morning of the 24th, when Farragut's fleet passed, the work on the propellers was still incomplete, and so our vessel was only an immovable floating battery. When, on the morning of April 28th, the work was finished, and we were about to test the efficiency of the motive power, we were notified by General Duncan, commanding Forts Jackson and St. Philip, that he had accepted the terms of capitulation offered by Commander Porter and before rejected. As the *Louisiana* was not included in the surrender, and Commander Porter's fleet was coming up under a flag of truce, in answer to a flag of truce from the forts, a council of war decided to destroy the *Louisiana*, and I was dispatched by Commander Mitchell to notify Commander Porter that although we had done what we could to drown the magazine and the charges in the guns, our hawsers might burn, and the *Louisiana* drift down among his vessels. While on my way to deliver this message the *Louisiana* blew up. I continued, however, and delivered the message in person to Commander D. D. Porter on board his flag-ship, the *Harriet Lane*."—ED.



THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Practical Politics.

IT strikes us that even the humorous anecdotes in Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's paper in this number of THE CENTURY have a value beyond their mere capacity to drive dull care away. The entire paper will, we think, be found an incentive to active and wholesome participation in political affairs on the part of the honorably aspiring youth of America; and these lighter passages tend toward righteousness, for they show that the path of duty, though thorny, has its roses. It is evident, moreover, that a sense of humor may be as valuable for a reforming legislator as it proved to be in the case of our great, harassed, perplexed, and fate-o'erwhelmed President.

Will not the young man who intends going into politics, after reading this record of the experiences of the youthful legislative reformer, turn back to the January number of THE CENTURY, and read again Mr. Wigmore's "Open Letter" on "Political Work for Young Men"? With these two essays before him, he will possess a practical guide to American politics, which will doubtless prove a useful supplement to such moral and mental equipment as Heaven may have blessed him with.

These two papers, and others of similar import that have appeared in THE CENTURY, certainly seem to reveal a field of manly action of the very highest interest, as well, of course, as of the greatest usefulness and importance. The study of practical politics might indeed well take the name given to the study of the classics: it is preëminently a study of "the humanities." The politician studies and deals with human nature in many of its most curious and entertaining aspects. It is the fashion to call every branch of investigation nowadays a "science": if practical politics be called a "science," it is, according to Mr. Roosevelt at any rate, not a dull one.

Mr. Roosevelt's reminiscences and comments, however, are not only addressed to the intending legislator, but no less to the general well-intentioned public. The testimony of this "practical reformer" to the power of public opinion, and the necessity for its assistance in the procurement of all just and desirable legislation, is most emphatic and monitory. "Just as soon," he says, "as politicians realize that the people are in earnest in wanting a thing done, they make haste to do it." The check to legislative vice and recklessness furnished by a watchful constituency and by individual interest and exertion is everywhere theoretically acknowledged; but Mr. Roosevelt makes the fact freshly clear and impressive, and his illustrations of an old truth bring the matter home with redoubled force to the conscience of the citizen.

One reason why legislators and other officers are not looked after as sharply as they should be is that many think that unless the candidate for whom they voted is the one elected, they personally have no responsibility for the "member" or the "officer," and

they therefore take no interest in him or in his doings. This is, of course, a wrong idea of political office, and is, in fact, an outgrowth of an exaggerated and somewhat old-fashioned partisanship. With the progress upward and downward of the principles of the merit system, the theory is extending of the responsibility not only of public servants, but also of the public that is served.

"Not the American Way."

PROBABLY no unphysical argument addressed to genuine dynamiters would be likely to have any powerful effect. But words may not be entirely misapplied when addressed to certain American politicians who seem at times to hesitate in their attitude toward dynamiters themselves, the aiders and abettors of dynamiters, or the sentimental sympathizers with such outlaws. The reason for hesitation is generally obvious. It is a question of political votes—of personal or of party success.

Well, there is one thing to be said to such doubting and hesitating politicians: Gentlemen, you are making a mistake. To use an expression made popular, we believe, by General Hawley some years ago in regard to a very different question, dynamiting is "*not the American way!*" The methods of the assassin, of the sneaking and cowardly murderer, are not, and never will be, popular in this country. It is true that two of our Presidents have met their death at the hands of the illegal taker of life, but there was no popular support to either mad and murderous act. Lynch-law, on our borders especially, has had too much vogue, but this is decreasing; and there is a long distance between lynching a villain who it is feared may escape justice, and the dastardly and reckless use of explosives, where invaluable works of art, and innocent men, women, and children, together with the supposed "oppressor," are confounded in a common destruction.

Let the question once be brought to an issue in our American communities, and the politician who hesitates to denounce dynamite, and all that goes with it,—all cowardly and conscienceless attempts to settle either public or private questions by means of private and secret violence,—such a man is lost. He will find too late that his deference to an unreasoning, brutal, and restricted sentiment has brought him into contact with the great, sound, uncowardly, law-abiding sentiment of the people of these United States.

The Difference between a Painting and a Pound of Sugar.

THE advocates of the present Chinese-Wall American art-tariff make what they believe is a strong point in favor of the existing law when they call attention to the fact that works of art for public museums are admitted free of duty. They say that the educational effects of foreign art are secured by this specific exemption; that, so far as the public uses of art are concerned, the tariff is liberal. These gentlemen seem

always to be forgetting that works of art, in their essence and potentialities, differ very widely from hams, sugar, pig-iron, and silk or woolen underclothing. A pound of sugar consumed by a single individual, and by him alone, is not likely to prove of the slightest use, physical, mental, or moral, to any other human being; whereas an etching of Rembrandt or a pastel of Millet consumed, or rather studied and admired, by a single intelligent art-student or artist, and by him alone, is most likely to prove of decided use to others than himself, and ultimately to the public at large. We suggest that if the Old World's art, of any age or country, is considered to be of such value to the nation that whoever imports the same and places it upon public exhibition is to be considered a benefactor of the people, and subject to no duty or tax whatever in the prosecution of his laudable undertaking,—then such works of art, in all places, private or public, are valuable and precious objects, whose importation should be encouraged, and not discouraged, by an enlightened government. If this argument is sound, then the present tariff of thirty per cent., which is avowedly a prohibitive measure, is a blot upon the statute-book of the United States.

But the gentlemen who approve of taxing private buyers thirty per cent. while public institutions are exempt from the payment of import duties should know that public collections are constantly being enriched from private galleries; and that the thirty per cent. taken by the Government must decrease private importations, which our public institutions often ultimately get the full benefit of, at least thirty per cent.; that, in fact, the tariff limits the importation to a much greater extent than this, without being of the slightest benefit pecuniarily to our own artists. Indeed, as a protective measure the scheme has been a laughable failure. If it is to have any effect on its "protective" side at all, that effect seems likely to be curiously distant from the one intended by its ingenious authors. Foreign painters are beginning to come over to America, where the charm of novelty and the courtesy of hospitality serve, in some cases at least, in place of genuine distinction; they set up their temporary studios in the great cities, and our rich "patrons" of art hasten to secure the supposed prestige of European wares, gloriously free from the pains and penalties of the great American art-tariff. We do not, ourselves, object to this kind of art competition; the more of it the better. But we do not believe that the framers of the present law had it in mind, and we respectfully urge upon their attention the necessity of an additional clause taxing the imported painter, no less than his imported products.

We have said that private collectors should be encouraged, rather than hindered, in their efforts to bring to our shores the master-pieces of foreign art, partly because if even a few among us see these works it may still result in public benefit, and also because these private collections often find their way, in whole or in part, into the public galleries. But there are, moreover, private collections to which the public have constant access, either by means of "loan exhibitions" or such freedom of admission as is frequently granted. The galleries, for instance, in which Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, has stored the marvelous results of a lifetime of conscientious study and rigid and generous selec-

tion, are accessible, at proper times and under proper restrictions, to all lovers of art throughout the country.

We have so often explained in these pages the principles which appear to us to favor a liberal policy with regard to art importations that we have, at present, only a few words to add. The movement has recently had the approval of President Arthur, in his customary message to Congress; and the replies to a circular sent out by the Art Committee of the Union League Club, of New York, show that our artists are nearly unanimously opposed to the present tariff, and in favor of free art. (Number of artists heard from February 13, 1885, 1242. In favor of free art, 1150; ten per cent. duty, 25; thirty per cent. duty, 8; specific duty, 42; partly free, 17.) Nevertheless we fear that the movement against the present duty will come to little or nothing until there is an organized effort made to enlighten the public and Congress itself. The authors of America, as is well known, have made a permanent organization, a Copyright League, which will be continued, if necessary, from generation to generation, till some Congress is found at once honest and intelligent enough to enact justice in their behalf and in behalf of their foreign brethren in authorship. American artists, in the cause of free art, which they have so rightly and generously espoused, will probably find it necessary to proceed in some such systematic fashion as this.

The Attempt to Save Niagara.

A NATURAL phenomenon of the proportions of Niagara constitutes a public trust. The people cannot escape responsibility for its care and preservation, even if they would. The experiment of private ownership and management of the lands about the Falls has been fully tried, under circumstances more favorable than can ever exist in the future, and has failed completely. The existing state of things is one which no intelligent person can defend. The demoralization is natural and inevitable; competition between the owners of rival "points of view" naturally develops a tendency to the employment of tawdry, sensational attractions. The increasing ugliness everywhere; the destruction of all vernal beauty and freshness; the crowding of unsightly structures for manufactures of various kinds around the very brink of the Falls; the incessant hounding of travelers, and the enormous exactions of which they are the victims,—all these evils are inseparable from the system of private ownership of the land, and nothing could be more idle or fruitless than to find fault with individuals because the results of the system are disagreeable and mischievous.

The only practicable remedy is ownership by the State, and suitable permanent guardianship over these lands, with such provision for the safety, convenience, and comfort of myriads of visitors as can be supplied only by a competent directory clothed with the authority of the State, and acting in the interest of the general community. This is the object of the measures recommended by the Commissioners appointed by Governor (now President) Cleveland in the spring of 1883. These Commissioners have selected about one hundred and eighteen acres of land contiguous to the Falls, comprising Goat Island and all the other islands in the river, with a narrow strip of land on the "Amer-

ican shore," running from the upper suspension bridge to Port Day, and including Prospect Park. The various separate portions constituting this tract have been appraised, and the Supreme Court has confirmed the appraisal, which fixes the value of the lands in question at \$1,433,429.50. The Commissioners recommend the appropriation of this sum by the Legislature for the purchase of these lands, and the establishment of a State Reservation, as the only means of

preserving the scenery of Niagara. The highest interests of the people of our State will be promoted by the passage of the bill in which this plan is embodied. There is no ground for opposition except what is sordid, and hostile to public spirit. No man in public life will hereafter be able to feel pride or satisfaction in the remembrance that he resisted the endeavor of the people of the State of New York to rescue the scenery of Niagara from destruction.

OPEN LETTERS.

The "Solid South."

ITS CAUSES AND PROBABLE DISAPPEARANCE.

WHAT is the "Solid South"? How came the South to be solid? In what way can its solidity be broken?

The "Solid South," as a current political expression, came into vogue during the Hayes-Tilden canvass of 1876. The Democratic "tidal wave" in the elections of 1874 had shown a powerful, if not irresistible, drift toward Democracy in all the then lately reconstructed States, as well as in their sisters on the old borderline which had also maintained slavery, but which had not gone into the rebellion. The alliterative term commended itself to the Republican stump speakers and newspaper organs as a happy catch-word, and the idea which underlay it was impressive enough to arrest the attention of the whole country. That sixteen commonwealths, stretching from Cape May down the Atlantic and around the Gulf to the Rio Grande, and thence back up the Mississippi to its junction with the Ohio and the Missouri, should all be controlled by the same political party, as has now happened in three successive Presidential elections (not counting the disputes over the electoral votes of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana in 1876), is truly a fact of the first magnitude.

Dividing the male population of the voting age according to the census of 1880 in this section between the two races, it will be found that in two States the possible black voters exceed the white, in South Carolina as 7 to 5 and in Mississippi as 6 to 5; in Louisiana the two races are almost exactly equal in numbers; in Georgia, Florida, and Alabama the blacks stand to the whites as 5 to 6, in Virginia as 2 to 3, and in North Carolina as 5 to 9. The proportion then drops rapidly, being 1 to 3 in Arkansas and Tennessee, 1 to 4 in Maryland and Texas, 1 to 5 in Delaware and Kentucky, 1 to 15 in Missouri, and only 1 to 21 in West Virginia. The "black belt" thus takes in all the coast States from the Potomac to the Mississippi, and Louisiana beyond; while outside those eight States the percentage of negroes sinks till it reaches a point scarcely higher than is found in some parts of the North.

This is the "Solid South." How came it to be solid? One element, which should be the most obvious, is so often overlooked that its very statement will surprise most people. This is the operation of what may be called the law of political heredity—the influence of tradition and inheritance. No fact is more clearly demonstrated by our political history than the tendency toward a transmission of party fealty in a community of pronounced conviction from one gener-

ation to another. The more homogeneous the community, the more binding is this law of political heredity. Vermont has received but a small infusion of outside blood during the last thirty years, and the population of the State to-day approaches more nearly to being the offspring of the inhabitants of a generation ago, unaffected by external influences, than that of any other commonwealth in the Union. The student of political statistics will find that the vote for Fremont in the Green Mountain State in 1856 (39,561) was almost exactly identical with that for Blaine in 1884 (39,514); and the relative division of parties has remained practically unchanged during the whole intervening period.

The slave States were all strongly Democratic before the war. It was therefore not only natural, but almost inevitable, that by the law of political heredity they should have continued strongly Democratic after the war, provided there had been no change in the character of the voting class other than that produced by the trifling immigration into the section. That Mississippi, for example, should go overwhelmingly Democratic in 1884 would be a thing to be as much expected as that Vermont should go overwhelmingly Republican, provided that the suffrage in the Southern State, as in the Northern, were now confined to the same class of voters as wielded it thirty years ago.

It was expected by the Republican leaders who carried through the reconstruction measures that the enfranchisement of the negro would change all this. They took it for granted that the blacks would become always and everywhere the firm supporters of the party under whose administration they had received both freedom and suffrage. They supposed that the white men would divide, as white men had always divided, even in the most strongly Democratic States of the South, before the war. They expected that a large percentage of the surviving "Old Line Whigs," and of the descendants of those who had carried half the Southern States for Harrison in 1840, would embrace a party which found so many of its Northern supporters among men of similar political descent. The census showed that in two of the States the black males outnumbered the white, and in a third equaled them, while in several of the others they were so numerous that their vote, combined with that of a vigorous white Republican element, would constitute a majority. It seemed an easy matter, seventeen or eighteen years ago, with a pencil and a piece of paper to figure out sure Republican victories in nearly every Southern State. Indeed, a census computation and a firm belief in the power of Federal "patronage" were

almost sufficient to make the South—in Republican imagination—"solid" for that party.

But a stupendous blunder had crept into all these little sums in addition. Looking back calmly upon it now, it seems almost incomprehensible that men familiar with the history of the world could have entertained such delusions. Just think of it. Here was a race of men who, through no fault of their own, had been sunk by slavery and ignorance to a condition but little above that of the brutes, like which they had been bought and sold at auction. They, and their ancestors before them for generations, had been mere chattels, whom it was a grave crime to teach even to read. They were absolutely devoid of the first qualification for participation in the government of a country which had always denied them the right to govern even their own persons. They were viewed, not merely with distrust, but even with violent hostility, by their late masters, who still felt wronged at being dispossessed by the Federal power of what they had been educated to consider as really property as stocks and bonds. They were scarcely better fitted to wield the suffrage than the beasts of the field. And yet they were intrusted with the power, under the law of majorities, to absolutely rule more than one American commonwealth!

The results which followed, at the hands first of the blacks and later of the whites, were horrible; horrible, and yet, the historian will say, in both cases inevitable. The ignorant negroes became, of course, the easy prey of the worst white leaders. The sentiment of the white race being so hostile to the very idea of negro suffrage, but few respectable natives of that race, comparatively speaking, attached themselves to the Republican party. The carpet-baggers, who so largely assumed its command, despite some honorable exceptions, were for the most part unprincipled men, with little honest regard for the interests of either race, but with a strong desire to line their own pockets. The saturnalia of corruption, the carnival of misrule which followed, constitute the most frightful satire upon popular government ever known. The climax was reached in the black Legislature and "the robber Governor," in South Carolina. It became evident that there must be either a revolution by the white minority, or ruin for whites and blacks alike. A revolution was resolved upon by the whites, and it was carried through. The negroes were intimidated from going to the polls, so far as possible, and when violence did not suffice to keep them away, their ballots were tampered with and neutralized after they had been cast. By force or by fraud the race which possessed in more than one State an actual numerical majority was reduced into an apparent minority. The negro vote was practically suppressed, and the majority ceased to rule.

This result was inevitable. Reconstruction had sought to "put the bottom rail on top," to reverse the highest and lowest strata of society, to place ignorance and poverty in authority over intelligence and property. Such an attempt had never before succeeded in the world's history; it could not have succeeded permanently in the South without destroying civilization. It was from the first only a question how soon and in what way it should be defeated.

Let another truth be told: the same result would have been reached under similar conditions in any

Northern State. People commonly overlook the fact that, although the negroes had lived in the South so long, their admission to the suffrage was like the sudden incorporation into the body politic of a vast foreign element. Suppose that there had been unexpectedly distributed over the State of Massachusetts, on a certain day sixteen years ago, a new body of voters, of an alien race, so immense that it outnumbered the previous wielders of the ballot in the proportion of seven to five, so ignorant that it possessed no conception of its trust, and so inexperienced that it readily followed any demagogue who bid for its support by cultivating the distrust which it naturally felt of the former ruling element. Suppose that the Constitution and laws of the State had never required either an educational or property qualification for the suffrage, so that there was no legal way of preventing this horde of illiterates from casting ballots which they could not read. Suppose that the men who had made the Bay State rich and prosperous discovered all at once that the control of the Legislature, the administration of justice, the fixing of the tax-rate, the appropriation of the public money, the whole government of the commonwealth, had fallen into the hands of this vast aggregation of ignorance. Suppose that there had emerged from this mob and had been attracted from a distant section of the country the worst set of leaders that ever brought disgrace upon representative government. Suppose that corruption and misrule had run riot until the well-being, and even the very existence, of society was threatened. In other words, suppose that Massachusetts had been put in South Carolina's place. Does any intelligent and candid man, born and bred in Massachusetts, doubt that the former residents—the property-holders and taxpayers—would speedily have forgotten old differences, struck hands in defence of their threatened interests, and, minority though they were, have contrived some way to put the majority under their feet?

In short, the South became "solid" because it had to be—that is to say, so far as States with a large negro population were concerned. The negroes proved to be Republicans, as was expected by those who had made them voters. Their treatment by the whites operated to strengthen this tendency. A natural fear of an attempt at their reenslavement, cunningly cultivated by their unprincipled leaders, still further confirmed their opposition to the party which included their old masters. Broadly speaking, the blacks as a class were Republicans. This forced the whites as a class to be Democrats, in order that they might present a "united front." A feeling of sympathy led to a similar union of the whites, more or less complete, in States where the black element was not dangerously large. The hereditary drift in favor of Democracy added the only other element necessary to make the South solid.

How can this solidity be broken? Obviously, only by removing the cause which produced it. That cause was the massing of the negroes in one party. The recollection of negro misrule in South Carolina has hitherto checked an evidently strong tendency among the whites of that State to divide their votes, and has made the race almost unanimous in support of the regular Democratic ticket, although a large element has often at heart opposed it. What was a real danger in a commonwealth where the whites were

largely outnumbered by the blacks has been exaggerated out of all reason in States where the negro vote by itself could never threaten white dominance, and the bugbear has hitherto proved terrible enough to maintain Democratic supremacy everywhere.

The way in which this supremacy is to be finally overthrown has already been foreshadowed. Through the last decade, when the Democrats have controlled every Southern State, certain Congressional districts have either remained Republican or have been contested by the two parties on equal terms. Investigation will show the very striking and significant fact that, with two or three exceptions (like the heavily black sections along the coast of the two Carolinas, where the few whites have made no struggle for power), these Republican or doubtful districts have been districts which contained scarcely any blacks. That is to say, Republican representatives have been elected by white Southerners, without any help from black Republicans. Kentucky has always been considered a typical Southern Democratic State; yet in the mountain region which includes its south-eastern counties lies a district which has more often sent a Republican than a Democrat to the national Capitol since the war. In this district the white preponderance is so pronounced that the negroes constitute but a fourteenth of the whole population, which shows that the whites have divided almost equally between the two parties. The tendency, on the other hand, of a large negro element to unite the whites in the party opposed to the blacks may be seen in the same State of Kentucky. Nearer the heart of the commonwealth is a Congressional district where the negroes number nearly half as many souls as the whites, so that anything like such an even division of the whites as exists in the mountains would give the Republicans an overwhelming majority of the voters. But, in point of fact, this district is always strongly Democratic, the presence of the negroes having driven the whites together, and the proportion of the Republican vote to the total poll does not much exceed the proportion of the negro inhabitants to the whole population. Moreover, if the analysis be carried a stage farther, the surprising discovery is made that the only two counties in the mountain district which contain many blacks (in each case a little over a third of the whole population) are both Democratic, although it would take but a bare fourth of the whites to constitute with the blacks a majority of their voters. So strong is the influence of race feeling, even in a section where, for the most part, that issue is not raised.

The mountain country of eastern Tennessee also contains but a small negro element, and here, too, are Congressional districts which the Republicans either carry without difficulty or render always doubtful. The hill country of northern Georgia has a similar population, and here the white opponents of the Bourbon Democracy have repeatedly proved strong enough to elect Independents to Congress with but little help from black voters. The State of West Virginia is a still more conspicuous illustration of the tendency to division among the whites where the race issue is not brought home to them. The blacks here constitute less than five per cent. of the entire population, which is but a trifle larger than the proportion of blacks in New Jersey. The whites divide with apparently little

more regard to the blacks in the Southern than in the Northern State, and Cleveland carried each by a plurality which did not vary far from four thousand.

The reason why this normal and natural division of the whites between the parties exists in West Virginia and in the specified regions of the other States is evidently because in these parts of the South there is no fear of negro rule. It would be ridiculous to prate to the 132,777 male whites in West Virginia about the danger of their race being "dominated" by the 6384 blacks unless they vote the Democratic ticket, and they vote it or not, according as they believe or not in the Democratic party. Even in a State like Georgia, where the negroes stand to the whites in the ratio of five to six, the whites, in counties where they easily control the local administration by reason of the small black population, have not always been held to the support of the Democratic party by the strongest appeals of their white brethren in the black districts.

Obviously, all that is necessary to widen this division among the whites, which is already apparent in a few quarters, is to relieve them everywhere from the fear of negro rule in case they divide. It is useless to ridicule this fear. The fact must be recognized that it exists, and that it is the most potent factor in Southern politics. So long as the whites in South Carolina see the blacks ready to march to the polls in a solid column, and to vote almost as one man against the party which includes nine-tenths of the wealth and intelligence in the community, so long will the whites disregard all ordinary causes for division, and unite for what seems to them—and really is—the protection of the State. The massing of ignorance and poverty under one banner will marshal knowledge and property under another; and there never has been but one issue to such a contest, as there never can be. Each union is abnormal, but the one forces the other. Disintegration of the higher stratum cannot be expected until the lower has begun to split apart. A division of the negro vote is therefore the prerequisite to anything like a general division of the white vote.

Two motives have hitherto conspired to make the negroes Republicans—the two strongest motives which could influence an ignorant and impressible race—gratitude and fear. Gratitude, not only in the shape of thankfulness to the party which had freed and enfranchised them, but as "that lively sense of favors to come" which the traditional promise of "forty acres and a mule" had aroused. Fear, lest the race which had formerly held them in bondage still plotted for their reduction to servitude, and lest the elevation of the Democracy to power in the nation might mean their reëslavement.

Time dulls the edge of gratitude. Young colored men are now coming on the stage of action who were born in freedom, and who recognize no indebtedness to any party for their liberty. The "favors to come" from Republican rule have largely proved illusive. A Republican administration at Washington has practically left the negro in the South to shift for himself. On the other hand, the Democratic State governments have pleasantly disappointed him. The appropriations for schools have, almost without exception, been steadily increased above the amounts provided by Republican legislatures, and his children now have better teachers and longer terms than ten years ago.

A distinct advance in kindness of relations on the part of the white man is already so perceptible as to have favorably affected the negro's sentiment toward him.

The fear of harm from a Federal administration controlled by Democrats has survived. Natural enough in its origin, it has been sedulously cultivated by the leaders of their party as the easiest device for keeping the blacks solid for the Republicans. The support of that party by the negroes has never represented any intelligent acceptance of its principles; it has been only, so far as it was not an expression of gratitude, an attempt to secure a periodical renewal of an insurance policy against apprehended evil. The election of a Democratic President will emancipate the blacks from this nightmare of apprehension. The absurdity of their dread lest they might be put back into slavery by the Democrats will be demonstrated by the one convincing test of experience. A few months will suffice to prove its folly, even to the most timorous.

Freed from this overmastering fear, relieved from the sway of leaders who were for the most part Republicans "for revenue only," the negroes will, for the first time, be governed in casting their ballots by the same motives, good and bad, which sway voters elsewhere. Instead of blindly following some alien Federal office-holder against the whites among whom they live, they will, more or less quickly, come to accept the lead of their white neighbors. The negro already often seeks and follows the advice of his old master as to his material interests. Only the deep-seated fear of his master's party has kept him from heeding the white man's suggestions as to his political course. Convince him that the white man means him no harm in his relations as a citizen, and he will soon be ready to accept his leadership in public affairs, as he already often does in private.

Once divide the negro vote, and the "Solid South" is broken. The whites have only been held together by the union of the blacks. The elements of division among the whites already exist, as is clearly seen in West Virginia and parts of several other Southern States. Even now leaders of rival parties, or leaders of rival factions in the same party, divide the votes of whites in the mountain districts, where negroes are scarce; they will do the same thing in the cotton, rice, and sugar sections, where the negroes most abound, as soon as the latter escape from their bondage to a superstition, and are ready to divide their votes also.

Thus at last, for the first time, we shall see parties at the South separated by something else than the race line. This is by no means the same thing as saying that the South is at once going to become Republican. On the contrary, in most of the cotton States at least there may be, probably will be, at first a temporary depression of the Republican party below even its present weak condition. The Republican Federal office-holders, who have looked after its machinery, will disappear, and the machinery, with nobody paid to keep it in running order, will rust and decay. The blacks, convinced that they can vote the Democratic ticket as safely as the Republican, will be much more likely to do so, as their employers will make it seem for their interest to do so, precisely as Northern employers of white laborers do with their workmen. It will not be strange if next year, and perhaps the year after, the elections in some

Southern States are carried by the Democrats almost without opposition. But such a development will call for no tears from any friend of honest politics and good government. Indeed, the more rapid and complete the disintegration of the old Republican party of the South, with its rank and file composed almost exclusively of ignorant blacks, the sooner will come about the division of the Democratic whites in that section. When such a division occurs, the "Solid South" is broken, never to be reunited.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Edward P. Clark.

"The School of Dishonesty."

IN the "Open Letter" department of THE CENTURY for November there is a contribution entitled, "The School of Dishonesty," which, while containing much that is true, is yet fallacious in that its charges will not admit of a general application, and must necessarily fail to account for the great prevalence of "crime in its multitude of forms."

No; "the primary cause of crime" does not come from mercantile life, which is no more a school of dishonesty than any other branch of labor. In answer to the question as to when the evil-doer first loses his sense of honesty and integrity, Mr. Tyrer says: "If we knew the facts, how often the answer would be: At the time that the offender was first placed in contact with the world, when from one cause or another he was first forced from the care of his parents, and compelled to contend alone for his existence; when he first entered upon his apprenticeship to the merchant, the manufacturer, the professional man, the farmer." In the visible facts of the case this is true, but the evil lies far deeper, and the crimes of dishonesty are but the outward manifestations of a diseased condition of society behind them. It is much like saying the eruptions in measles are the cause of the disease, when they are but the result of forces much deeper.

If the family and social life of the country to-day was what it should be, these outward schools of dishonesty would not exist. Where do the innocent and honest youths, upon whom Mr. Tyrer predicates his argument, come from? Are they the sons of "merchants, manufacturers, professional men, farmers," apprenticeship to whom means moral ruin? Do thistles produce figs?

It seems to me that the American youth of both sexes are trained to a false standard of life, to the accumulation of wealth—the boys to get it, the girls to marry it. This is the teaching of parents in all walks of life, from the cottage of the poor man to the mansion of the already rich. It is the worship of the almighty dollar, the golden calf, which is at the basis of so much crime. The youth goes out into the world "on the make," and the results soon follow. Until the American people live for something besides money, and have some other aim in life, "crime in its multitude of forms" will ever be with us, and laws to "compel men to do an honest business" will not need to be suggested. Statute laws cannot remedy the evil, for there are none to enforce them. The only remedy is the inculcating of a higher standard of life, according to the principles of Christianity; but here the work of the layman ends, and that of the preacher begins.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

P. H. Felker.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

Professor Gotschakoff: "To change the subject, Miss Daisy, is the Delesseria common in this vicinity?"
Miss Daisy: "Dear me! Change it again, Professor."

Atropos vs. Lachesis.

"Lachesis, twist, and Atropos, sever."
Lowell.

He.—I've looked for her these ten or fifteen years;
 My faith is shaken;
 My foolish hopes are giving way to fears—
 I must have been mistaken.
 And yet, she is a "not impossible she,"
 She's very human.
 I think she's young; I know she's fancy-free,
 And every inch a woman.
 I can't describe her, but if I should chance
 To see her only,
 I'm certain I should know her at a glance,
 And be no longer lonely.

She.—I often am just where he ought to be—
 Why don't he come there?
 I'm sure I'd recognize him instantly;
 He must be somewhere!
 It is a paradox—what'er he be,
 He's not intrusive;

Yet, if he *is* he, it also seems to me
 He's not illusive!
 I'm certain I should know him at a glance.
 Most men are stupid.
 I wonder if these things are left to chance,
 Or if there is a Cupid!

So either mused; time passed; they did not meet,
 Though they were living in the self-same street.
 He to an office went at half-past eight,
 Never too early, or a minute late;
 And fifteen minutes afterward she went
 To the large school where she her mornings spent.
 No dream, no vision came to either one;
 Their paths kept onward as they had begun—
 Parallel lines, which never were to meet,
 Though but divided by a narrow street.
 One eager glance had proven her to be
 His sweet, most human, "not impossible she";
 One long, shy look from her deep eyes had made
 Her heart go singing to him unafraid.
 Kingdoms there are for all of us, may be,
 But every kingdom opens with a key.

Margaret Vandegrift.

Ethiopiomania.

Vers de Société (new style). Dedicated to a Fashionable Young Lady who Plays the Banjo.

I.

PIANO put away
In de garret for to stay;
De banjo am de music dat de gals am crazed about.
De songs dat now dey choose
Am 'spired by de colored muse,
An' de ole kind o' poeckry am all played out.

CHORUS. Oh, Maud Elaine,
Sweet as sugar-cane!
Hush dat music, let my poor heart go.
For hit's sweeter dan de band
To heah yo' little hand
A-plunk-plunk-plunkin' on de ole banjo.
Clog dance.

II.

I ain't from de Souf;
But yo' pretty, pretty mouf
Done took to singin' darky songs in such angelic
tones
Dat jest fo' yo' sake
I'se a-gwine fo' to take
Some lessons on de tambourine, an' learn to play de
bones.
CHORUS, and double shuffle.

III.

Oh, when Maudie sings,
And picks 'pon de strings,
'Twould charm a deaf-and-dummy, or a possum from a
tree.
She holds dat banjo so,
In her arms as white as snow,
I'd gib a half-a-dollah if dat instrument was me!
CHORUS, and walk-around.

IV.

So play, play an' sing,
For de banjo am de king,
Its music brings de belles an' beaux a-knockin' at
de doah.
We'll dance heel an' toe
Till de lamp burns low,
An' de Turkey carpet's worn away from off de par-
lor floah.
CHORUS, and grand break-down.

Henry Tyrrell.

Distance.

THE captured bird is sweet, but sweeter the bird
that flies,
And the sweetest voice of the lark is his song from
the highest skies;
The fish from the nets are good, but the best re-
main in the sea.
If fickle the woman you love, what woman so fair
as she?

Berry Benson.

Love's Seasons.

'Twas spring when I first found it out;
'Twas autumn when I told it;
The gloomy winter made me doubt,
And summer scarce could hold it:
"She loves," the mating robins sang
In sweet, delicious trebles,
And in the brooks the echo rang
In music o'er the pebbles.

The fresh air, filled with fragrant scent
Of blossoms, softly hinted
The self-same song; where'er I went
I found the message printed
On bud and leaf, on earth and sky,
Through sun and rain it glistened,
And though I never reasoned why,
I always read or listened.

The summer dawned, and still the birds
Sang in their tree-top glory,
And something seemed to make their words
A sequel to my story:
"You love," they twittered in the trees;
Whene'er the light wind stirred them,—
Distracting words!—on every breeze
They fluttered, and I heard them.

At last the mellow autumn came,
And all the leaves were turning,
The fields and forests were aflame
In golden sunlight burning;
The parting birds sang out again
A sentimental message:
"Go tell her," whispered they, and then
I thought 'twas love's first presage.

O timid-hearted twenty-four,
To faint and lose your courage,
Or half-reluctantly implore
A pretty girl at her age!
For when I stammered what they sung,
And all their secrets told her,
She said the birds were right, and hung
Her head upon my shoulder.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A Wait.

HER dress is ragged and torn and old,
Her feet are bare, and the day is cold;
Some shaving curls on her shoulders fall,
And a train is made of a worn-out shawl.

Some flowers that once were a beauty's pride,
And now are withered and thrown aside,
She holds as close as her fingers can,
While a crumpled hand-bill serves for a fan.

You would never have guessed, as you saw her there,
With those withered flowers, and feet all bare,
That the gloomy street was a brilliant hall,
And she dancing there, the belle of the ball.

Alice Trumbull Learned.

